FORUM

SEPTEMBER

China in Ferment

WALTER LITTLEFIELD

America for the Americans

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Pen Drawings from Brittany

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

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WILLIAM ROBINSON PATTANGALL

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AN INTRODUCTION BY THE EDITOR

CHINA this month has forged into the headlines of foreign affairs. Beneath the clashing causes of the present uproar in the Orient attributed by correspondents and editorial writers we can read one underlying urge. The yeast of nationalism, post-war nationalism, is at work even in China. "China for the Chinese" does not mean wealth and territorial aggrandizement but the free development of a national culture and the unification of the republican fragments of an old Celestial Empire. Nationalism is expressed differently in different countries and in different decades. From the mountains of Morocco come the reverberations of an older brand of nationalism heralded by the guns of the resurgent Riffs. In Denmark, on the other hand, pacifist statesmen quietly assert that "our culture will preserve us" and point to Slesvig where the Danish population recently emerged from half a century of Prussian dominion more Danish than the Danes themselves. Essentially the student leaders of China and Denmark are at one in striving for an intellectual and social rather than a material national ascendancy.

IN America, too, we are developing a new national spirit. As Mr. Madison Grant indicates in this issue of THE FORUM, the Immigration Act of 1924 may prove a landmark in the history of Nationalism in the United States. True, the Act contains inherent defects, such as the unwarranted rebuke to Japan to which American liberals are taking just and outspoken exception. Yet in effect the Act calls "Time!" in our impetuous assimilation of races and cultures. "Stop, look, and listen," it seems to say, "let us gird up our loins, meditate a little, and ask who we are, and what we think as a nation." Nationalism must run its course throughout the world before we can achieve any ideal free, cosmic association of nations.

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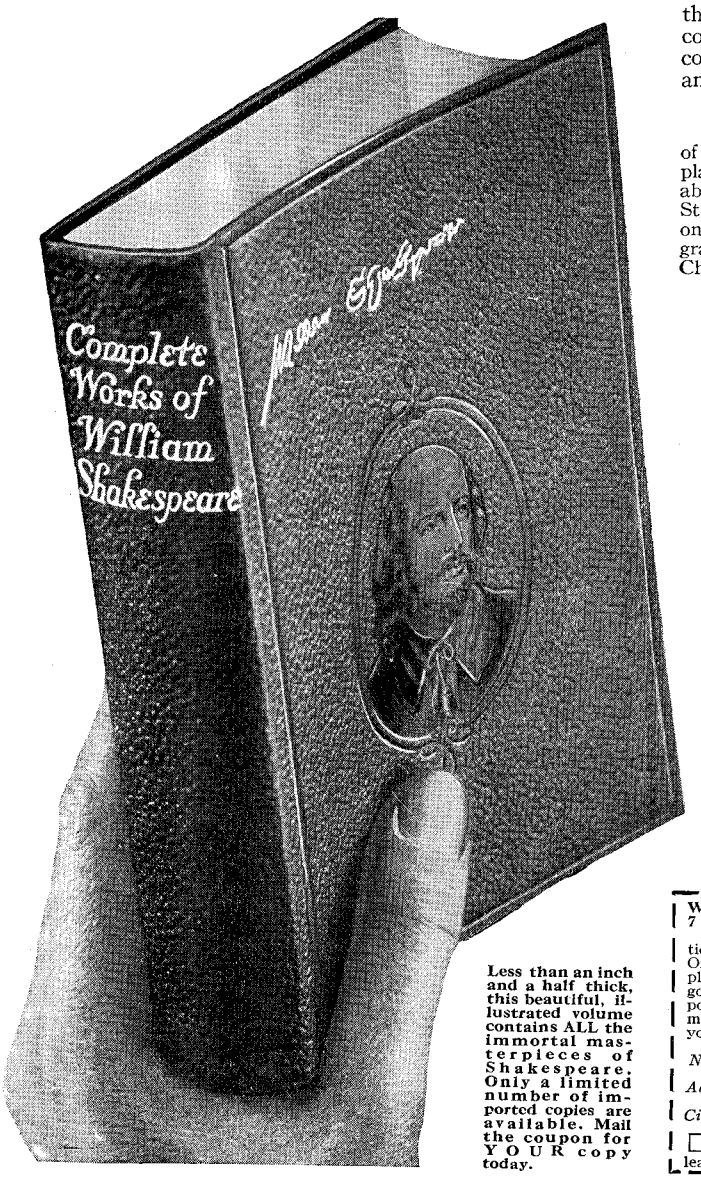

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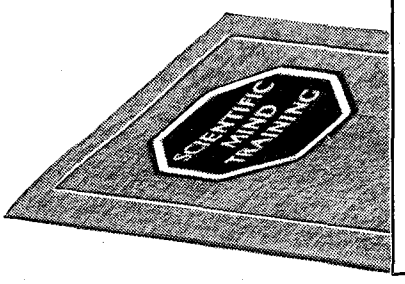

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TOASTS

WILLIAM ROBINSON PATTANGALL, former Attorney General, and today leading Democrat of Maine, — born and reared in Maine, is a true down east Yankee of the old stock. He is a politician and a statesman who, if intelligence and character stand for anything in American political life, is due to go far. In his great fight against the Klan last year, in the Maine gubernatorial race, he exhibited qualities of fair mindedness coupled with courage that are rare in contemporary politics. For six years Mr. Pattangall found time from politics to be an editor.

JEROME DAVIS was born of American parents in Kioto, Japan, thirty-four years ago. He is an educator, sociologist, and economist, at present attached to the teaching staff of Yale University. He writes to the Editor that in spite of what he says in his half of the debate on the Profit-Motive in this number of THE FORUM, he wants to testify to his belief "that the American business man as a class talks more about profits and really serves that little demon less than the business men of some other nationalities. In fact most business men behave towards profits as some other people behave towards religion. They use it to save their faces so that they can do the exact opposite most of the time. In the case of not serving the profit demon, this saves the situation and makes our country such a wonderful place to live in. I would also testify to the fact that without the profit urge I manage to work fourteen hours a day and have only taken a few weeks' vacation in five years. Hence, why are profits necessary as a spur?"

JEROME DAVIS,
with his wife and daughter

JULES S. BACHE, banker and financial power, is a product of Wall Street. Born and educated in New York City he sought employment in the house of Leopold, Cahn, and Company as a cashier. Twelve years later, in 1892, he became head of the firm, and changed its name to J. S. Bache and Company. He considers himself to be essentially a business man. In his attitude toward the Profit-Motive he takes what he regards as the orthodox business man's view,—that is, he pits actual satisfactory results against no results, or destructive results. This has been characteristic of his activities outside of business. Years ago he became interested in pictures and other art works. When men first have money enough for such purposes, they buy what they think *they* like. The result is, in years, the heaping up of a vast amount of art trash. But real value seemed to be what Mr. Bache was after. He consequently employed expert appraisal as to what to buy. Gradually associated with good art in this way, taste and knowledge developed. He could better, then, trust his own judgment, but

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even so he did not abandon expert advice. The result has been that his collections are not spotted with poor examples. He believes that business sense is merely common-sense, indefatigably applied.

THOUGH primarily a zoölogist, MADISON GRANT is the "stormy petrel" of contemporary anthropology. Ever since he first published his challenging and brilliant *The Passing of the Great Race*, he has been at the centre of the Nordic controversy. Upon this book, which has been translated into French, German, and Norwegian, rests the great mass of writing of a pro-Nordic nature which has seen the light in this country and in Europe in recent years. Undoubtedly it was Madison Grant, directly through the wide circulation of his own book and indirectly through the writings that derive from it, who crystallized American public opinion with regard to immigration, and thus brought about the enaction of the series of immigration restriction laws which culminated in the law of 1924, discussed by him in his present FORUM essay. Mr. Grant is President of the Zoölogical Society of New York, a trustee of the American Museum of Natural History, and President of the Bronx Parkway Commission, which has just opened to the public the most extensive and beautiful parkway in this country.

WALTER LITTLEFIELD

YOSHIO MARKINO is a true cosmopolitan. He is married to a Frenchwoman; he speaks several languages; he is continually quoting Socrates in ancient Greek, and Confucius in ancient Chinese. He is by nature a poet and is a singularly charming companion. Leaving Japan as a very young boy he made his way across the world, via San Francisco, to London, where he lived, off and on, for over thirty years. As a painter he is best known to the public for three collections: *The Color of London*, *The Color of Paris*, *The Color of Rome*. As an author he is perhaps best known for his autobiography, *When I Was A Child*. Recently he has been in New York, working on a new collection of paintings to be known as *The Color of New York*. At present he is working day and night to finish a certain number of Boston sketches which will be exhibited at The Twentieth Century Club, where he is to give a lecture in September. He is also preparing a course of lectures for the next season at the University on the subject, — "Thinkers and Thoughts of East and West." Mr. Markino arrived in America a few months before the famous Immigration Act went into effect; inevitably his views were sought regarding the whole question of Japanese exclusion and naturalization.

THE portrait sketch of ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN, poet, essayist, and artist, on the opposite page was drawn by Johan Bull from a photograph taken right on the terrain of "Saint-Pol in the Sun" which Mr. Coffin depicts so alluringly in the present number of THE FORUM. "It was taken," writes Mr. Coffin, "by Madame the Photographeress of the village; the pose, too, is the property of Madame. My artistic talent is at present being expressed chiefly on painting floors in the old mansion I am putting into shape as a summer home. But my ability with a brush is as nothing to my ability with plaster and a trowel; for I am playing the part of a mason in the house, too. I can't say so much for my carpentering. My wife says it is terrible. Better for her, say I, for her breakfast nook will always remain a beautiful dream, unspoiled by being put

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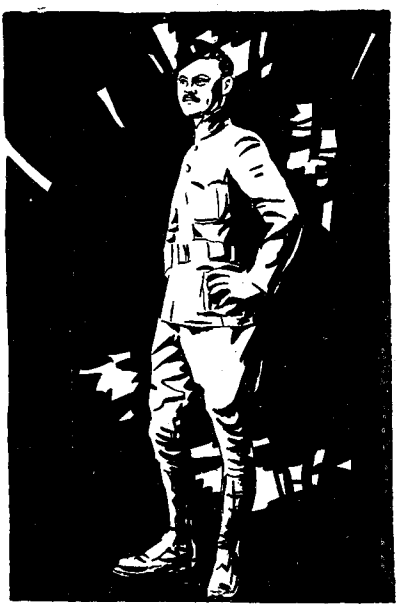
into boards. I have very little time to write, as our three babies demand rides morning, noon, and night in the car; they are perfect despots. I have just finished up a strenuous year with my first batch of honor students at Wells College. They measured well up to the Oxford standard I had set for them. A volume of my essays, one of them from THE FORUM, is just being published by the Yale University Press. I want to take this opportunity to thank you for being one of the first to introduce me to my future audience, both in the essay on Oxford, which has been twice anthologized as well as mentioned and praised in many letters to myself, and even more in those artistic efforts of mine in pen-and-ink published in your magazine. A leading feature of the coming volume will be examples of my pen-and-ink and water-colors on English subjects. I have a double gratitude to you, therefore. And I shall never forget THE FORUM, one of the first of my patrons."



ROBERT TRISTRAM COFFIN

IN the August FORUM, in which the first instalment of his article on "Ancient America" appeared, the interested reader will find a toast to HERBERT JOSEPH SPINDEN. Further insight into Mr. Spinden's ideas concerning the Mayas may be gained from a perusal of his review of Mr. Gann's book *In an Unknown Land* which appears on page 477 of this number.

READERS of FORUM political papers will recall DONALD WILHELM'S "Too Many Federal Cooks" in the May FORUM. Other essays from the pen of this astute political observer will follow his "The Next President" in the present issue.

JOHN BRAILSFORD, British newspaper man and essayist, has lived in the Orient for many years, — long enough to shed the salient prejudices of a Western point of view and to be able to enter into a spiritual *rapprochement* with the peoples of whom he writes in his "The Foreign Devil in Young China". At present Mr. Brailsford is living in Kobe, Japan, where he edits the English department of the Japan "Chronicle".

LAST Winter in Peking, DOCTOR HU SHIH, so frequently quoted in "The Foreign Devil in Young China", posed for the portrait, which appears as a frontispiece to Mr. Brailsford's article. It is through the courtesy of the artist, C. Leroy Baldridge, that we are able to reproduce this interesting portrait which bears the famous leader's autograph in Chinese characters in the upper left hand corner. And it is through the kindness of Mrs. Baldridge (Caroline Singer) that we are able to give our readers a graphic and illuminating account of his striking personality. Miss Singer writes to the Editor: "This portrait was made on the day that Dr. Hu Shih went on strike against the Reorganization Conference to which he was a delegate; he disrupted proceedings completely for several days. This shows the curious power even in the Republic of the scholars. He struck because the Provisional Government had failed to check fighting in the provinces for the period of the conference. Dr. Hu Shih is thirty-four years old. He is head of English Literature of the Peking Government University. One of his books, *History of Chinese Logic*, he has done into English and is now at work upon a translation of his own *History of Chinese Philosophy* (presumably for the British Museum). He is a leading spirit in the movement to introduce a simplified language, — one thousand characters I believe, — throughout China. To prove that such

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The Seine from Pont Neuf, Paris by Howard N. Cook

a language could be made an excellent literary medium he wrote a book of rhyme in it. To his astonishment it sold 10,000 copies. The poems were not only a new departure in language but also in content, for they were love lyrics! Great was his delight when one was translated by Giles, the British authority, and given great credit as a mystical, religious poem!"

HOWARD N. COOK, well-known FORUM artist, whose four Chinese sketches adorn the present number, has just reached Paris from his tour of the Near East. The beautiful pen sketch from the *Pont Neuf* on this page, came as a present in a letter to the Literary Editor, who knew no better way of expressing his appreciation of the gift than to share it with FORUM readers. In a previous letter from Constantinople, just before his return westward, Mr. Cook said: "Just to surprise you I am alive, thanks to a good Yankee constitution and a fortunate hard-headed resistance to the bothersome Turkish habit of casting stones in one's direction. Especially if one is an artist. What a comic, irresistible appeal must be that strange creature bent over his work, head bobbing up and down mechanically, in the middle of a field! So out of a clear sky and with no clouds in sight drop very hard things, and the artist with black murder in his face moves to less conspicuous ground. I have loved this city ever since my arrival when I witnessed the spectacle of rose and gold and blue mosques pricking delicately through the hazel mists of a late April day, a scene burnished with fleeting sunspots and arched in rainbows. The hawker's cries, the night police tapping on the cobbles, faint tinkling of sad, native orchestras, — the whole city rings with music. And one is indeed privileged to pass a night in the country. On the heights of the Bosphorous the cool evening winds bring their refreshment from the Black Sea and on the way they gather rich perfumes of the smell of earth and pine trees, sweet odors of wistaria and the Judas tree. In the valley below are nightingales and something that sounds like a cuckoo. Streets are the playground of the fantastic. There are the professional beggars, plagues of them, porters who actually carry the weight of the world on their backs, handsome priests who have left their three or four wives at home, a bothersome mass of indigent Turk men, a sparkling stream of gay ladies trying to attract business at all hours, and then the poor travelers who are desperately attacked for 'backsheesh' and constantly bargain with the inevitable result of a heavy haul on the merchant's part. This is what I have been attempting to work in. On my walls now are some nice big pen and ink drawings in which I hope to carry away some of the luring potion of this semi-orient, this polyglot rendezvous of Mediterranean peoples, of Asiatics, and Mongolians. Indeed, I have overstayed my original intentions here, as a way station for Paris. However, a steamer shall take me next week to Marseilles via Athens, Malta, and Naples."

WALTER LITTLEFIELD, authority on international affairs, whose "China in Ferment" appears in this issue, will be remembered for his "Pistol Shots in the Balkans" in the June number. Asked for material for a toast, he replied from the

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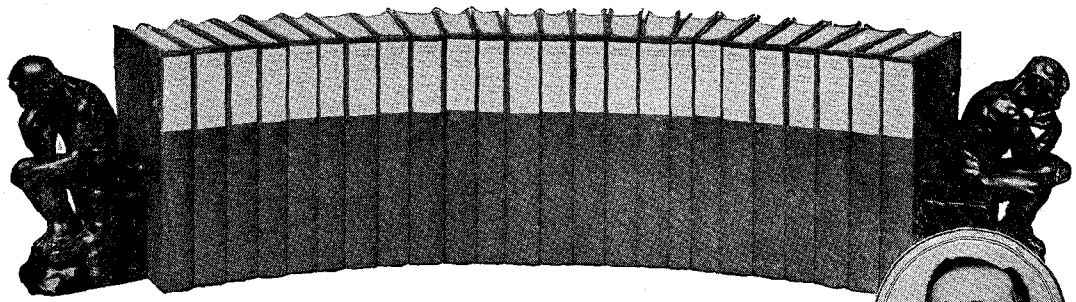

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depths of the recent hot wave, "This heat crushes what little intelligence I have." We cannot agree regarding this distinguished writer's paucity of intelligence, but as to the heat, — we make it unanimous!

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD, Professor of Sociology at New York University, who contributes to this issue the first article in THE FORUM's "War or Peace?" series, writes to the Editor: "Whether or not my interest in population questions is a matter of predestination I am sure I do not know. But I do know that the first sociological speculation that I can remember indulging in, while I was still in knee breeches, was wondering over and over again 'what will happen when the world gets full.' My approach to population by way of immigration was no doubt influenced, if not determined, by the fact that I grew up in a community where one could ride for ten miles in certain directions without meeting an adult who could speak English. Three years, residence in Turkey, and two trips to Europe to study the problems of population and immigration, have confirmed my conviction that the solution of these problems is far and away the most important task confronting mankind at the present time."

CHINA bulks large in the world's affairs to-day, and likewise in the present issue of THE FORUM. In addition to the articles by Mr. Brailsford and Mr. Littlefield, there is the story by JAMES ATON, whom our readers will recall for his playful anecdote of missionary life, "Too Good to be True", in the March FORUM. Mr. Aton writes from Sioux City, Iowa, where he has been living since his return from China: "It's this way about your Toasts; if you say something good about a chap, I have the feeling that he wrote it himself; whereas if you tell something scandalous, but of course you don't do that. Maybe it would liven up the Toasts if you would. Rather than talk about myself, I'd like to give you a careful and authoritative pronouncement on the present problem in China. But for family reasons I am quite unable to do so. Whenever I make a dogmatic statement on China, Mrs. Aton contradicts. Likewise I contradict when she does the elucidating. We were together in China; we have the same Chinese friends, and read the same Chinese books and papers; but we never agree on China. What's true of us, however, is true of all Americans in China. I've yet to find any two who have been there for long who agree wholly on the Chinese problem. Mostly they fight like cats and dogs. And when it comes to missions, — say! By the way, you may not know that the present evolution fracas in Tennessee is merely an incident compared to the pow-wow between the modernists and the fundamentalists in China. My own bias? I believe with both of them. While we were in Foochow, a good Chinese fundamentalist Adventist foretold the end of the world; and the great Japanese earthquake came on the very day that he had set for the big catastrophe. How can I disbelieve the fundamentalists after such testimony? And yet my heart says 'Amen' to the words of the modernists. My yarn is about a missionary. I believe in missions; but the truth about missions has never been told. Their friends bungle things up as badly as do their enemies. I'd like to tell the truth; but when I try it, nobody will listen. It's like the row you staged between the Catholics and the Klan: nobody is seeking the middle ground of truth; they all want to join in the fighting. Aside from my Far East experience I'm Middle West and very provincial. I even belong to the Methodist Church and the Rotary Club. When we landed in New York on our way home from China, we were short of change. So we held a family conference to decide on a hotel. We wanted a good hotel, but inexpensive. Finally we hit on the Statler; we knew that there were Statlers in Cleveland and Detroit and all the leading cities. When I told the taxi driver, 'Statler', he stopped and looked me over.

"'Say, Mister,' he said. 'You ain't in St. Louis, you're in New York City.'"

"That's how Middle West I am. I'm still wondering how I happened to break into a sophisticated paper like THE FORUM."

THEN there is the American poet WITTER BYNNER, who has lived many years in China, and whose translation of Po Chü-yi's, "The Song of a Guitar," is

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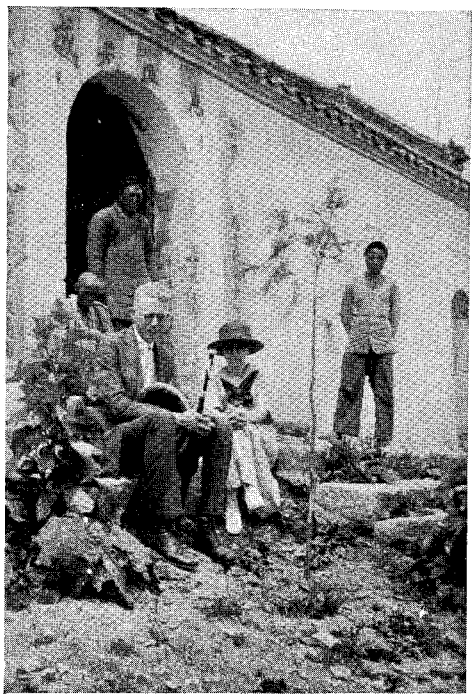
in this month's Poetry Section. Mr. Bynner writes to us from Chapala, Mexico, where his search for quiet has taken him. "In 1917 I began translating these T'ang poems with Dr. Kiang Kang-hu, then on the faculty (as I was) of the University of California, now President of the Southern University of Shanghai. I had every confidence that, after the Californian year with Dr. Kiang, a year spent with him in China would see our translations finished. Though I came back from China in 1920 and have been hard at the poems ever since, I have had finally to run away to this remote isolation in Mexico to concentrate for several months more on their completion. Five years ago, the book was being set up; but, dissatisfied with it, I had the type scattered. I am not complaining. The time has been well spent. I feel as if I had been to an advanced university, studying poetry under the greatest of masters, and were now due to graduate. In this little old Indian village by a mountain-lake, I can well understand why most of the Chinese poets, after the age of forty, chose withdrawal to small places by lake or mountain. A man of forty is pretty well populated inside himself. On the other hand, nothing that the world has done since the ninth century has bettered their conviction that, before he is forty, a thoughtful man owes his attention and services to society and a good man owes his courage and power to stem abuses and correct errors, even though he stand alone against his generation. If there were any such conviction to-day in American life, we might have had in Washington and in the Orient officials wise enough and resolute enough to prevent American participation in the brutal outrage against Chinese students. And we might have students in America taking a stand as enlightened and as perilous as that of the young Chinese in Shanghai against heartless oppression of their less fortunate neighbors. Po Chü-yi was a memorably just official at Hangchow."



JAMES ATON,
with his wife, in China

THE Chinese poems by PAUL ELDRIDGE, which appear in the Poetry Section and elsewhere in this number, while not translations, are essentially in the Chinese manner. Mr. Eldridge is a master of irony, as anyone knows who has had the good fortune to read his remarkable book of poems entitled, *The Anthology of Our Dead Selves* (Bouillon Biggs). Asked for some biographical material, he wrote to the Editor: "I am enclosing a few aphorisms. They reveal me much better than my pedigree or my degrees."

"Though all things may be vain, vanity is very real indeed.

"If we become what we really desire to be, we are frequently so ashamed of the result, that we try to convince ourselves that we expected quite something else.

"Without irony we should understand nothing. Irony is the measuring rod of the mind, the distributor of things in time and space.

"But more important than all things else is the urgent need to deceive and betray ourselves always.

"We should not be too indignant with the boaster. He is a poet, a creator, a maker of something beautiful out of something ugly.

"There is no danger whatever that having discovered Life to be vain and things but shadows, we shall straightway commit suicide. We shall love shadows and vain things quite as much as realities.

"Tolerance is the only word which still has

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FORUM

October, 1925

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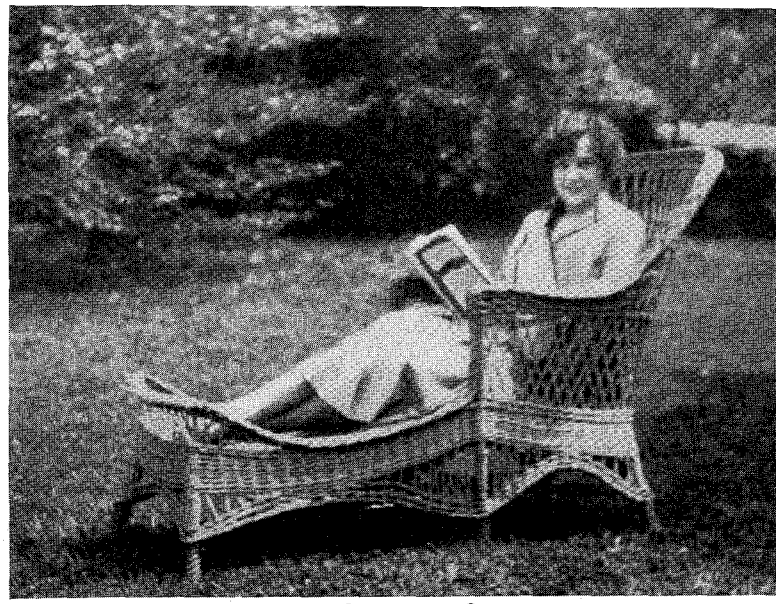
a meaning. It betrays weakness! Of course. Who dares speak of strength and the complex threads of a spider's web? Weakness, — this is the secret of any civilization. As in the physical, so in the mental world, barbarians, brutes are strong.

"Our life is not even a full-fledged play. It is merely a rehearsal. When shall it be produced? Alas, — *que sais-je?*"

LYING south of China is the vast English-speaking continent of Australia. Inspired by the present visit of the American Battle Fleet to Australian waters, HERBERT BROOKES, well-known in the antipodes, writes us the appreciation of America which appears on page xxv of this month's illustrated section. Born at Bendigo, Victoria, Australia in its age of gold, Mr. Brookes was educated at Wesley College and subsequently at Trinity College, Melbourne University. A mining and civil engineer, he has been president and treasurer of the Liberal Party for ten years, treasurer of the State War Council during the World War; and more recently adviser to the Imperial Economic Conference, Australian delegate to the League of Nations; and at present he is one of three members of the Federal Tariff Commission. In spite of this varied and distinguished career in Australian public life, Mr. Brookes hopes that THE FORUM will have compassion and help him to achieve that objectivity as an independent personality which every average citizen, un-inflicted with famous relatives, accomplishes without effort. (Mr. Brookes is the elder brother of Norman Brookes, world champion tennis player, and the son-in-law of the late Alfred Deakin, three times Prime Minister of the Commonwealth.) Well, the cat is out of the bag; but we hail Mr. Brookes, friend of America, on his own face value!

NO sane man equipped with two eyes would deliberately close one of them, and attempt to get along seeing only one half the world at a time. Yet an editorial staff without a feminine eye, seeing the panorama of life merely from the masculine point of view, would be in the class of the wilfully one-eyed man. THE FORUM is not foolishly and arrogantly masculine. We have our feminine eye in the person of EUNICE SPALDING CHAPIN, whom her male colleagues hereby snatch from anonymity and present to our readers. Miss Chapin is of Vermont ancestry transplanted to Nebraska. Her education was compounded of Nebraska co-educationalism and Bryn Mawr feminism. Her hobbies are genuine "first edition" manuscripts and Boston bull dogs. She was formerly Editor of "McClurg's Monthly Bulletin of New Books." On THE FORUM, she presides over "Our Rostrum", edits our debate Symposia, and has a feminine finger in all our editorial pies.



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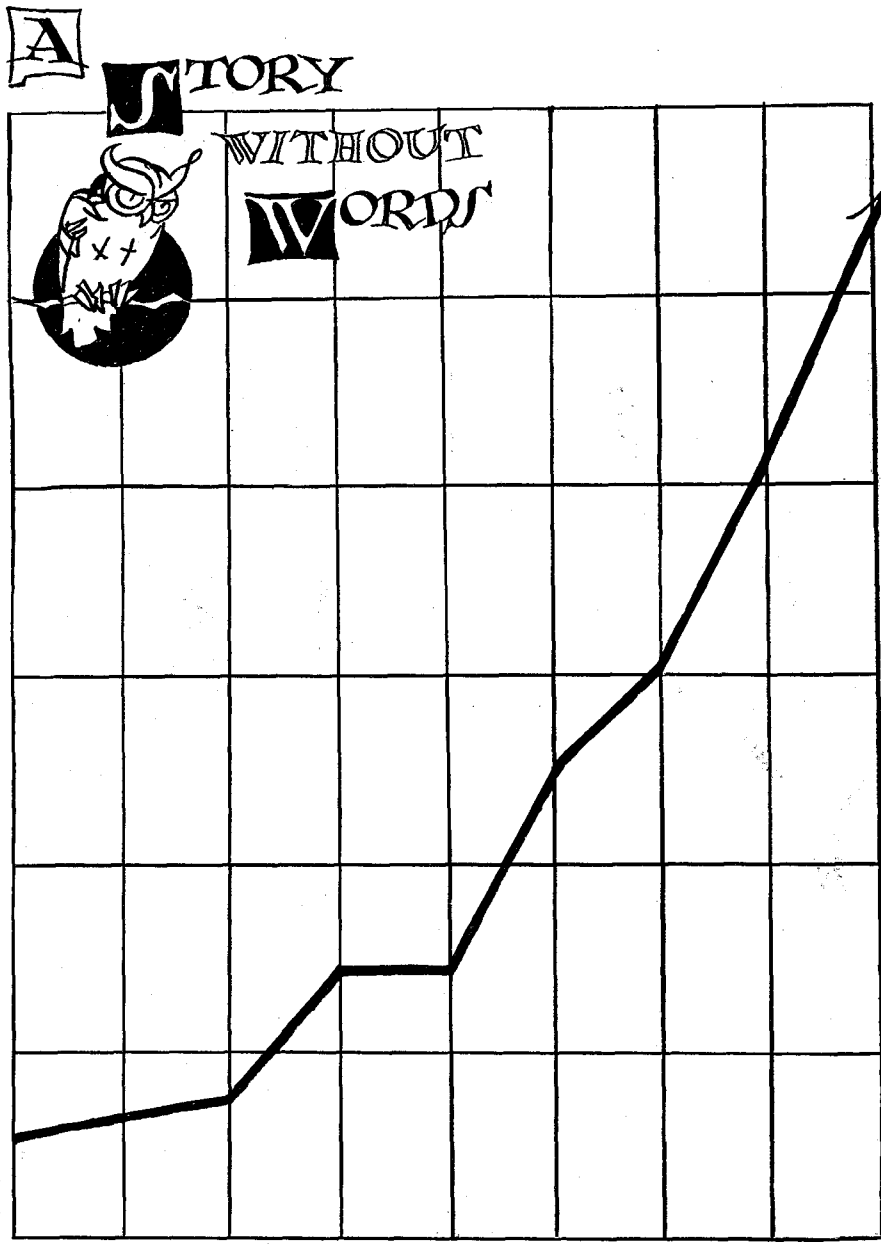

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A graph showing the one thousand per cent increase in THE FORUM'S *net circulation in the two years between July 1, 1923, when the present Editor and management took charge of its destinies, and July 1, 1925*

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From a drawing by Johan Bull

JULES S. BACHE

Banker and financier, who champions the Profit-Motive in Business as the mainspring of our national progress and prosperity

see page 339

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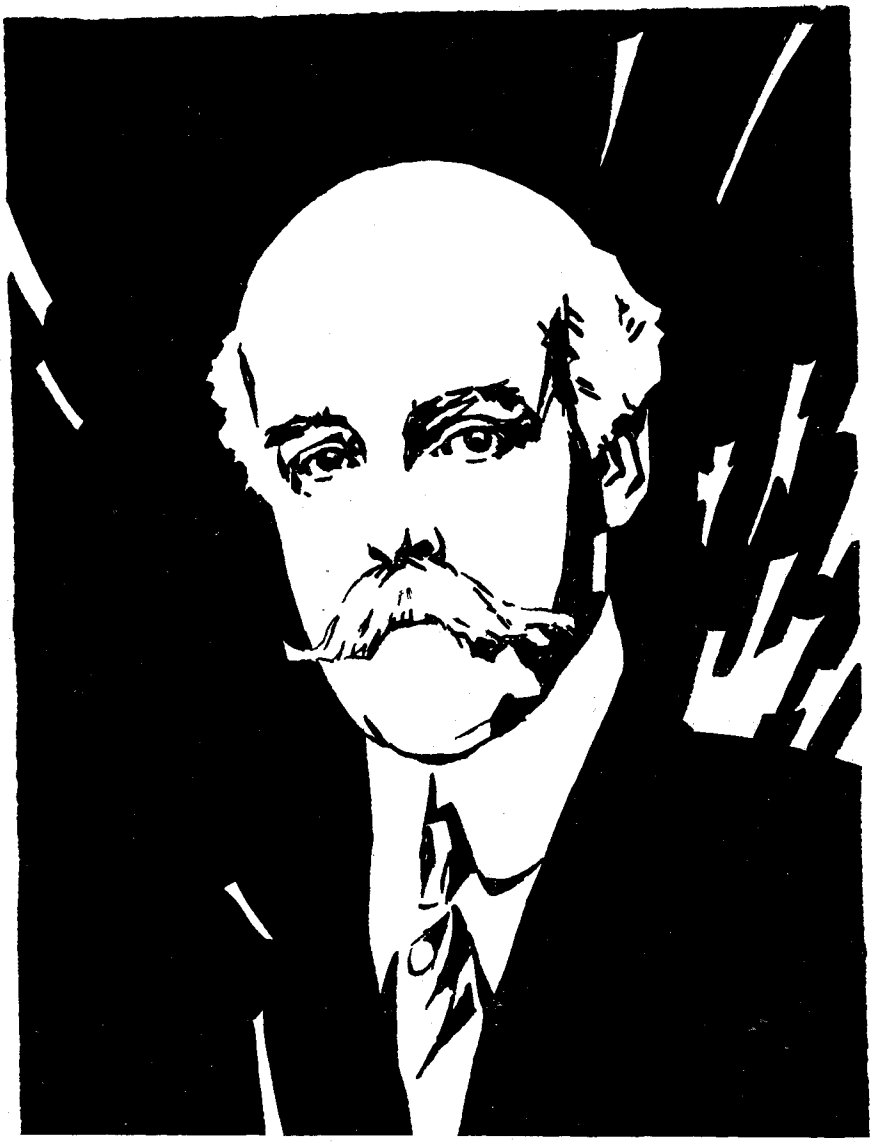

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MADISON GRANT

Whose Passing of the Great Race *started the movement which has led America to adopt a policy of restricted immigration*

see page 346

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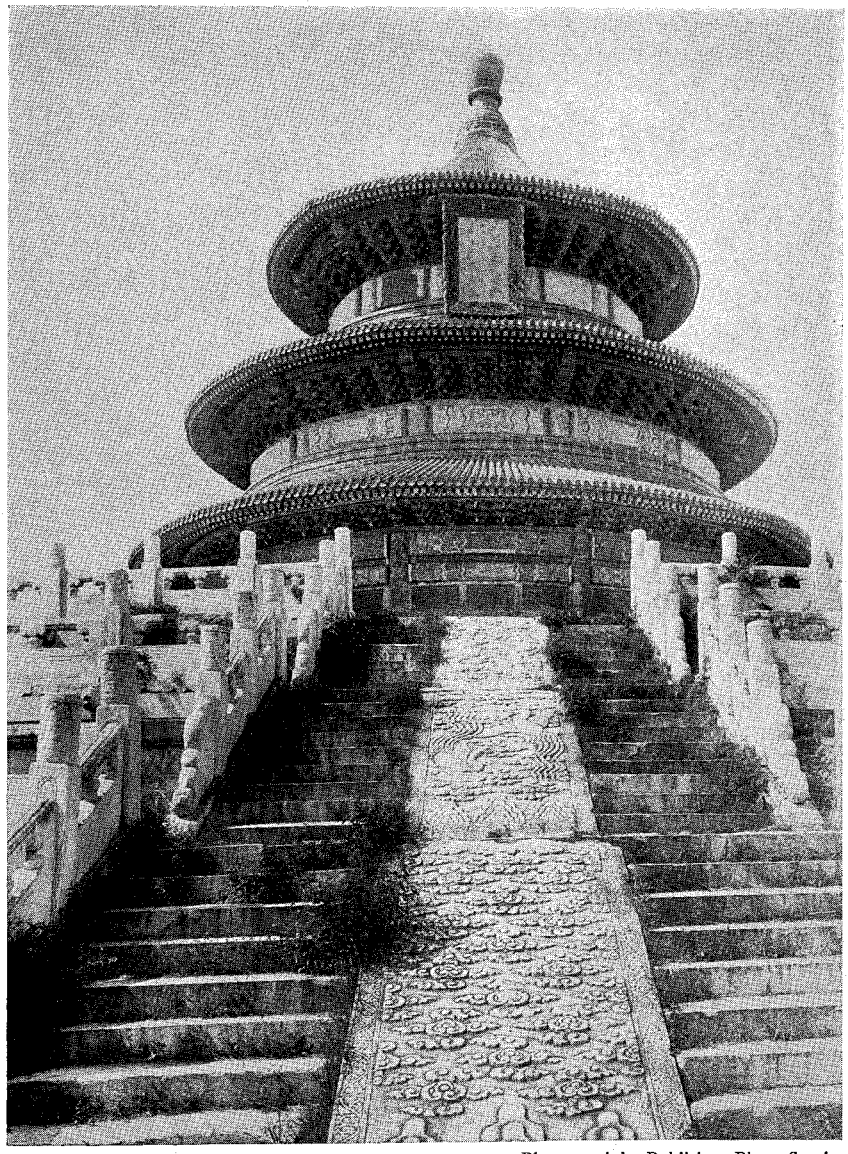

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THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKING, CHINA

(*See pages 393, 404*)

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THE FORUM

SEPTEMBER, 1925

Vol. LXXIV No. 3

A NON-PARTISAN MAGAZINE OF FREE DISCUSSION. IT AIMS TO INTERPRET THE NEW AMERICA THAT IS ATTAINING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THIS DECADE. THE FORUM GIVES BOTH SIDES. WHATEVER IS ATTACKED BY CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH MAY BE PRAISED IN LATER ISSUES

IS THE KU KLUX UN-AMERICAN?

WILLIAM ROBINSON PATTANGALL

An authorized interview by Stanley Frost

FOREWORD

THE FORUM, having conducted an impartial discussion of the Americanism of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, wished to turn the searchlight of intelligent and thoughtful inquiry upon that recent phenomenon of our political life, which, because of its militant opposition to Catholicism, is associated with it in the public mind.

To this end, the Editor sought the coöperation of Mr. Stanley Frost. It was not easy to find someone of authority and standing to analyze the Klan. Few men in public life care openly to discuss the hooded order; fewer still have anything more valuable than vituperation to offer. It was only after considerable thought that Mr. Pattangall was chosen to be asked for his analysis of the Klan. Mr. Frost's happy selection was made, finally, on the recommendation of a Catholic politician of wide acquaintance.

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"Go up and see that man in Maine," he said. "He knows politics and he knows the Klan, — none better. He's a philosopher; he will get under the surface. He's so square that if he did you an injustice it would hurt him more than it would you. Though you don't hear much of him at the national conventions, he's always the arbitrator who smooths out the inside quarrels." "His appearance," says Mr. Frost, "confirmed the impression of a man who is not only careful, but congenitally fair-minded."

A down-East Yankee with a touch of Mayflower blood, a Protestant, and a Mason, a former Attorney-General of Maine, and to-day its leading Democrat, Mr. Pattangall is the very epitome of the Klan's own definition of a one hundred per cent American of three centuries standing, yet, he is not the Klan's hero but its most distinguished victim. In his race for the governorship of Maine last year, the Klan issue was more sharply drawn than ever before, in any State. Mr. Pattangall ran against the Klan, and so has had exceptional opportunity to know what it is and what it does.

* * *

The people who feel that the Ku Klux Klan should be ignored because it attacks chiefly Roman Catholics and aliens, and those others who believe that if left alone it will die of itself, have completely failed to understand either the movement or its menace. The Klan is not dying; it is becoming more powerful, even if less noisy. And the real danger from it is not only to aliens and Catholics, though that is serious enough. The Klan's greatest threat is against American liberalism, which is and always has been the true Americanism; and the danger menaces all American liberals. So far we have had only a preliminary skirmish, and the Catholics and aliens have borne the brunt because they happen to be good fuel for prejudice. But already it has been made clear that, if the Klan wins power, it will substitute the deadly conservatism of ignorance and prejudice for the free spirit that has made America.

Many people, and particularly politicians, office seekers, and platform writers, would like to avoid the issues presented by the entry of the Klan into American politics, but its rapid and

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almost constant growth in influence makes this impossible. The Klan menace embraces the issue of religious freedom, the issue of preserving equal opportunity to all citizens, the issue of government by, of, and for *all*, rather than a part, of the people. In brief, the issue is the maintenance or the abandonment of the American tradition and of American ideals.

I won't attack the Klan by saying it is made up of liars and criminals and fools; it isn't and it would be silly to say so. Also, to do it would be falling into one of the worst of the Klan's own faults. The evils of the Klan movement cannot be cured by denunciation and red-hot adjectives; not even by denouncing the excesses and mistakes it sometimes makes. The trouble is that a lot of people, — most of them very decent citizens, — have taken the wrong road. The menace is not in the excesses but in the thing itself, in the whole idea and spirit and purpose of the movement. It is that which cannot be ignored nor let alone. It must be understood and met. But the cure for the Klan, like the cure for the other evils it complains about, lies in education and Americanization, rather than in condemnation.

The Klan is more than an organization; it is a state of mind. The organization may not be so strong to-day, but the state of mind is stronger. The Klan's propaganda has caused a tremendous development of anti-Catholic, anti-Jewish, and anti-alien sentiment all through the country. It is now the rallying point for all the religious and race prejudice in the nation. Thousands who would not think of joining the organization support it and follow it politically.

If the Klan were merely dividing the country on race and religious lines, if it merely forced into opposition to it Catholics, Jews, and aliens, it would be bad enough. But the situation is far worse than that; every native-born, white Protestant of liberal mind must also oppose it, just as every native-born white Protestant who is imbued with the prejudices on which the Klan is based must become allied with it. For, as I have said, the real attack of the Klan is upon the whole idea of liberalism.

There is ample proof of this. The school laws which have been enacted in Oklahoma, Oregon, the two Carolinas, and Tennessee, and which have been attempted in other States, are proof enough. The crusade against religious research and progress in Protestant

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churches is a spiritual outbreak of Klanishness. The revival of ancient prejudices, the appeal to emotionalism, the rejection of reason as a guide, — all show how the Klan idea is to replace thought with prejudice, enforce opinion by majority vote, stop progress for the sake of ignorant beliefs. They show that the Klan has turned its back on the liberalism of our American tradition, and is aligning itself with the ignorant and superstitious reactionaries who through all time have tried in vain to block the progress they do not understand.

Hence, the whole people must necessarily divide on the Klan issue; it is not only setting Catholic and Jew against Protestant, but native American against other native Americans. It is creating the most dangerous of all divisions that can come upon a nation.

And this is growing worse and will grow still worse. This division being present, time-serving politicians will cater to the Klan in communities in which it predominates. And, since bigotry begets bigotry, and intolerance breeds intolerance, so in communities in which the Jewish, Catholic, and alien vote controls, we get an inverted Klanism just as objectionable to right-thinking people as the Klan itself.

The differences between the two ideas are so basic, so fundamental, that they cannot be compromised. The gulf between them cannot be bridged by an agreement on other questions. Taxation, tariff, foreign policy, — every other issue goes by the board when men who meet to work them out discover that one faction believes the other is not entitled to consideration as full citizens but is inferior in civil rights.

The situation into which this kind of civil warfare is putting the American of liberal mind is abominable. He cannot join either faction; he is despised and feared by both and so loses his influence on the life and future of the nation. His liberties, his education, his opportunities, and freedom of thought will be restricted no less than those of the classes against which the Klan declaims. Yet it is the liberal who has led the nation from the first. It is against him and against the nation, which will suffer if his leadership is destroyed, that the Klan strikes hardest.

To understand either the Klan's success or the menace which it carries, we must begin with its campaign methods and propa-

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ganda. I will admit that the growth of the Klan in this State (Maine) amazed me. We have never had divisions of that kind here; we have a large proportion of Catholics, to be sure, but no Catholic issue. I didn't believe the Kluxers could get a hundred members.

Yet, now that it has happened, the reasons are not hard to understand. Some Klan appeal is rather superficial, like its skilful exaggeration of strength, which scares timid politicians and brings the "joiners" to the bandwagon. In a deeper way, the Klan shows clever adaptation to popular psychology in the simplicity of the issue it presents, its appeal to race and religious pride as well as prejudice (perhaps they are the same thing), and the simplicity, speed, and direct ease of the so-called cure it offers. No work or thought is required; all that is called for is a feeling of superiority, tinged with hatred! The propaganda has all the charm and appeal of the cleverest of the quack nostrum and sure-cures over which we Americans are so eternally losing our heads, whether in medicine, business, or politics.

More important has been its success in stirring up race and religious prejudice. This has partly been due to clever lies about the Catholics; its speakers spread perfectly vicious stories. They say, for example, that Lincoln was assassinated by order of the Pope, McKinley killed by a Catholic, and Harding poisoned by the Knights of Columbus. They circulate the famous spurious oath of the Knights of Columbus, and they solemnly read bogus statistics to prove that ninety per cent of the deserters in the World War were Catholics acting under orders of the Church!

This would not have accomplished much, however, had there not been a remnant of the ancient hostility between the sects, dating from the long-dead days of the religious wars. I did not even know it existed, did not realize at all how persistent such a hatred could be when there was nothing to excite it. It broke out all over the State under the Klan's brilliant incendiarism, but particularly in places where there are no Catholics. In towns where the Protestants had become personally acquainted with individual Catholics the Klan made little headway!

Much of the Klan propaganda, however, is not only true but good; the sort of thing with which every good citizen must agree. There is sound patriotism and sound religion in it; even most of

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the complaints made against the Catholics and foreign-born are very largely true. There are fools in every faction, and they do foolish things, and there are grasping and overbearing men in every group. The Catholics have had their share of such faults, and the Klan takes clever advantage of them.

From all this material it builds up an immensely effective appeal. Its speakers are plausible and skilful, they work steadily on the emotions rather than risk reason, and though the emotions are mostly normal and creditable ones, the hearers are shortly worked up to a state of enthusiasm and excitement where they cease to think critically, and so swallow the ten per cent of poison which the Klan hides inside its patriotic and religious oratory. In other words, the Klan prevents people from ever making a sane, cool judgment on its program and the ideas behind it. When the excitement wears off, as it soon does after any revivalistic outburst like this, the emotion dies out. This has been shown all over the country in the rapid decline of the Klan, after each big flare-up.

Bad as this propaganda is, however, and bad as the results are, the real menace to American liberal thought is not to be found in it, but in the cure proposed and in the basic ideas. Until one is prepared to accept the proposition that two wrongs make a right, there is no good word that can be said for the basic Klan doctrine. It is the patent nostrum *par excellence*. It exploits evils and a widespread unrest that are real enough and that need cure, but it makes a fake diagnosis, presents a false cure, gives poisons instead of remedies, and actually increases the evils it claims to relieve.

Every plea that the Klan leaders make may be admitted, and every charge of violence, lawlessness, hatred, or fraud against it may be dropped, without weakening the indictment against it in the slightest degree. The Klan indicts itself from the very beginning of its own argument and in the statement of its own aims.

The fundamental wrong is in the Klan idea of what makes Americanism. It assumes that this quality can only be born in a man or woman who happens to see the light first on American soil, that it is born in all such, and that no one else can achieve it. It adds the charge that no Catholic or Jew can consistently be a

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good American, because his religious loyalties come first and are hostile.

This hardly needs more than to be stated to be proved false. Test it by the teachings of Washington, of Jefferson, of Lincoln, of Roosevelt, or Wilson, and it fails. Test it by the words of our Savior, and it fails still more completely. The whole idea is not only opposed to our traditional national spirit, but to the whole spirit of true Christianity. It is a reversion to the old, cruel, religious hatreds.

Americanism, of course, is really an ideal and a spirit, — faith in freedom, tolerance, humanity. It cannot discriminate because of color, birthplace, or creed; nor can it tolerate caste, class, or religious distinctions in politics, social life, or legal standing; especially it cannot for a moment endure the breeding and exploitation of hatred and prejudice as a means to sway public opinion and win political power.

The Klan, on its own statement, does just these things, *and makes a virtue of doing them.*

The Klan, drawing these lines, and exploiting prejudice as a means to power, goes openly into politics, and emphasizes in every way this un-American procedure, which the worst of the bodies it attacks practise only in secret and by stealth. It boasts of doing the very things which it attacks most bitterly in the classes against which it preaches discrimination, and which it holds up as proof of their unfitness for citizenship!

Equally un-American is its practise of attempting secret and threatening influence on the Government. No one has shown how great this evil is more clearly than the Klan speakers themselves; then they turn about and try to do the same thing, not merely as a reprisal, but as a permanent method in American politics. The Klan seeks a secret hold on legislators, judges, and other officials. It uses that hold to enforce its own demands, abandoning completely the American principle of rule by and for all. It maintains expensive lobbies, it acts secretly in both parties, it tries constantly for control — *secret control* — of elections, legislatures, and government. And again it has the effrontery to advertise all this as a great principle. In comparison with this enormous evil, the harm it may do by an occasional whipping or lynching, or by interference with private liberty, is unimportant.

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Worst of the political crimes of the Klan is its exploitation of religious enthusiasm and religious prejudice for the sake of political power. The most valid of all the charges the Klan brings against the Roman hierarchy is that secretly it does not accept the American principle of the separation of church and state, but furtively goes into politics *as a church* and attempts to use its spiritual hold on its members as a means for political control. Yet the Klan puts a crowning inconsistency on its position by openly doing practically the same thing; it attempts, and boasts that it succeeds in its attempt, to capitalize in the political field on Protestantism, spirituality, and religious faith; still worse, it cultivates religious prejudice for the sake of increasing its ability to control the state through the church.

It might, for the sake of argument, be admitted that these Klan evils could be endured for a time so that other and greater evils might be cured and Americanism restored to its old strength. But the Klan's claim that the present evils and unrest are due to Catholics and aliens is a false diagnosis, — one of the oldest tricks of the patent medicine vendor. There are many evils in America and there is much unrest, but it is not true that Catholics and aliens would have been blamed for much of this had it not been for the Klan propaganda. It is notable that this propaganda is most successful and the Klan strongest in places where there are the fewest of these classes, where people know least about them. The fact is that the Klan, clutching at political power, merely creates an emotional alliance between the present unrest and the age-old hatreds which it has been America's glory to mitigate, and that though it has sugar-coated the pill, it is still selling hatred just as truly if not quite so openly as ever. It should be added that the Klan propaganda helps to create unrest and exaggerate that which already exists. There are hundreds of thousands who had no idea they were being abused till the Klan told them so!

But even if it were true that the foreign-born and the Catholics were to blame for all our present evils, the Klan does not and cannot cure them. In fact it does not even offer any cures but discrimination, ostracism, and inequality. It has not offered any other cure, nor proposed any program with a single constructive feature. The most ardent Kluxer can hardly believe that night-

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shirt parades or even flaming hatreds will save the nation. The things it actually has done have made no gain along the line it has itself laid down.

It helped pass the immigration law, to be sure, but the whole country favored that, and its help was useless. It has played politics and nearly wrecked the Democratic Party by forcing a religious issue, which was the most disgraceful incident in the party's history. It has won power and pie for its officials and their tools. It has, indeed, cleaned up bad local conditions in several places, but in few has the reform lasted long, and more often than not the Klan government has been worse than that of the old gang. This is proved by the fact that all over the country decent citizens, who once supported the Klan in hope of reform, have turned upon it after one experience of its performance. The Klan also has passed the school laws already mentioned. Finally it has in some cases done good and in some cases harm by regulation of private conduct in violation of every American principle of fair play and social justice. Surely there is no gain for Americanism in this.

The one thing the Klan really has accomplished so far has been the enrichment, in money and power, of certain persons who, before it was organized, had neither. This cannot be blamed on the Klan as a whole, for it has certainly not enriched its members. But it is a fact which must be taken into consideration. It is probably true that the Klan no longer sells hatred for a few dollars' profit, but is it less dangerous or vicious to sell the same commodity for political profit?

Finally, if all this indictment has been wrong so far, and if the Klan, with a real diagnosis of real troubles were making a real effort to cure them, still it could not. Its leaders are not competent to administer a cure, they have no understanding of our immensely complex structure, nor any ability to determine in advance the result of tampering with it. They are mostly undereducated; practically none are familiar with any large affairs, many are wilfully ignorant, all are emotional, some are mere adventurers. The statement of Wizard Evans, published last year, that in matters of religion he did not care to know the truth but wanted to keep his faith unclouded even if it was wrong, shows the mental attitude with which the Klan leaders are

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blithely approaching the vast and complicated problems of government and society. They want to believe what they want to, and they are going to try their hand, though the Heavens fall. They are like a cheery blacksmith who might undertake to perform a necessary operation for concussion of the brain. He might even know what ought to be done, but there are few who would let him try.

Thus the Klan is wrong at all points, and increasingly so from step to step of analysis. The kindest thing that can be said of it is that ignorant men, sincerely feeling a discontent they are incompetent even to understand, and utterly unconscious of the delicacy and difficulties of applying a remedy, are proceeding in blind panic to stir up prejudice and arouse passion with a vague hope that out of the turmoil some gain may come. Much worse might be said, but I prefer to believe as well as I may of men, for I have found few real scoundrels.

Meanwhile, the damage the Klan is actually doing is enormous. For one thing it is disrupting our politics. Its first and greatest sin, of course, is to bring in religion as a political issue and try to win power through the prostitution of American idealism. But almost as bad is its menace to the continued existence of the Democratic party. I feel this not merely because I value that party; it is because under our system two parties are necessary, and there must always be two that are strong if we are to be governed safely. The Klan threatens this whole system. The Democratic Party has no right to existence except as a liberal party. If it cannot fill that rôle it has no place in American politics. Its strength lies in the South and the industrial centres of the North. Its basis of equal rights as opposed to special privileges assumes an entire absence from its counsels of any racial or religious discrimination. It cannot consent to the amendment of Jefferson's declaration that "all men were created free and equal" by adding the words "except Roman Catholics, Jews, Negroes and those born outside the United States."

The Klan is death to the Democratic Party. No one can subscribe at the same time to the creed of the Klan and the doctrine of Jefferson. A Klan-controlled liberal party is a contradiction in terms. Also, the Klan is directly and almost openly trying to destroy the party by driving from it, or at least from all share

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of power in it, the industrial States without which it cannot hope to win.

The acceptance of the Klan philosophy is just as destructive to the nation as to the Democratic Party. Political divisions based on religion or on the difference between native-born and naturalized citizens cannot be tolerated if the nation is to endure. The South has, in a measure, solved its own problem on the basis of the mental superiority of the white man over the Negro. Quite a different situation would arise if an attempt were made at government on the basis of a similar superiority of native-born Protestant over native-born Catholic or Jew or over foreign-born regardless of creed. Yet the Klan idea would be to relegate these classes to the position of the Negro in the South, at least so far as political preferment is concerned, and, to a large degree, denial of political equality also denies social and industrial equality.

The fallacy of the whole Klan theory is perhaps best brought out by applying it to a war situation. Suppose that our country should again have to fight, and be forced to call 4,000,000 to arms. What then becomes of the apostles of "one hundred per cent Americanism"? Two days after a declaration of war the whole Klan idea would disappear like fog before the July sun. Fear would bring us all to a plane of equality again, as it did eight years ago. It would be a rather terrible commentary on the brains and conscience of America if our people could only be freed from bigotry and intolerance by fear!

Another political evil of the Klan is that it submerges all the other issues and prevents sane thought and sane decision on all the vital economic and political questions which must be solved wisely if progress and prosperity are to continue. The average man or woman is induced to consider these questions only with difficulty; given a simple and exciting issue like the Klan they forget all other matters. No one is ever too stupid or too drunk to yell "To Hell with the Pope!" or "Damn the Klan!" This even prevents the selection of decent officials, for with excitement running so high, thousands will vote for any crook or incompetent rather than for one of the opposite faction. Many a thief has gone into office because he was wise enough to be "dry" or "for suffrage", and many more will win because they are either for or against the Klan.

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The social damage the Klan does is inherent in all this. It stirs up strife where there was none, nor need of any. It sets neighbors against each other, uselessly; it injects false and futile divisions and interests into life; it distracts from the attention that can profitably be paid to the rather necessary business of living. On the mental side the damage is beyond statement. The Klan is breaking down our old American spirit and distorting our tradition and outlook. That cannot be measured with words.

The Klan will not succeed permanently, of course. Nothing can set back the hands of the clock of civilization for five centuries, for any length of time, or on any large scale. But it may succeed temporarily. If it does its success will be due to the insidious nature of its propaganda and to the cowardice of politicians who value votes and personal advancement more than principle or the good of the country.

It will be due, too, to our failure to make clear the true methods of cure for the real evils on which the Klan propaganda is based, — if we do fail in that. The Klan must be answered by showing to all that we cannot cure prejudice by increasing it, nor bigotry by counter-bigotry, that we cannot end class distinctions by drawing new class lines, nor make aliens into Americans by discriminating against them. In short, that we cannot make America more American by violating the spirit and tradition of America.

The true cure is slow, as all worth-while things are slow. It is often so slow as to be discouraging; but, in very truth, the old, slow methods have worked. Catholics and aliens alike are becoming more American with each year; there are fewer people of un-American minds among us to-day than ever before. The way to cure the evils, and the way to make better Americans, even of Klansmen, is through better education, greater liberality of thought, more tolerance, closer contacts between races, sects, and classes, and through the breaking down of all the barriers which now hold portions of our people apart.

These are the true remedies, and these the Klan is making no effort to apply.

The Imperial Wizard will reply in behalf of the Ku Klux Klan in a later issue

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IS PROFIT ESSENTIAL TO BUSINESS?

NO:

AMERICA has prospered in spite of the profit-motive, says Jerome Davis, economist. Profit is a devil in disguise; it is responsible for most of our economic ills, and should and could be abolished. It is a theory as unsound, and as outworn, as the ancient one that the earth is flat.

* * *

YES:

Without the incentive of profit no one would be willing to assume the great risk of new enterprises, says Jules Bache, banker. Profit is the motivating force of industry; and, in spite of its evils, it must continue to dominate the world until, by discovering how to use atomic energy, man is set free.

I — THE DELUSION OF PROFIT

JEROME DAVIS

DID you ever stop to ask yourself why America is the most prosperous country in the world? There are some economists and business leaders who believe it is because our nation more nearly than any other is dominated by the profit-motive. Professor Logan McPherson, for instance, in a book published last year, says that the profit-motive "has evolved into the means by which material welfare has been advanced." It has aided the intellectual, the emotional, and the spiritual life of the nation. This idea has been hammered into the public mind for so long that it is now accepted almost without question and is retailed out to us all in nearly every issue of the popular magazines. In a recent issue of the "Saturday Evening Post" one writer intimated that our entire commercial development and prosperity was due to the profit urge. The business world, for the most part, unquestionably accepts profits as the *summum bonum*.

So firmly has the idea been imbedded in our social fabric that the courts do not recognize other motives as valid if they interfere with the regal supremacy of profits. Take the case of Dodge vs. Ford. Ford was paying sixty per cent a year on the stock of the Ford Motor Company besides certain excess dividends. He

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wanted to use part of the excess profits over sixty per cent to increase production facilities and employ more workers. Dodge, a minority stockholder controlling only ten per cent of the shares, charged Ford with a humanitarian motive because he had said, "My ambition is to employ still more men to spread the benefits of this industrial system to the greatest possible number." The attorney for Henry Ford declared that in the long run his policy might be beneficial to the minority stockholders, for the public "would not stand for such excessive profits." Nevertheless, the court held "a business corporation is organized and carried on primarily for the profit of the stockholders. The powers of the directors are to be employed for that end." In other words, a manufacturer cannot conduct his business so as to benefit society at large if he thereby reduces profits.

In spite of its wide acceptance, it is conceivable that this entire economic theory may be wrong. We must remember that at one time the most learned men of the world thought that the earth was flat. To-day every grammar school child knows that assumption to have been fallacious. Can it be possible that we are equally mistaken about the divine necessity of profits? A thorough study of its effects has led certain economists to question its utility. They have reached the conclusion that our prosperity is in spite of, rather than because of, the profit-motive.

We should all understand just what they mean by profit. Profit is not reward for service. Everyone wants to receive adequate compensation for his labor. It is not interest on investment. Profit is whatever remains after all expenses have been paid, including insurance, salary to management, and interest on investment. As Ely, the economist, says, "Profits are a surplus over and above the expenses of production." According to Professor Sidney A. Reeve, "Profit is a tribute. . . . The manufacturer says, 'Not a wheel in the factory may turn unless I get tribute from all.'" Everyone believes in paying rewards for legitimate service. The vital question is whether men need to have always held up before their eyes a dazzling prize, a reward beyond what is truly earned.

Those who challenge the necessity of the profit-motive ask whether it is not responsible for some of the worst evils which afflict our economic order. For instance, does it not lead to

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monopoly? They point out that one American corporation seeking larger and larger profits attempted to control the wire output of the world. To prevail in their purpose to secure rich monopoly profits, they first appealed to the independent manufacturers to join the combine and share in the plunder. Whenever this did not succeed, the independents were threatened with being forced into bankruptcy. In the case of the United States Steel Corporation, the monopolists persisted in the face of unfavorable judicial decisions until the United States Supreme Court made a distinction between reasonable and unreasonable consolidation. While these huge monopolies may be useful and the decision of the courts sound, there is no question but that certain combinations of producers and distributers have actually succeeded in forcing the public to pay higher prices and thus pay toll to a certain few.

Aside from the question of monopoly, does the profit urge stimulate the production of the goods we really need, or questionable and extravagant substitutes? Since manufacture is primarily for profits, there is no guarantee that the product will be either socially useful or beneficial. It may be socially undesirable or positively harmful.

The competition of profit makers for the most profitable markets naturally turns the trend of production in the direction of goods for persons of abundant means who can pay the larger margin of profit. Clay, in a standard work on *Economics*, says, "If a rich man offers five hundred dollars for a Pekingese puppy while a poor man offers four hundred and ninety-five dollars for the education of his children, the productive resources of society under competitive conditions will be devoted to getting the rich man his Pekingese puppy before the education of the poor man's children will be thought of." If Coca Cola brings high profits, the demand for it will be stimulated all over the United States through clever advertising appeals. A Massachusetts man made a fortune out of what he says contains "nothing but sugar, water, coloring matter, and advertising." Davenport, in his *Economics of Enterprise*, says, "Peruna, Hop Bitters, obscene literature, indecent paintings, picture hats, and corsets are wealth, being marketable. Sweat shop exploitations by the contractor, white slave exploitations by the procurer, adulteration by the manufacturing druggists, poison canning by the packers, shell gaming

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by the gamblers, privilege manipulation by the monopolists, all are productive occupations."

There seems to have been a tidal wave of workers from truly productive occupations into the more lucrative fields of commercial combat. Reeves calls this a cancerous growth within the body economic. He claims that in fifty years the number of persons engaged in supplying food and clothing increased thirty-five per cent, while in commercial occupations it increased two hundred and forty per cent. In directly combative positions, such as salesmanship, it increased four hundred and twenty-six per cent. We have reached the point where, of every dollar, fifty cents goes for commercial war.

The profit-motive also seems to stimulate inhuman and materialistic labor policies. Vast numbers of workers even to-day are not properly safeguarded against disease and accident. The United States Bureau of Labor statistics lists four classes of industrial dangers: first, dust, existing in the stone, glass, pottery, and chemical industries; second, heat, in iron and glass plants, laundries, bakeries, ice and engine work; third, humidity, in paper mills, tanneries, canneries, paint and vulcanizing establishments; fourth, poisons, in twenty-four other industrial processes. It lists five hundred occupations as hazardous. Dr. F. L. Hoffman, an insurance statistician, estimates that at least 5,600,000 persons in America work under conditions that are "detrimental to health and life on account of atmospheric pollution."

No one knows how much of the labor unrest and the strikes which have threatened our national life result from the profit-motive. On the other hand, the worker himself becomes so imbued with the desire to make "something for nothing" that he may soldier on the job or strike for an unreasonable wage. Certain it is that the average laborer does not have any great incentive to do good work because he feels that the chief aim of the employer is to secure profits.

Now a great many Americans admit all this, but they say that at least the profit-motive produces goods more efficiently than any other system. They point to our American social order and ask if it is not the most prosperous in the world. They say the profit-motive is necessary because it turns out the goods. But how

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much of the increase in our material prosperity is due to the profit-motive, and how much to inventions, machinery, large scale production, and, above all, to our vast natural resources? Is not our prosperity also due to the fact that a large majority of the people are really not so much dominated by the profit-motive as our economists would lead us to infer? No one would for a moment claim that the ministers and social workers live and work for profit. No one who knows the meagre returns which teachers have always received could justly charge that their primary aim is money. Physicians do not ordinarily refuse to treat the patient who cannot pay their highest charge. The great inventions of history were made by men who were urged not so much by the lure of money as by the desire to create.

Vicomte d' Avenel, a French writer, has made a careful study of the lives of scholars, artists, authors, and scientists for the last seven hundred years. He finds that most of them have received only miserly pittances. Their rewards were of an entirely different sort, not to be computed in terms of money. There are great numbers of farmers, small shop-keepers, and employers who are satisfied with moderate return for service rendered. Perhaps it is just because of the relatively large number of those who do not seek profits first that our society manages to function smoothly at all.

If the profit-motive actually ruled our national life, it would mean that we should face a constant effort to repress buying power, raise the selling price, and lower wages. To some extent this is actually happening. In proportion as the profit-motive dominates, it deprives some people somewhere of the means to buy what they want or need. Actually the world is widely underfed, underclothed, and underhoused, and we call it over-production, forgetting that there never can be real over-production while such large areas of dire, human need remain. It is obvious, if the profit-motive operated consciously and universally, that it would restrict production until everyone was at the point of revolt and would pay the highest price.

Professor Taussig of Harvard calls this "the mathematical law of charging all that the traffic will bear." President Harding, some time before his death, said, "It is rather shocking to be told, and to have the statement strongly supported, that nine

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million bales of cotton raised on American plantations in a given year will actually be worth more to the producers than thirteen million bales would have been, or seven hundred thousand bushels of wheat will bring more than a million bushels."

During the war the capitalists shouted, "Produce, produce!" In only a few months they were shutting down their factories and throwing men out of work. Where this was done unavoidably, it is still more proof of the demoralizing effect of the profit-motive. The committee of engineers appointed by Herbert Hoover on industrial waste found a deficit running from twenty-five to seventy-five per cent on general production below the best performance in each industry. The standard taken was not theoretical, but the actual achievement of some factory. The committee roughly distributed this waste as belonging: twenty-five per cent to the wage worker, twenty-five per cent to the public, and fifty per cent to the owners. We cannot be sure just how much of this is due to the profit-motive, but the report points out that more time and money had to be spent in selling things than in making them. One of the engineers said, "I see no way out except in a complete change in motive." Another said, "That nation which first recognizes the fundamental fact that production, not money, must be the aim of our economic system will, other things being equal, exert the predominating influence on the civilization which is to be built up in the period of reconstruction upon which we are now entering. The curious fact is that the manufacturer who largely forgets profits and concentrates his attention on producing at the lowest possible price a useful article needed by millions of the people will in the long run be the most successful."

The profit-motive also stimulates many to take gambling chances. The result is that about ninety per cent of all men engaged in business fail at some period in their lives. They may not go through bankruptcy, but they fail so completely that they give up whatever they had been attempting. The great percentage of these failures shows the enormous risks. Therefore the rewards must be made proportionately great. But it is not only the business man who loses through commercial failure. There is a loss to the employees, to other business concerns, and to the public. Society pays dearly, first of all for the failures, and then she has to pay unreasonably for the successes. While no one would want

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to appear dogmatic about the injurious effects of the profit-motive on our social order, the facts cited would seem to indicate that it has not yet clearly been proved to be essential to our economic well-being.

It is my belief that we have succeeded in spite of the profit-motive, not because of it. Children should be taught in the schools that success is due to the achievement of a useful service to society, not to the acquisition of money. Business men should strive efficiently to produce articles which are needed in our social order at the lowest possible price, and the matter of compensation would largely take care of itself. Henry Ford has admirably demonstrated the truth of this theory. He was the first business man in America who increased wages and reduced hours of labor in order to produce more efficiently. Acting against the advice of nearly all his business associates, instead of raising prices and limiting output, he reduced prices and increased output, thereby rendering an immeasurable service to the public.

If, in reality, the profit-motive is a little devil in disguise instead of the powerful and beneficial force we think it to be, America will have to face the necessity of revolutionizing the incentives of our business life away from profits and towards the service of all. Let us hope that some time the theory of the sacredness and indispensability of the profit-motive will be relegated to the same limbo of outworn shibboleths as the now amusing theory that the earth is flat.

II—PROFIT, MAINSPRING OF PROGRESS

JULES S. BACHE

A BUSINESS man's views are asked as to the desirability and the possibility of eliminating the profit-motive in industry. In acceding to this request the endeavor will be to treat the subject from a matter-of-fact standpoint rather than from a scientific one.

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One of the contentions of the anti-profit people is that it is a great grievance and a matter of unfairness to society, because under a decision of the Supreme Court a business corporation is adjudged to be organized, and must be carried on, primarily for the profit of stockholders, and, therefore, cannot conduct its business so as to benefit people in general, if, with that object in view, it reduces its profits.

This was in the celebrated case of Dodge vs. Ford. The Dodges, large stockholders, did not want the excess profits of the Ford Motor Company to be used to spread the business in a new field, so that more human beings could be furnished with employment. This might incidentally have produced more profits. But the Dodge people were contented with the then enormous earnings. They preferred to benefit by the visible rather than risk the chances of the invisible.

The anti-profit advocates are for wiping out profits altogether and having business done on a system of paying only for the cost of labor and for the cost of capital, and leaving no margin over whatever; no profit whatsoever is to be tolerated.

Ford's career furnishes no argument in this respect. It can be imagined what a stunted tree in the desert the Ford business would have become if profits had been forbidden and abolished in 1908 and 1909 just when the Ford Motor Company was swinging into its enormous success as a manufacturing and money-making unit.

This proposed ban upon profits leaves out of the question entirely the risk of loss, — the risk that instead of the earnings of the business being allowed to rise only to a certain level at which these inevitable costs can be paid for and no more, the net figures do not rise even to this set level, but sink below it. Who, then, will take care of the loss? Leaving out of the question the fact that without promise of profit practically no business would be undertaken, how much less would there be any incentive to engage in business and to produce things for people to buy, if the risk of loss (with no chance of profit) had to be faced?

And this is no mythical risk. It is a concrete, all-pervading possibility. In 1921 over 185,000 corporations in the United States (more than one half of those reporting) showed no net

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income at all. On the contrary they suffered a combined net loss of nearly four billion dollars for that year. Besides this, there was a vast number, — a very much larger number probably, — which did not report to the Treasury Department, and which probably did not meet with any better success than those reporting. This would swell the figures of loss heavily. It has been stated as likely that the majority of business men suffer net losses during the current years, although because of faulty bookkeeping many of these men will think they are making profits. And it is even stated as an open question whether business as a whole, year in and year out, makes any profit at all. Whatever may be the truth of this, it is fair to believe that the profits of business as a whole, taking the years together, are not at a very high rate.

The economists define profit as a surplus over and above the expenses of production. The socialists call it a tribute demanded by the manufacturer if he is to allow the processes of production to go on. They believe, they say, in compensating everyone for his actual services. But they fail to award any compensation for the services of brain, energy, foresight, and executive ability, which make industrial operations possible. They fail, also, to reckon with the certainty that (unless under government ownership) production, deprived of the profit incentive, would dwindle steadily, and the immense advantages which a large and increasing output of useful things bring to the masses, at low prices, would be gradually withdrawn, and the industry would slowly dry up.

At this point those who challenge the necessity of the profit-motive, ask whether the desire for gain does not in fact stimulate the production of goods not needed, — not either socially useful or beneficial.

No business can be successful which does not deal in things that the public wants. The desire of the human being is what creates demand, and if there is no demand for its products no business can long continue to operate. So that it is the consumer who decides what the manufacturer shall make. And if it is argued that this consumer and enough of his kind may desire something which is not good for his or their moral or physical well-being, and may desire that something to an extent to induce it to be

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made at a profit, then this pernicious inclination is to be remedied; that is, the fatuous or evil desire must be eradicated. So that there arrives upon the scene the problem of changing human nature, — a problem which is too big even for the socialist to undertake to solve.

It is not denied that the lure of profit has led to many mischievous and some injurious undertakings; monopolies, fraudulent projects, oppressions. But these to a certain extent have all been met and are still being met with remedies, regulations, adjustments, — uprooted and exterminated. They do not prove basic evil in the system; only that abuse may make any great benefit temporarily hurtful or destructive. Sunshine is beneficial and health-giving, but excessive exposure may induce sunstroke.

Prohibiting things which in themselves are beneficial because, if mis-used, evil may result, is to curtail the general well-being. To prohibit profits (like prohibiting speculation, only much more destructive) is to prevent the good as well as the evil.

It will not do, however, to gloss over the shortcomings and ill-effects of the present economic system, or rather its lack in completely solving the social problem, — principally evident in the fact that "a large part of mankind is ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-housed, while a large part of the rest wearies itself in consuming things it does not really want and vying with itself in vulgar ostentation and waste."

Professor Seligman says: "Fraud and chicanery still stalk abroad; illegitimate privileges are seized or extorted; unfair advantage is taken of weakness or ignorance; public franchises are dishonestly acquired or inadequately compensated. All this is to say that many individuals are still on a low plane, and that the level of commercial morality is not so high as it ought to be and as it some day will be. *This, however, does not touch the legitimacy of profits as an institution.*"

Nobody claims that everything is right with society. The ills are attributed, by the disaffected, to capitalism. Lenin arranged for its assassination, and with it, in a welter of blood, went private property, the price system, wages, profits, all comfort and happiness. Russia has become a wilderness over which stalks misery and starvation.

As the world is now constituted, if you wish to get rid of profits

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you must abolish private property, and that means the abolition of progress, — the relegation of civilization to the back ages when man and his herds drifted along the water courses and lived a hand to mouth existence.

There is one way in which the incentive to profit might be abolished, and that is to give man power without cost. This is the dream which might come true through harnessing the sun's rays or shattering the atom and releasing its energy.

The history of mankind is the history of man's attainment of power. Almost a beast at his beginnings, he became gradually different from the animal by slowly, through hundreds of centuries, acquiring one power after another to lift himself higher. He is working at the same thing to-day. He may arrive at a period when power will be as free as air and water. After that, no man will have to work to keep himself alive. The power will be so free, so universally distributed (and with free power, everything else may be obtained and will be practically free), that the profit-motive will no longer be necessary, because "Wealth is the product of work, and work is the application of energy," and if energy is supplied in sufficient quantity and without cost, the amount of work required will be negligible.

Science has discovered that in the atom lies a store of power indescribably great, — vast and enormous beyond all the dreams of man through all the ages. In only one instance has this been demonstrated. The atom of radium is in an unstable state and occasionally throws off from its nucleus a fragment which travels fiercely at the rate of ten thousand miles a second, — twenty thousand times faster than a rifle bullet. Its energy is four hundred million times greater than that of the bullet, mass for mass.

Most scientists doubt the possibility of exciting a similar instability in the atoms of other elements, as in radium, but nevertheless some reputable workers are trying to solve the problem. The discovery would revolutionize the world.

In a book by H. G. Wells called *The World Set Free*, he tells a story of conditions thirty years from now, in the years 1956 to 1958 and on.

Just previous to that time the problem of setting the atom free, by means of which unlimited power is developed at practically no expense, had been solved. Work of any kind except in a minimum

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degree had become unnecessary, and man was supplied with all his needs almost without cost. In the year 1956 another world war has been brought on, with Germany, as before, the principal aggressor against France, and against the rest of the world joining in with France to protect civilization. The chemists of each nation, France and Germany, during the progress of the war, and using the released atom as a basis, have discovered the secret of making atomic bombs. The process has been kept secret by each, although each suspects the other of being in possession of it.

The atomic bomb is an instrument of death which, once set free by bursting, explodes continuously, each time tearing up vast areas of land and buildings, and those explosions keep on successively, one after the other, for years.

Germany secretly sends three aeroplanes loaded with atomic bombs, drops them on Paris and destroys the city, acre after acre, laying waste all buildings and murdering thousands of people. France through her Secret Service is informed the moment the three aeroplanes loaded with the bombs start from Berlin and in turn immediately releases a swift air fleet also freighted with atomic bombs which in an incredibly short time reach Berlin and destroy it. Germany has already dispatched fleets and bombs across the Atlantic, — the United States having this time, at the beginning of the war, joined her forces with the allies against Germany. New York City is laid waste in one night and completely destroyed, and in the course of the next few days all the large cities, including Chicago and Philadelphia, are destroyed, as well as thousands of other cities, towns, and villages. The United States and all of Europe become devastated plains with ceaseless explosions proceeding everywhere, creating further destruction, and the inhabitants, such as are left of them, are driven to the flat plains, woods, and mountains, where they maintain a precarious existence under a reign of terror.

Eventually, such as are left of the rulers and statesmen of the world assemble in a mountain village in Italy, agree upon World Government and upon destruction of all atomic bomb manufactures. All divisions of men into nations and selfish fighting principalities and groups, under the new government, are abolished. The world is made one, and all the causes of war disappear, civil courts settling all disputes.

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Scientific laboratories have increased production of the soil so that the food of the whole world is produced by less than one per cent of its population. The world has been released from the struggle for life and turns its attention to making things, mostly artistic things. The majority of the population consists of artists. Activities are no longer diverted to necessities, but to making things beautiful.

This is the picture of the world set free, but until some such wraith-like imaginative source of free power hardens into reality the world will continue to move along under present economic burdens, with the profit incentive as the one force without which all the other forces, as far as at present discovered, will hardly work at all.

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AMERICA FOR THE AMERICANS

MADISON GRANT

"AMERICA must be kept American."—President Coolidge in his Message to Congress in April 1924, in connection with the Immigration Bill. According to the distinguished author of the present article, the sentiment expressed by the President is at once the raison d'être and the guiding principle of the new Immigration Act. In his opinion the present relatively liberal law is backed by the majority, and opposition to it will result in demands on Congress for the suppression of all immigration.

THE subject of immigration in the last few years has assumed great importance, not merely in the United States, but throughout the world. Increase in the facilities for transportation, the spread of information regarding new lands, and above all the economic stress produced by the World War and its aftermath have combined so to stimulate the movement, until it threatens to become a veritable migration of peoples on a scale never before known in history.

Until about a generation ago the impelling motive of immigration into this country was land hunger. Religious persecution played its part during the first hundred years of English settlement here, but the craving for the ownership of land and for the high standards of material comfort possible in a new country, even on a dangerous frontier, was the great lure that drew highly selected groups of adventurous and hardy pioneers. To brave the stormy Atlantic in a small sailing vessel on a voyage lasting several weeks was no trifling adventure and was in itself a powerful sifting agent, culling out the weak and timorous.

In the middle of the nineteenth century we received a large immigration, partly actuated by land hunger, but more often seeking the high level of wages prevailing in this country. About 1890 our public land virtually became exhausted. Consequently, since that date the chief cause of migration to this country has been the desire of the submerged and poverty-ridden elements in Europe to secure a share in our wealth and prosperity. They moved in vast numbers, especially from countries in the east and south of Europe where low standards of living prevail, into North America where wages are large, food and work abundant, and where the standard of living is very high,—for the masses probably the highest in the history of the world.

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If unchecked, this threatened influx of foreigners will submerge the native population and ultimately reduce the standard of living of the average man to low levels, such as prevail in China. This movement of population from areas of low living standards to those of higher living standards is a phenomenon which is making its appearance all over the world, and the nations are waking up to the necessity of protecting their territories against an invasion far more dangerous than an armed conquest. England and France are becoming impatient at this rush of aliens and are considering means to check it. South Africa has long refused to admit Hindus and has recently denied entrance to Russian Jews, who are threatening to flock there. Australia, New Zealand, and British Columbia are struggling to remain white men's countries and refuse to admit Japanese. Brazil has recently taken the same stand. Long ago California, for the same reason, demanded the exclusion of Chinese, and our whole Pacific coast is at the present time aroused over the danger of Japanese immigration. Mexico is threatened by an invasion both of the Japanese and of Europeans barred by our exclusion laws and will probably soon put up barriers to protect her own nationals. In this connection, it is interesting to note that the Japanese refuse to allow Chinese laborers to enter their country.

During the summer of 1924 the Japanese raised the question of race equality at Geneva, in order to make the general subject of immigration a matter which could be passed upon by the League of Nations. This is a position which the United States and the British Dominions cannot accept, because the regulation of immigration is a purely domestic question and one not subject to adjudication or even discussion by nations other than those involved.

America, like all other nations, must consider immigration and its limitation solely from her own standpoint. Her first duty is to herself and to the people already here. No obligation or duty whatever in this connection is owing to anyone else. Whether or not we should admit any individual or racial group is a matter to be determined solely by the interest and welfare of Americans. Such is the national viewpoint.

The international viewpoint is that America should share its prosperity and the wealth of its citizens with the world at large and should admit anyone who desires to come here. Israel Zang-

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will stated recently that national barriers were the great obstacle to the spread of civilization, that they should be thrown down, and that our "empty continent" should be open to all comers. This view prevails elsewhere in Europe where our right to "a continent" is challenged.

One of our leading biologists stated that "an imbecile was a burden to the world at large and should be allowed to go where he was best off." The former president of one of our great universities made the same assertion not long ago, saying that the imbecile child of an able-bodied working man should be admitted (to become the potential father of future American citizens?). In other words, America should tax itself to maintain hospitals and asylums, — and jails, — for the feeble-minded and the criminals of the world at large.

If we accept the views of the internationalist and throw down all restrictive barriers, it is the laboring class, whether native or foreign born, which will suffer first and most intensely. The wealthier classes may momentarily profit by the abundance of cheap labor for manufacturing, for construction of all kinds, and for domestic service. This, however, would be but a temporary flare-up, and in the long run all classes would feel the burden of the lower scale of living.

In our haste to develop this continent since the Civil War we have been extravagantly wasteful in using our resources. We have killed all the wild game animals, we have cut down most of the forests, we have exhausted vast areas of virgin soil, we have polluted our streams and are destroying our coast fisheries, we have torn open the sides of the mountains for minerals, and are digging up our coal and draining off our oil at a prodigious rate. In order to do all this in the shortest possible time, instead of in the wisest possible manner, we have imported cheap alien labor and inaugurated an industrial era here. The result has been tremendous prosperity at the cost of the replacement in many localities, and especially in the industrial centres, of the native American by a polyglot mass of aliens of every kind and description, and the establishment of colonies of foreigners in our midst.

The rate of increase of population in this country one hundred years ago was very high but began to show signs of abating in the middle of the nineteenth century, simultaneously with our

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expanding immigration. With the arrival of foreigners, the native American birth rate fell, and fell most rapidly where the newcomers settled. Many close observers believe that for every immigrant arriving, one American was *not* born, and that the present population of America would be as large as it is now if there had been no immigration whatever. Without this immigration the population would have remained homogeneous in blood, language, religion, and in political ideals, all of which is certainly not true of America to-day.

It is a fact, however, that there is a decline in birth rate all over the white man's world wherever there is a great increase of prosperity, whether shared by the nation at large or confined to certain classes. The native American birth rate probably would have declined somewhat with the passing of free land, but nevertheless, if it had remained the same as it still is in the Southern States and in portions of the West where foreigners have not penetrated, our population would be as large, or nearly as large, as it is now.

Evidence has been given by Dr. Raymond Pearl that we have already passed the peak of our rate of increase, and that between 1960 and 1980 the increase will slow down very severely, because there will be a pressure of population such as we of this age can scarcely imagine. 150,000,000 is about the limit to the population that can be supported in the United States on a decent scale of living, and that number will be reached by 1960. This is on the supposition that the rate of increase will continue to slow down. If it remains as at present we shall have in the United States a population of 214,000,000 in 1964.

The ideal condition in the United States from the point of view of living standards would have been a population of about 60,000,000 inhabitants. We would have had plenty of back yard space and would have been the most prosperous and vigorous people on earth. This was pointed out years ago by some of the wiser men of the last generation.

In popular estimates of the growth of future population we are apt to forget that vast areas of our country beyond the Mississippi are almost worthless so far as food production is concerned, even though every drop of rain that fell were saved and utilized for irrigation.

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Thus restriction of immigration becomes a vital necessity, unless we are willing to accept an Asiatic living standard, and to see our own stock wholly replaced by aliens because of the greater fecundity of the new comers.

A mixed population not only interferes with unity of national action, but also leads to a struggle of conflicting cultures, if not of languages. Free immigration would make this nation a mosaic, like the former Austrian Empire, instead of a homogeneous unit, such as America was a century ago. It would decrease the efficiency of our national government, just as it has already made our municipal administrations among the worst in the world, largely because of the mixed character of our city populations.

Where we have a mixture of races, some of the most important elements of freedom for which our ancestors fought have to be abandoned. In cities and industrial centres with a large alien population, freedom of speech and freedom of the press are greatly impaired. Everyone knows that it is impossible publicly and freely to discuss the relative value of races or religions, the amount of crime, feeble-mindedness, or military worth attributable to the various alien groups, although these topics are all the subjects of daily conversation in private. The press will not and cannot publish in our "free democracy" matters which find their way without check into the press of the monarchies of Europe.

The aliens in our midst are not assimilated as it was fatuously believed would be the case a few decades ago, when the "Myth of the Melting Pot" was enthusiastically accepted and welcomed. Recent discussions in the press have brought out clearly the fact that those who are alien in race and religion have not amalgamated with the native population. They largely marry among themselves, maintain their religions and customs, and retain their foreign connections and sympathies almost without abatement. The "Pennsylvania Dutch" have been in this country for one hundred and fifty years and, while they have lost touch with the old world, they still speak their foreign language and maintain their foreign customs. Other immigrants, such as the Scandinavians in the northwest, live in colonies, maintain their separate languages and schools, although there is no racial or religious barrier. The French Habitant colonies in New England and the Ghettos of

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New York and Chicago are excellent examples of this tendency to develop alien colonies in our midst.

We might as well recognize the fact once for all that, with the exception of individuals, the great mass of our foreigners remain foreign and will so remain as long as we allow them to recruit their numbers from abroad. The example of the Pennsylvania Germans shows that it will take centuries before the foreigners now here become Americans.

How utterly foreign some of these colonies remain was shown in 1923 at Hamtramck, a city of sixty thousand within the limits of Detroit, Michigan. In a mass meeting its Polish residents demanded Polish rule, the evacuation of the state police, and the removal of all but Poles from the community. A judge of the Federal Court was harshly criticized for an attack on the liquor situation, and a local justice was booed into silence when he attempted to speak in English in defense of the Federal Court. He was told that only Polish should be spoken. There certainly was no "Melting Pot" in Hamtramck.

Whether the foreigners remain in separate colonies, or whether they ultimately amalgamate with the stock of the native Americans, the result will be a disharmonious community in the first case, or disharmonious individuals in the second case, all of which will prevent the natural development and free expansion of our national culture, which, after all, whether it be good or bad, is ours and belongs to us alone.

"America is not an experiment in government." Ours is not a tentative plan of governmental organization, subject to variation and modification or even criticism by new comers.

Our form of government is based on the Constitution of the United States and *not* on the Declaration of Independence. It was fixed and settled more than a hundred years ago, and the principles formulated at the time of its foundation are far older, extending back throughout English history. Our institutions are Anglo-Saxon and can only be maintained by Anglo-Saxons and by other Nordic peoples in sympathy with our culture. In spite of the common belief to the contrary the population of the colonies was not a mixture of races. The census of 1790 shows that the purely English inhabitants comprised 83.5 per cent of the white population and that more than 93.8 per cent were Nordic.

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The founders of this country were familiar with the dangers from free immigration. "It would be a miracle," wrote Thomas Jefferson, "were they (immigrants) to stop at the point of temperate liberty. In proportion to their numbers they will share with us in legislation. They will infuse into it their spirit, warp and bias its direction, and render it a heterogeneous, incoherent, distracted mass. Is it not safer to wait with patience for the attainment of any degree of population? May not our government become more homogeneous, more peaceable, more durable?"*

How wise these forebodings of Jefferson proved is shown in the increasing lawlessness of our mixed population. Foreigners are obtaining places on the judicial bench, are serving on our juries, and above all are practising in our courts in ever increasing numbers. The result is that our criminal law has virtually broken down, and the United States is known all over the world as the most lawless of civilized countries and a paradise for malefactors of every race. As an example, New York is probably the only city in the world where registered mail is delivered in armored cars.

Few people appreciate the fact that in a mixed population the groups of greater fertility rapidly replace those of less fertility. In these days and in this country unrestricted breeding is characteristic of the irresponsible and foreign elements in the community, and the proportions of the classes are being impaired by this differential birth rate. Earlier marriages and slightly more numerous offspring would enable one class entirely to replace another in the course of three centuries, even though the two classes were started with equal numbers.

The effects of immigration are already showing in our average national stature. From the earliest times down to the Great War the stature required for our soldiers was five feet six inches or over, because we were at that time a tall Nordic race. During the Great War the stature requirements of our army were reduced to five feet in order not to exempt from the dangers of military service the newly arrived races of small stature. Something of the same sort happened in France after the Napoleonic wars, because these wars had killed off an undue proportion of the tall Nordic element in the French nation.

* (Writings of Jefferson, Monticello edition, Notes on Virginia, Volume II, p. 120; the letter quoted was written 1781–2).

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The restriction of immigration is primarily necessary to prevent our present population, native and foreign alike, from being overwhelmed by numbers. This means that we must have a numerically restricted immigration, — such as the present quota law, — with the fewest possible exceptions and special privileges. One of the largest loopholes in the existing law is the clamor of certain alien groups to admit relatives and thus evade the limitations of the quotas. The alleged separation of families and other sentimental and humanitarian appeals on behalf of "relatives" are used as a means of discrediting the law, in the hope of ultimately breaking it down. Admission of relatives must be held down to the fewest possible classes, and these should be included in the quota.

Having secured a numerical limitation of immigration, our next duty is to see that such immigrants as do arrive are drawn from those countries and races which took part in the formulation and development of our system of government.

Having limited the numbers and limited the nations from which the bulk of our immigrants are to come, the next consideration is to secure the best possible individuals from these countries. This can be done by the imposition of intelligence tests, such as were employed in the draft examination in our Army in 1918. Suppose, for example, that the quota permits the entrance of 10,000 Swedes, and 20,000 apply for admission, we should apply such tests as to secure the 10,000 best. The Contract Labor Law should be modified in this connection. By applying these principles we can secure the best available immigrants and those most capable of reinforcing the Nordic element now in the country and of maintaining or improving our present level of intelligence. Statistics are on record to show that the immigration of the last few decades has tended definitely to lower our former level of intelligence.

In a republic, — and this is a republic and not a democracy, — all aliens applying for admission should be registered. This will prove to be necessary in the near future along the Mexican border to prevent the influx of Mexicans, Japanese, and south and east Europeans. For their own safety and protection, aliens already in the country who have come in legally should have proof to that effect. Exact identification by finger-printing and other means

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will protect those lawfully here. Only criminals and aliens illegally here can object to identification. Registration should be extended ultimately to the entire population because no one can legitimately take exception to accurate identification, and such universal registration would prove of great eugenical value.

The present restriction and the tremendous economic pressure in Europe have greatly increased the illegal entry of aliens by systematized smuggling along our coasts and borders. Advantage also is taken of the law by persons obtaining entry for an alleged temporary stay. These facts make registration of incoming aliens a necessity for the enforcement of our present laws.

Deportation of aliens who have illegally obtained entrance, or aliens who have become burdens to the community or who have developed anti-social activities, is becoming of great importance. This is a question of the administration and enforcement of the existing laws, and these must be strengthened in order to secure universal and effective application. The two questions of registration and deportation go hand in hand, — the former is a necessary prelude to deportation on a large scale.

Naturalization is and must be conferred as a privilege and must be limited to those who have proved themselves worthy of it. It should not be urged on unwilling aliens by mistaken enthusiasm for technical Americanization. We are vitally concerned with the maintenance of our form of government. From this point of view it is not those who are here who count but only those who vote that count. A careful examination into the character of the applicant and his literacy and knowledge of the English language and at least a ten years' residence should be prerequisites. Special Federal Courts should be provided for this purpose. All attempts at stimulating naturalization should be checked. Only those foreigners should be given the vote who show a desire for it and earnestly seek to earn it. The idea of duty to the government in this connection should be stressed rather than the idea of rights conferred.

The Johnson Act of 1924 is one of the greatest steps forward in the history of this country and will in the future be regarded as the most important legislation since the Civil War. This bill is the logical development of earlier measures and is thoroughly sound in principle, but it is incomplete. It provides for the numer-

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ical limitation of immigration, which will, in July, 1927, be reduced to 150,000 whites to be divided among the nations of Europe in the proportions of the contributions of such nations to the population of the United States as it is to-day.

This so-called National Origins feature of the bill is little understood, but preparations must be made for its application and support in the immediate future. The Johnson bill already reduces to a minimum the volume of totally unassimilable immigrants. However, it must be strengthened in this particular. The quota barrier must be extended to include the nations and islands to the south of us. Immigration from the West Indies is mostly Negro, from Mexico and South America mostly Indian, pure or mixed, and additions of this character to our population are most undesirable. From the racial point of view it is not logical to limit the number of Europeans while we throw the country open without limitation to Negroes, Indians, and half-breeds. Nor is it the part of wise patriotism in any way to enhance the already large proportion of peoples of so-called colored blood among us.

Restrictions are the order of the day. The country at large has spoken with no uncertain voice. That such laws are sure of overwhelming support in Congress is evidenced by the following votes: In 1917 the Literacy Test, a restrictive measure of great power, was passed over President Wilson's veto by a vote of 287 to 106 in the House, and 62 to 19 in the Senate. The next restrictive bill favoring immigration from northwestern Europe was passed in February, 1921, by a vote of 296 to 40 in the House, and 61 to 2 in the Senate. This bill failed by reason of a pocket veto by President Wilson. In the next Congress, this same bill was passed by a vote of 276 to 33 in the House, and in the Senate by 78 to 1. The decisive vote on the present Johnson Bill, agreeing with the report of the Conference Committee, was in the House 308 to 62, and in the Senate 69 to 9.

In closing, a word of warning may well be given to the opponents of the present relatively liberal law, by pointing out that there is in Congress and in the country a very large and growing element which demands the suspension of *all* immigration. If the present law is made unworkable by its enemies, such an alternative may easily happen.

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CAN EAST MEET WEST?

YOSHIO MARKINO

WHEN Mr. Hughes was sending his famous notes to Japan, THE FORUM *published a debate which provoked heated discussion. Now that the tumult has subsided, it is of interest to know how one philosophic Japanese visitor sums up the question of exclusion. The white and yellow races are like the two parts of the egg, he says. The yolk is more ready to mix than the "white". But the spread of education may serve to hatch out interacial good will and peace, in spite of restrictive immigration laws.*

WHEN I came to America last year my friends all said to me, "What a pity that you should have come just at the wrong moment!" At one tea-party this sentiment was expressed so often that I protested and said, "On the contrary, my dear friends, I think I am exceptionally lucky to be here now. I am being thoroughly spoiled. Even the people in the streets are hospitable. If you only knew what I experienced in San Francisco twenty-five years ago! With that memory in mind, I told my wife, just before leaving London, that she might repent of our marriage when we arrived in America, and that I myself might have to look for a steel helmet to protect my poor head against hostile stones when I went into the American fields to sketch. What a contrast between our anticipation and the reality!"

"The times have changed," explained one of the guests. "But what must you think of our exclusion law? You know, many of us are simply ashamed of it, and I for one am furious."

"You are too sensitive," I replied. "I am not at all perturbed. Your country is so large and so wealthy that you can do anything you please. What does it matter to you if you are isolated from the whole world? In the early part of the seventeenth century our Shogun excluded all foreigners from Japan for the sake of 'internal tranquility'. This policy was most successfully carried on for three hundred years. Then along came your Commander Perry and the others and demanded that we open our doors. The majority were for exclusion. Only a few wise men observed the impossibility of such a policy, our country being so small and poor, and we reluctantly opened it for you. But America has no such fear. You can exclude us not only for three hundred, but for three thousand years, and the spirits of those anti-foreign Japanese

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who died for their cause can only congratulate you from their graves."

My friends accused me of joking, and I had to admit that politics, so-called, had always struck me as being a sort of joke.

"But you are a philosopher and can afford to laugh," remarked a professor who was present. "Your entire nation seems to be very much hurt."

"Why should it be?" I inquired. "All Japanese non-immigrants like myself are freely allowed to come here. That is more generous than our old Shogun's policy. It is only a question of immigration. In the days of Columbus any nation had the privilege of making colonies here. But now that America is a well-established country, it can regulate immigration as it chooses. Even under the Gentlemen's Agreement Japan had long since given up any hopes she may have entertained of colonizing in your country. From a practical point of view I cannot see much difference between the old and the new laws."

"But doesn't your nation feel itself slighted by being called an inferior race?" exclaimed one of the ladies.

"If I were to call a millionaire a beggar, would he be slighted? And which of us would be belittled, the millionaire or I?"

"Exactly! That is what we meant by saying we were ashamed of our Congress!" she replied.

I confessed to an equal shame for the jingoes of my own country but reminded her of the late Sir Herbert Tree's remark that one fool makes more noise than ten thousand wise men.

My patriotism being challenged, I declared that the time was ripe for shaking off the word "patriotism", which seemed to me to be a dangerous drug.

"Why dangerous?" asked the professor.

"Because it makes second and third rate brains frenzy-stricken, and first rate brains capricious. There are really only two nationalities, — good and bad. And these two nationalities are equally divided among the wise and the foolish. That makes the world a very complicated place to live in. Confucius and Socrates both analyzed human virtue into three parts, — love, wisdom, and courage. Remove any one of the three, and humanity falls over like a tripod. Therefore, let wise and good people have courage enough to pierce through their respective nationalities and unite

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with their brother souls all over the world. By the union of inspired souls, war can be stopped forever."

The conversation reverted to the final outcome of the American-Japanese question. "The white and yellow races will be separated," I declared. "The European, or American, and Asiatic races are like the white and yellow parts of the egg. *We* are pliable enough; it is the white race which cannot mix. When I was a boy I lived in San Francisco for four years, observing the anti-Japanese spirit there every day, and while in Europe I read many anti-yellow books. I have found their reason for being. Europeans cannot bear the thought of living with us; that is all. Such questions as economy, birth rate, difference of customs and habits are mere after-thoughts which can be settled without much difficulty. If these questions are settled, others will be brought forward to take their place, — all because white men heartily dislike our yellow faces. You may say this is a trivial view of the matter. But there is nothing which has more power than a natural antipathy. As an artist I can quite understand it. There are many old masterpieces which I simply loathe. I can admit that they are wonderful, that I may never achieve anything on my own canvas to compare with them, that they are worth vast sums of money, but if you ask me if I would hang them in my rooms my answer is very simple, 'No thanks; take them away!' No one can convert me in my taste. So with the anti-Japanese feeling of certain people. The more we touch on that question, the more we irritate them. It is better to leave them alone. Therefore, I say, the final outcome will be the separation of the white and yellow races."

The professor did not agree. "The anti-Japanese feeling," he objected, "is on an entirely different plane from your taste in art. It is purely a matter of selfishness. Once you let people exclude the Japanese, they will proceed to clear out the other races, one by one. Ignorant people base their likes and dislikes on appearances, but educated people base them on rationality. You will not find an anti-Japanese party among Americans who live on the mental plane. The solution is education. It is slow but sure. And there is no other way. You have lived long in Europe where each country has her own nationality, but in America we are undertaking the great international experiment. Whether we like it or not, our various ingredients are tending to blend, thereby forming

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what may be a future composite American type. Who can stop the hand of Providence from steadily working upon us? Our one duty is education."

Remembering my simile of the egg, I agreed that education might turn out to be the incubator in which good feeling between the white and yellow races could be hatched.

A few days later I received a visit from a Japanese. Noticing on my desk the photograph of a former premier of Japan, he said, "What an ugly face! How can you let your American friends see it? Say what you like, Mr. Markino, we *are* inferior."

"Go to the zoological gardens," I advised him, "and have a look at the hippopotamus. He isn't pretty, but he is just as complacent as the lion and the bird of paradise. He would tell you, if he could, that when you laugh at him you are laughing at God. If I paint a bad picture I ought to be humiliated, but if I am ashamed of a body I have not made myself I ought to be punished. If you are ashamed of being a Japanese, why do you not become an American citizen? And if they reject you, why not throw yourself into the ocean that stretches between the two countries? Neither America nor Japan has any use for an addled egg."

TWO OPINIONS

YOU regret
That memory is a tiny cup
So soon over-brimming.

Ah, Tung Lung,
Would that the tiny cup
Were deeply cracked,
Retaining nothing!

—*Paul Eldridge*

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Saint-Pol — *La musique!*

SAINT-POL IN THE SUN

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

With Pen Drawings by the Author

I NEVER can think of Saint-Pol without thinking of the sun. It may be the afternoon, when the village stands as drowsy and white as a New Jerusalem. Or it may be the sunshine of early morning, very slanting and full of larks, with the valleys that moat the hill on which the village perches turning lighter and lighter azure as the eye goes down, until one seems to be looking into a land more ethereal than earth, bluer, and nearer the morning stars. But always there is the sun. Far away, down many hills and somewhere beyond Limoges, begins the France where clouds are forever brushing on the poplar trees, dragging the fields like gray nets, sweeping the blackbirds by myriads before them. But here were hills that stood like amber and drank in the sun; roads that high two-wheeled carts churned to gilt, a land steeped in gold.

If it is the noises I remember, then Saint-Pol is the everlasting sound of children's feet. Daylong the place was eloquent with the click-clack of sabots on cobblestones. The Mayor's son alone went shod in leather. And he was not the "coming" lad like the

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others. He had been to far Paris even, but he had not found the grace his playmates had who stayed at home and walked on their native wood. The boys whose shoes poverty had bitten into most made the most music of all with their patches of tin.

The hour supreme of wooden music was the hour of retreat. Our regiment had a band that played the Pied Piper to the young of Saint-Pol. It was a thing they had dreamed of, only, before we came. At the first boom of the drum, each quiet alley became a torrent of children, boys in smock shirts dragging by the hand little boys with saucers for eyes, girls with needles and pins in their mouths and knights and ladies forlorn in their eyes. . . . "*La musique! la musique!*" . . . And the sound of their feet drummed out our drums. They followed us all the way, dodging between our legs, throwing whole platoons out of plumb, wanting, all of them, the impossible yet burning glory of matching steps with the bandsmen. I myself have tried gravely to present my battalion to the major knee deep in children; and he, smiling, returned my salute like Santa Claus in cohorts of girls and boys. If anything ever brought home to me the truth of the New England adage that men are only boys grown tall, it was our retreats. I think we all, standing there on the brink of the War through those few golden sunsets, turned boys again. At any rate I had never lifted my toes so high before or felt the fever of brass burning so in my spine, not even when our regiment unfurled its colors for the first time and went up the hills of Havre. It is a wonder we did not break and go whooping with the rest of the boys.

Pigs play a portentous part in any recollection of Saint-Pol. Every alley had its legions. A dead zone was declared around each company mess hall. Pigs resident therein were purchased, or their board was paid to have them rusticated. Try as we might, more pigs were always turning up, — sometimes, I am afraid, the same pigs. The town Mayor himself often had the delicate task of divorcing families from the objects of their affections, their *fratres in domo* from time immemorial.

Minette

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Wearer of the *Croix* from the bitter days of '70

But one evening our captain sat down at table with peace on his brow. The last pig had been dislodged. He was like a Roman going to a triumph. Benevolently he gazed upon the *Grand Hotel of the Universe* across the way. Hotels in France run that way. In Orleans, now, it would be the *Hotel of Paris;* in Caen, the *Hotel of France;* in Nevers, the *Hotel of Europe;* but in Saint-Pol it is the *Grand Hotel of the Universe.* And then, just as the captain raised his first forkful of camouflaged "corned willie", the swinging doors of the *Hotel of the Universe* opened majestically, and out came a whole drove of pigs. . . .

There were pleasanter appurtenances to our lodging places, though, than pigs. There were the lovable and strange children of an older civilization than ours. One found there men with webs of wisdom at the corners of their eyes, whose feet had carried them far along the white ways to the cities of human sympathy, without ever taking them from home. And these, too old now for the wars, were a little perplexed and grieved that Americans did not carry tomahawks and scalp one another, after all. There were the women, too, boiling over with longing to play the mother hen to all these queer transatlantic chickens, and not knowing in the least how to do it. I shall not soon forget the horror on the face of my landlady when she found my windows wide open, — the windows she had locked and curtained and shuttered against the devils of the night air. Thanksgiving welled in her eyes when, unscathed and whole, I emerged from the chrysalis of bed curtains. Little, faded, carrot-haired lady of the *Rue des Etoiles!* — I will be minding her savory pottages, made of bread and cabbage and not much else save faith, to the last of my mornings, I am thinking, and her wistful attempts to take me to her hearth, which her own soldier son had left vacant forever, and her heart.

I hope, however, I shall never have to go through another such a night of fever and frenzy as that when I tried to explain in a preparatory school French to a streetful of women, weeping and laughing by turns, the reason why Madame the Modiste Busson

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had not got the lieutenant assigned her, after all, and she with the soup all on the table! The women would now hug Madame the Modiste in pity, and elbow about me to urge me to recapture the lost lieutenant. Everyone talked at once. It was like a poultry yard at laying time. Rushing into the market place, I seized upon the first officer I met and dragged him to the empty nest. The street behind us was welled from wall to wall with the crowd in a jubilee; they even sang. And Madame Busson sat down on her steps and wept.

Besides my landlady there was in my house ten year old Minette, with hair like honey spilled over a wall. I got on with her in a French, innocent of irregular verbs. Nine times out of ten she could tell what I was trying to say before I finished; the tenth she guessed what she pleased. She taught me all the words of *Madelon*, that march which has the poilus in it, képis, long bayonets, and all, and fire through laughter. She twisted me up from her mother's yarns the most splendid Ninette and Rintintin to wear about the neck to keep the bad German bullets away. Her eyes were such wellsprings of wonder that I am afraid she had her own way with my New England: heaven forgive me, if she ever comes over here and finds no moose on our lawns or catamounts in the Main Street elms.

In my own room I was a next-door neighbor to great dewy stars flowering the velvet of the southern sky. My cobwebby stairs climbed so high that I stood at the very gates of sleep. Of course, it may have been long hours in the sun, but I believe it was the hangings of my bed which brought the sleep upon me, swift, silent, a great bird of beauty, and all the west wind in the hollow of its wings. Exotic, secretive, the golden lilies of the canopy wound themselves into my mind until sleep's unicorns and shy, thin birds looked out at me with bright eyes. Such hangings must have come from the ruined castle nearby where, as my landlady told me, the aristocrats faced the cannon of the Revolution across the overset tables and spilled wine.

The indifferent eye of the lordly "manager"

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Men whose feet had carried them far to the cities of human sympathy . . .

All Saint-Pol huddled below my little casements, red tiles, gardens, lime trees, and cobbles, and the tower of the church lifting the whole mass of the village towards God. The roofs ran radiant with early sunlight that has the dew in it; between ran cool canyons of crooked streets. Here passed each morning the withered lady who bought rabbit skins and who cried for her skins in the curlew's voice soaring to the last trebles of pity. Poor woman! — the unfeeling American artillery men soon ruined her early business, once they had learned a little French. They took up her cry. They shook the village with pleadings for the skins of rabbits.

I could look down into the intimacies of life one did not see from the high walled streets. Those gardens built up above the level of the street by centuries of digging were the hearts of the houses which spread their arms after the old Roman manner about green earth and made it holy, shrines of the household Lars. The little land gods keep green forever. No wonder a garden is an altar, when it has been watered with tears and sunned with the laughter of ancestors, when it is the best room of the house. The parlor is the holy place for the New Englander, the garden for the man of France. Here God acts the baker at the very fireside of His children. So I came to know the fierce combat of love that goes on each morning between a bronzed wearer of the *Croix* from the bitter days of '70 and his wife, to see who shall be the first to water a plot no bigger than a pansy bed. I have seen tears shed, not less hot for being turned into laughter.

Though I slept beside the stars in the informal *Streets of Stars*,

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I messed regularly at the severely formal *Sign of the Old Ring-Doves*. The restaurant was quite Parisian outside; clipped trees that could have stood in tubs, tables set out on the street. One drank *chocolat chaud* there under the eye of one's own M. P.'s, who would have been only too glad to arrest an officer drinking anything stronger in the prohibited hours. Within, the formality continued; tables for dominoes for the bearded and a billiard room for the beardless; each last chair sacred to some patron of many years; platoons of bottles full of last year's sunlight and captured stars; a polish on everything like a veneer.

But in the upper chamber where we ate, and in the persons of the widowed proprietress and her daughter Mat, was the greatest informality imaginable. Mat always sang love songs when handling the endless parade of plates that must mark any French meal, be it but an omelette. She ran up and down the stairs, to the great damage of the dishes, like the wild gazelle that she was. She was like a fountain all over the place. But her mother's informality was different. Here again was water, but it was the bitter waters of Marah. The good woman never let a meal pass without giving us all the details of her widowing. I never quite understood it all, for she talked faster and more chokingly as she worked to her climax. But it seems an American major, the herald of our coming hither, had wrought all her woe. It is a way majors have. He and her husband had sat late at the drinking, in this very chamber. And so prodigious had the major's thirst been and so courteous the deportment of her spouse, who could of course not refuse to match the major drink for drink, that her poor husband had become hopelessly befuddled. He had forgotten the contours of his own house, had stepped straight out of the room upon the treacherous stairs which began their descent flush with the lintel and with an abrupt pitch into an unlit shaft. And he had fallen and broken his neck at the bottom. At this point she would break down and cry on the one nearest her. No meal passed the dessert without being watered with her tears. She blamed the American for everything.

But I blame the stairs. For I came within one of duplicating her husband's departure. Weary one night with censoring a mountain of letters written by Kentucky mountaineers whose only schooling had been got between times, I clean forgot the

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stairs, plunged headlong, burst open the door below, and emerged in a cataract of letters at the very feet of Madame. She screamed, dropped and smashed the bottle she was pouring, — and for this she lamented most after, until I paid her for it, — and rushed out into the night. It was some time before she was persuaded that it was not her husband's ghost. Thereafter her tale became more vivid, and her tears flowed upon me in particular as one who could best understand.

No less informal was Madame's musical clock. On the hour it played a sad song, on the half it whistled like a canary, at the quarter it became a nightingale. It grew on one. It affected the appetite. I read a sinister economy in that clock now. But its singing days were numbered. One who knew something of wheels was delegated to suppress it. He did his work so well it never peeped again. It never told the time again, either. But Madame's revenge was new tears. It appeared her husband had loved it as nothing else on this earth.

Another house I came to know intimately. It was the château, long since vacated by its owners, that my friend chose, a lieutenant who had an eye to art rather than the study of human nature. Below, as big French houses usually are, it was a grandiloquent stable. But above the odor of bygone horses, the house became royal. Ceilings burst forth into fleur-de-lys, there were period chairs, lambrequins heavy with the dust stirred up by minuet dancers long ago dust themselves. Mirrors in gilt gave vistas into mysterious, sunless lands between the sunlit lands through the windows; a spinet had notes as thin as moonbeams; cherubs played at ducks and drakes with crests on the marble fireplace. The beds were so high one had to climb into them by a mahogany step-ladder. Two duelling pistols inlaid with Spanish silver we snapped at one another across the table to make the thrilling discovery later that they were loaded with rusty charges of powder and ball. The world shrank when we came upon daguerreotypes of folk who looked for all the world like the wistful people in our own haircloth attic trunks at home. The same women's curls, the same moustaches drooping like garlands of Yuletide, the same "Sunday-go-to-meeting" expressions. Dust and cobwebs, the eternal and final resting places of our best clothes and our pride. Even our War, which had brought us to

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this house, was nothing new; in one cupboard we found a yellowed newspaper of half a century ago announcing the entry of the Prussians into Paris. The world moves on; but old houses remain, and young men find themselves at home in unexpected places with their fathers.

The heart of Saint-Pol beat in its central square at the church. Not in the religious observances, though, but in the fairs. The best things were still under the wings of Holy Church; and these were the best. I never counted them, but no week passed without two or three. Nor did I ever see the mountains of pumpkins and armies of cattle of our fairs. But no French peasant needs any elaborate excuse for putting on his best bib and tucker, for getting among friends to smoke and drink. Let a French hen lay but a single egg, and — *voilà!* there is your excuse, your fair! So he seizes upon the egg or the hen herself or the cow, from any one of which he may no more dream of parting than of flying to the moon, and he is off to the village, to talk and drink the day to the dregs of the sunset; and home he goes under the coming of the stars with his precious pig or cow still at his side, and lays him down and has peace.

The lady of the pigs

It was the men themselves who made the fairs. They came in from the azure and deep valleys with the flowering of the rose of wind and weather on their cheeks, square as the French idea of a house, men with the build and the gentleness of their oxen; all in smocks of best sateen that could not gloss over their grace of thew and sinew, salt with the savor of the earth and full of the laughter of trees, lovers of the loam their fathers slept in, worshipers in the cathedral of the out-

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Anthoine

of-doors. Old men, of course, for the War of the century was on, but none the less a glory to look upon. And their women the War had made more magnificent. Able always to do a man's work, they now did two. They brought in the pigs and sheep and the old grace of the hills. They were not all comely of feature; but they had the wings of patience and faith on their shoulders. Hard work had shaped them till they were like pitchers that grow into families; each nick is another flake in the aureole.

Of all the women who plodded fairwards none was so much a daughter of the elements as the lady of the pigs. She came down from the high glens with her lean charges, clad in an apron of hemp and a knitted skirt of wistful blue. How her bony legs managed the galleons of sabots no one could say; she never gave them a thought; they bit off an even two feet of dust, klip-klop, over hills, over hollows, imperturbable, tireless, like fate. Her bare brown arms swung like flails with the lurch of her body. Her wide eyes were always far ahead on the tops of all the hills. On before her streamed her drove like none other, with their famined eyes and shaggy hair. Her pigs were everywhere; their noses crimped up the soil of all the byways, their feet furrowed all lanes. Yet when they had strayed their farthest into all the gardens of Saint-Pol, their mistress would give her call, and back they would all come at their seesaw trot. That call I came to know above all the sounds of the fairs. Not with her lips, but deep down in her throat she made it. Those four notes were like the wind under the shingles of an abandoned house, like the speech of the Zulus. My friend, a South African Boer at Oxford, once spoke Zulu to me; he had it from his dusky nurse. It is a haunting thing.

One could not wait for the days of the fair to bring in the delight all around Saint-Pol. Blackberries hung everywhere, which the French peasants swore were poisonous; they shuddered to see us eat them; they followed us to see us fall. Because their fathers

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out of mind had not risked tasting them, the sons forbore. But I and my company filled our mess tins, and we had such pies as kings are fed on. There were the bent crones who gleaned the barley, centuries old, withered as crabapples of last year; whose left hips were higher than the right with perpetual stooping to pick up the stray straws left by the mowers; Millet's folk, whose poor hands of twice human size were criss-crossed with tens of thousands of cuts from that last blade which ties up their little bundles of thrift. Once I improvised a rake of light pattern and showed them how to gather the gleanings upright. Their blue old eyes swam with admiration. But next day they were bending at their work with their ancestors again. We found old men, too, who threw up their furrows with left-handed ploughshares; creatures of toil everlasting that brought tears to the eyes. Yet, somehow, thinking now of those people, I see them blessed, and the sweat has turned holy. Such toil can become a very sacrament.

Winding roads by which one could doze, with the creak of wains and the cry of far sheep in one's dreams, led down to a smaller village than Saint-Pol even, a cluster of houses by a stream. A ruined mill-wheel turned the hours into nightingales. Here all through the afternoon came the musical pat-pat of the women who knelt in boxes of straw and pounded their wash with wooden paddles at the river's edge. Sometimes, too, they sang together while their shoulders swayed in time, an air as old as the morning of Creation, perhaps, when the morning stars sang around the great Creator kneeling by the first river of the world. Above to-day's washing an aqueduct of the Roman builders towered across the valley and a bridge some Mediaeval mystic must have fashioned, for it went up high in its middle for the sheer ecstasy of soaring, for the beauty of having cool, green arches through which the swallows sweep.

The crowning beauty of the bridge was Anthoine. All my twilights he stood there by my side, a slender little boy with eyes full of the evening and the swallows and the stars that were coming out on the arches of the hills. He told me of common things, — his brothers who wanted to be millers, his mother, the carp in the river he hoped some day to catch, the bridges he planned to build. Yet now I know he was telling me another Book of Psalms, the psalms of happiness that are so hard to find

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after boyhood has gone its way. The old bridge and the new stars and the water that sounded far below, the purple smoke of cottage chimneys standing straight up like prayers into the evening, the last dusky swallows; Anthoine is the little shepherd of them all now, and his eyes that grew brighter with the starlight are come to be the symbols to me of that sunlit place where men and women and children lived so simply and so well. The châteaux and the Romes of this earth fall to dust; but the Anthoines and the ladies of the pigs, the men with wind and sun in their brown bodies, the women of cornflower eyes whose hands are scarred with the harvest, — these abide beyond the memory of our wars, beyond the ruin of our pride.

The women who knelt in boxes of straw

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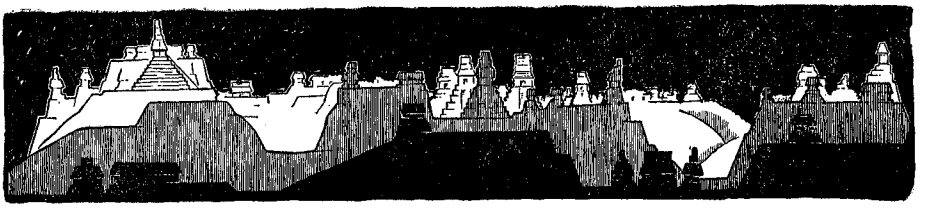

A half mile of sky-line at Tikal, Ancient Mayan city

WHAT IS CIVILIZATION?

VIII — The Answer of Ancient America

HERBERT JOSEPH SPINDEN

Part II — Artistic and Scientific

IN the first instalment of his article last month Mr. Spinden established the right of the Ancient Americans to rank high among civilized peoples for their industrial and economic achievements. In the present concluding instalment, he describes their equally great accomplishments in science and art. Quite contrary to popular belief, the until recently little-known and unappreciated Mayas and Peruvians reached a level of attainment in these respects equal to the highest civilizations of the Old World.

WHILE the material products of ancient American civilization, such as domesticated plants and mechanical processes, enter enormously into our present-day lives, the emotional creations are generally ignored.

To be sure, selected examples of Peruvian and Mexican art have appealed strongly to artists capable of recognizing consummate craftsmanship. But the appreciation has been of forms rather than contents, of objects rather than subjects. The spiritual has been beyond the common understanding. Yet to the anthropologist the works of art which the spade reveals are mostly remarkable as fossil emotions capable of being reinterpreted into the hopes and fears of a social group.

Purely intellectual matters, like the sciences of arithmetic and astronomy, so wonderfully developed by the Mayas, have excited the admiration of a limited number of special students. But probably not one mathematician in a hundred knows that place-value notation of numbers (the *sine qua non* of real arithmetic) was invented in America a clear thousand years before it

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was used in the Old World; that accurate chronological statement was arrived at, in terms of days counted from the epoch of an era, three hundred years before Seleucus Nicator started the first eral year count in the Eastern Hemisphere and twenty-three hundred years before Scaliger suggested the really comparable day-count of the Julian cycle. The astronomical results which the Mayas obtained by observation of the sun, moon, and planets reach a degree of accuracy greatly superior to that of the famed Hipparchus and practically equal to modern determinations. These are intellectual matters of great importance when comparisons are being made between civilizations. They demonstrate for America not only individual brilliancy, but that social continuity which is found only at the peak achievements of man.

Structures of stone and concrete, built with an eye to eternity and in full pride and emulation, stand in the unpeopled forests of Central America as monuments to the immaterial social structures of the Mayas. Ruined courts and palaces, temples rich with the battered faces of forgotten gods, cities where no man lives, — these are evidences of civilization that modern city dwellers with multiple experiences in coöperation are fitted to understand.

Throughout the peninsula of Yucatan and in the sombre jungles of Guatemala are the crumbling glories of many capitals whose names are modern nicknames although archaeologists can give the year and day when their buildings were dedicated, and whose kings and priests are likewise nameless although retained in stone portraits. These lost cities crowd the map in a territory that is otherwise deserted and mean that trade and war once thrived in a land that the modern age passes by.

Over the highlands of Mexico are other ruins much less splendid and not so closely grouped; passing to the north are the Cliff Dwellers' houses, and passing to the south we find such feudal strongholds as Machu Picchu in Peru. These, like Rome, were not built in a day. Their true significance is not to be measured only in mechanical difficulties that have been overcome or in works of art that fill the eye of the critic. Instead they are the outward historical proof of emotional coöperation that once prevailed among men, and they stand as the great refutation of theories of

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"Chosen Peoples", of "Favored Nordics", and other vainglorious devices designed to shut the gates of mercy and fair dealing on outsiders.

I once traveled with Indian guides three days into the forest, from the flea-bitten village of Remate on Lake Peten, to visit the ruins of Tikal. The trails were blind paths vanishing in swamps. When my quest seemed hopeless, we suddenly found ourselves staring at the fluted walls of Structure 88. My guides rushed off to the old reservoir to make camp and smoke the game they had killed. I made my way into the heart of the ancient city, silently, as one who fears to wake the dead, parting the vines in sunken courts, climbing terraces. Then the green roof of the tropical forest seemed to open, and I saw high above the trees a sun-bleached temple crowning a dizzy pyramid which soared upward into the blue. It was Temple III in the jargon of science. Otherwise it was a note in city planning that might have taught New York its staggered sky-line. At Tikal there are three Acropoli. There are five temples that rise to heights of nearly two hundred feet above levels that are themselves the tops of artificial platforms. From the lower plazas to the roof crests of the highest structures there must be three hundred feet of calculated construction. There were skyscrapers in America fifteen hundred years ago, and there were civic centres where a general scheme controlled all buildings.

Paul Shorey, writing in the April FORUM, issues a challenge we can hardly ignore. He is filled with the glory that was Greece during the brief Age of Pericles, and considerably overstates the claims made for the Aztecs who stand far below the Mayas. Great as Greece undoubtedly was, there is also glory in those other illusions of grandeur which have flamed up like the aurora among lesser nations, to demonstrate the satisfying truth that men of all colors and beliefs have creative minds. He says: "But if the barbarians, the pseudo-scientists, and the Professors of Anthropology who affirm that the Aztec civilization gives a fair notion of the stage reached by the peoples of Greece and Rome, have their way with American education, and we should forget these things for a generation or two, their rediscovery would intoxicate us as it did the poets and the scholars of the Renaissance. For there is nothing in Egyptian books of the dead, or the

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cuneiform records, or in the amorphous Hindu epics on the wars of men and monkeys, or in the Four Books and Five Classics of Ancient China, or in Icelandic sagas, or mediæval *chansons de geste* to take their place."

Literature bulks large in this classification of achievements, and apportionment of credit to the Mayas, or even the Aztecs, can hardly be given in a field where evidence has been largely destroyed. Of the fall of Mexico it was written in Aztec to the shame of Europe: "*Zan ye chocaya amaxtecatl* — Then quickly wept the man of books." While we can recover a fairly accurate measure of the loss our world incurred when Zumarraga in stubborn zeal crushed out the good with the bad in Mexico and when Diego de Landa and other churchmen burned native manuscripts upon the scaffolds of the Inquisition, we cannot recover in anything like completeness the ancient art in words. Of the grand masters of philosophy, of literature, of politics, who flourished before the Spanish sword introduced Christianity into America, there is hardly a syllable of understanding or praise. It was sad truth that the nameless Mexican bard put into words:

> "*For thy fame shall perish, Nopiltzin,*
> *And thou, Tezozomoc, where are thy songs?*"

But the Aztecs had a developed sense of artistry. Justification of poetic construction is surely seen in such a phrase as, "I, the singer, polished my noble song like shining jade."

The most famous literary light of the Aztecs was Nezahualcoyotl who died forty-seven years before the coming of Cortez to Mexico. He was a greatly beloved King of Tezcuco, a philosopher, and the composer of sixty songs. He descried back of the conflicting gods on the Mexican Parnassus a formless principle whom he named Tloque nahuaque, the Cause of All, and defined as "the cause of us and of all created things, and one only god who created all things both visible and invisible." He held that virtue was absolute and pleasure relative. Among the fragments of his glorious poetry are verses to a friend from which I quote two passages:

"*And thou, beloved companion, enjoy the beauty of these flowers, rejoice with me, cast out fears, for if pleasure ends with life so also does pain . . .*

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"*I fear no oblivion for thy just deeds, standing as thou dost in thy place appointed by the Supreme Lord of All, who governs all things.*"

These sentiments are based upon a logic so profound and crystalline that they reappear in the works of the world's greatest thinkers. They are essentially un-Christian and do not argue accepting a dull present on the promise of a glorious life beyond the grave. Were these pagan thoughts ever expressed with greater distinction or clarity by thinkers of Athens somewhat discomfited by the scandal legends of naughty Zeus?

The vision of death strikes across all ages and all peoples. But was it ever drawn in more dramatic phrases than in another Aztec poem of Nezahualcoyotl?

"All the earth is a grave and naught escapes it; nothing is so perfect that it does not fall and disappear. The rivers, brooks, fountains, and waters flow on and never return to their joyous beginnings, they hasten on to the vast realms of Tlaloc and the wider they spread between their marges the more rapidly do they mould their own sepulchral urns. That which was yesterday is not to-day; and let not that which is to-day trust to live to-morrow."

Back of this royal poet looms a much greater figure in Quetzalcoatl, Toltec emperor, priest, philosopher, and scientist. The hard religious uses of his times were characterized by vicarious sacrifice of war captives, but he declared that true sacrifice was personal and that the gods loved only the contrite heart. Quetzalcoatl transcribed into the Mexican language the Mayan calendar and astronomical learning. He appears to have been one of the grandest figures in human history, but to explain fully the evidences concerning him would take us beyond the limits of this article.

But Quetzalcoatl only recovered from the wastage of time the ideality that once built temples and carved monuments at Copan, Palenque, and Tikal. Our pieces of Mayan literature are few and of late date. But to great nations all the forms of art are vehicles of emotional expression. If we do not have the plays of the nameless dramatists of Copan we at least have the theatre. If we do not have an eloquent appeal to patriotism over the grave of an unknown soldier we have the sculptured proofs of social unity in

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a hundred sites. We see kings seated upon thrones, wearing the masks of gods, we see worshipers who punish themselves through belief in an immaterial obligation. We find monuments erected to the progress of science and the records of scientific congresses.

It was also delicately hinted by Mr. Shorey that appreciation of Aztec, Chinese, and other non-classical civilizations would somehow shake our judgments and deprive us of the pleasure to be found in the works of Greece and Rome.

As an anthropologist, I, for one, would vote to retain the facts of Greek culture in the record of human achievement even though the greatest works of Greek science took place after the long results of Babylon and Thebes had been dumped into the Hellenistic pot. One can pick no quarrel with Phidias or Plato who lived consistently in their own times, but modern lovers of the Greeks do not live in their own times. They have a scholastic admiration for dead and denatured art, and if they stand for anything in the vital situations of to-day it is for the same disconcerted individualism which brought about the rapid exhaustion of Greek society.

The Greeks failed by not developing emotional loyalties and political coöperation among the different states of their nation. Socialized arts may seem less brilliant than individualized ones, but they are more effective at holding a people together and are, therefore, truer symbols of civilization. The greatest artists appear at their best as spokesmen of their times and their people, not of themselves. The Greek spirit lives to-day in some of the least desirable and most dangerous features of our national life. It lives in the journals of irritation and dissent in which an argument or a cause acquires merit by being unpopular. It lives in those musicians, sculptors, painters, and over-graceful æsthetes who achieve personal queerness but avoid the duty and opportunity of genius to find the common soul and make its hopes articulate.

For these reasons we may turn from a nationality that failed, — albeit splendidly, — to others less daring, perhaps, but more humanly satisfactory. Confucius lived in China before Plato did in Greece and founded a system of political and personal ethics which still rules several hundred millions of lives. When Confucius said: "The gentleman asks justice, the rabble demands favor,"

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he struck the weakest spot in democratic government in his day and ours. He realized that a nation must stand or fall on its means of obtaining leaders and directed his philosophy towards securing stability by establishing a standard of conduct for the ruling classes much more stringent than that for the common people. Our answer must be found in retrieving society as a whole.

Religion, art, scientific facts have everywhere been perceived by individuals and given expression with greater or lesser force. Yet civilization is not a question of individuals but of society; the drop of water that rises and falls does not constitute a wave. All the cultures of the past are the proper study of to-day that we may diagnose correctly the ills of the body politic and check deterioration in men and customs. For the purpose of such an investigation the civilizations of America are all important, forming as they do an independent recapitulation of success and failure.

The Greeks had the bases of civilization handed to them on a silver platter, including foods, draft animals, metals, the arts of stone construction, and the alphabet. The Mayas started on a lower plane, tamed a difficult environment, domesticated new plants, discovered architecture in stone and concrete, and invented the writing of words and numbers. Moreover they developed painting and sculpture and discovered the principles of composition in design and of foreshortening in drawing.

On Mayan monuments we find inscriptions which indicate that priestly astronomers kept a diary of celestial and mundane affairs for over 2100 years by means of their calendar and time counts. Their numerical system was based on 20's rather than 10's, and cannot be derived from any Old World method. Now the Greeks are famed for their astronomy, so we find here a means of direct comparison between their civilization and that of the Mayas. Remember that astronomical science is not really numbers but the finding of law in the course of natural events which may be expressed in numbers.

The leap year correction of Hipparchus was one-fourth of a day minus one three-hundredths of a day. The Mayas had several extremely accurate adjustments involving their 360-day numerical unit called the *tun*, the 365-day calendarical year, and the true tropical year of 365.2421996 days. First they used the

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approximation between 69 true years and 70 *tuns*. The error here was 1.71 days, and we find proof that this was avoided by taking 3 x 69 true years, minus one true year, as equal to 3 x 70 *tuns* minus one *tun*. In other words, they dropped a true year from one side of the equation and a numerical unit of 360 days from the other side and secured accuracy within eleven hundredths of a day for 206 years.

Much more remarkable than this was the discovery they made that in 29 of their calendar rounds of 52 years the calendar year gained a lap on the true year. That is, they found that 29 x 52x365 days equal 1507 true years. This equation has an error of fifty-two ten thousandths of a day against 12 days for the famous Sothic cycle of the Egyptians. The Mayan lunar tables are perpetual and therefore a true statement of natural law governing the moon.

The intellectual achievements of the Mayas are sterile to-day unless they are able to bring home to us the lesson of human capability. Appeal is made to literature as the test of social fitness. But great intellectual conceptions sometimes reside in single words, in descriptive phrases which cut to the very heart of things with a sword of light. Language is a social convention, and words are proof of an analysis of the facts of matter and emotion in which the humblest people have shown themselves efficient.

Just as the sources of revealed religion contend to-day with the records of evolution in natural history, so the sources of revealed civilization contend with the records of evolution in human society. Tezcatlipoca, Itzamna, and Viracocha in ancient America are grand and terrible gods and, taken in conjunction with Tangaroa of the Pacific isles, with Zeus of the Greeks, and Yahweh of the Jews, they illustrate how completely human beings, acting in concert, may become servants of their own ideal constructions.

But careful examination everywhere discloses that common-sense grafts the sweet fruit of ethics on the bitter stock of religion. Impersonal monotheism rose in Mexico and Peru out of beast gods, and virtue and justice were conceived as the expression of divine will. Elsewhere in ancient America religions less perfectly developed are nevertheless working towards the same end.

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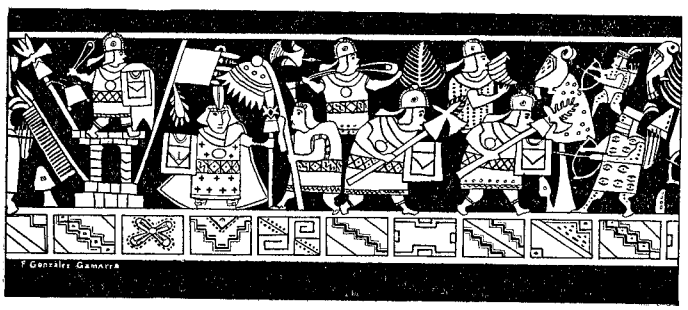
Personally, I am deeply moved by a chant of our Tewa Indians of New Mexico indicating their obligation to a universe filled with beauty and divinity.

"Oh, our Mother, the Earth, oh, our Father, the Sky,
Your children are we, and with tired backs
We bring you the gifts that you love.
Then weave for us a garment of brightness;
May the warp be the white light of morning,
May the weft be the red light of evening,
May the fringes be the falling rain,
May the border be the standing rainbow.
Thus weave for us a garment of brightness
That we may walk fittingly where birds sing,
That we may walk fittingly where grass is green,
Oh, our Mother, the Earth, oh, our Father, the Sky!"

This is a prayer made by a people who for thousands of years have joined hands against the desert. We need something of this philosophy in our present lives, for the nations of to-day that call themselves civilized are burning up the resources of the earth like a fool on Broadway. We need a set of emotional values which meet the conditions of our democracy in an industrial age that we may live wisely for the present and justly for the future. Ancient America shows modern America many things for the good of her soul, as she gave modern America many things for the good of her body.



From an Ancient Peruvian frieze—Drawing by F. Gonzalez Gamara

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THE NEXT PRESIDENT

DONALD WILHELM

NO five Americans have ever been more different than our last five Presidents, — Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding, and Coolidge. Judging by the record of the past quarter of a century, it would seem that the one thing the American people want is a complete change, and as often as is constitutionally possible. Very probably there is no one living can tell who will be the next President, but the writer of this article, a political observer of experience and acumen, tells us who, or rather what, he will not be.

THOUGH some of us of late may have been worried, still almost any mother's son, or daughter (there is nothing in our Constitution that bars the daughter), has the proverbial chance of being the next President.

The only ones not eligible are Yankees, — all New Englanders will have had their turn, for the first time in a century, in the person of President Coolidge; residents of Ohio, — whence came President Harding; of Virginia and New Jersey, — President Wilson's native and his adopted States; and of New York, — President Roosevelt's State.

Nor shall we want as our next President a dirt farmer, because most of us think of President Coolidge as a kind of graduate dirt farmer; nor a newspaper man, — President Harding was a newspaper man; nor an educator, — President Wilson was an educator; nor a lawyer, — President Taft personified lawyers; nor a Rough Rider.

Simply, reasonably, and even logically, our next President will *not* be in any major aspect like any of the Presidents we have had in twenty-five years, which is the limit of popular memory in America, if there is anything in my present theory.

My hypothesis is that we Americans are so insatiably enamored of incessant change that it is in us, more decidedly than ever before, to demand that each succeeding President shall be as much a contrast as is achievable to all of his predecessors of a quarter-century, and that we shall have a new one as often as possible.

President Coolidge will not be re-elected, if this hypothesis is sound, unless there arises in 1928 a great national emergency of some sort such as confronted us when President Wilson, — the only President who recently has served eight years, — was re-elected.

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Moreover, I doubt if any President in our time will be re-elected to serve a second full four-year term, unless there exists a supreme emergency of some sort, or our relation to the huge entity, Big Government, is somehow profoundly altered.

In other words, it may not necessarily be that President Coolidge will have failed in the consistent performance of his difficult rôle, nor that his successor, or any other, will not have done his duty and played his part as well, for instance, as the directors of any corporation might reasonably expect their executives to play theirs. It goes deeper. It is a seemingly instinctive hunger, even a passion, in us for movement, progression, growth, change, — a passion which defies all that any President can do and, in the long run, makes the Presidency more and more untenable. It is an impelling and insatiable urge in us, — a rather unreasoning urge that is not a respecter of persons and may in a measure be a reflection of the intensity with which we live, — which certainly manifests an increasing resentment against any suggestion of rigidity or permanence. It has operated with increasing intensity against each of the last four Presidents and will undoubtedly manifest itself against President Coolidge, as skilful as he is, when the early honeymoon days of his own administration are over.

Because these last five Presidents of ours have doubtless been as worthy a succession of five as any other group of five that the nation has had, because our passion for change and for contrast has nevertheless appeared to increase rather than to diminish in intensity, it may well be that this passion is stimulated by new factors. And certainly there is the central factor which must have point: the changed relation between us as individuals and our Government that has come with its vast increase in size and reach into all aspects of our lives.

Since the beginning of the Roosevelt Administration the direct contacts between us and our Government have been increased hundredsfold. Our Government has become highly centralized. Because of its great size, reach, and centralization it has encouraged the establishment and strengthening of social and economic groups, which operate politically as pressures upon it, and these pressures are highly articulate, potent, and demonstrative of their resentments against Presidents and other public men.

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Largely by way of resisting these pressures or succumbing to them, we have, in these last twenty-five years, amended our Constitution four times, — as many times as we had previously amended it in a century, — enacted an unconscionably large number of laws, revealed the inability of Congress to run our huge Government without scandal and other cause of disquietude, and in other directions made the plight of our Presidents more difficult. If we will but take the trouble to list horizontally across a great sheet of paper the issues anent which any President must sooner or later express his views and policies, then vertically, up the left-hand of this cross-word puzzle that is his, list the conflicting groups intent on having their way, we can see at a glance that it must be only a question of months when each new President has less than a majority of us whole-heartedly ready and able to give him our support.

At any rate, — let the causes of our passion for change and contrast in our Presidents be what they may, — my thesis is interestingly sustained by study of each of our last five Presidents in contrast with the rest. For no one, so far as I know, — not even one of the long procession of the observers of us from abroad, — has made the point that our last five Presidents have been as totally different from one another as five Americans could possibly be.

Look at them, — Presidents Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding, and Coolidge. Surely the contrasts between them would come out sharply if you could seat them at your dinner table. Then you might well apprehend difficulty in leading their conversation to any subject, with the possible exception of government, in which they would all have any real native interest, and I doubt that they could agree easily about government. Certainly, if you talked about sport, the most innocuous of subjects, President Roosevelt would without question do nearly all of the talking. If you talked about big business, President Roosevelt would without question do nearly all of the talking. If you talked about travel and natural history, President Roosevelt would without question do nearly all of the talking. And if, in desperation, you at last talked about dirt farming, President Coolidge would, without question, have very little to say.

So, remembering that there were real personal differences

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between Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, Roosevelt and Wilson, and Wilson and Harding, and knowing, as host, that it would be the part of social wisdom to supply to your other guests some advance information as to our Presidential contrasts and differences, doubtless you would instruct your social secretary to prepare briefs about them.

These briefs, or gentle reminders, might run like this:

President Roosevelt: A vigorous, even strenuous man with the most amazing universality of interests. Habitual conversationalist. Can talk entertainingly about anything, — *anything!* — and will follow up talk with letters-of-record, — delightful letters, devised to assist historians. Will talk about his ancestors from the valley of the Rhine if he thinks you are German, about his French ancestors if he finds that your mother is French,[1] about his Dutch ancestors if he thinks you are Dutch, and so on. Is a popular blend of Dutch, French, German, North and South Irish, English, and Georgian. Was born in New York City, which produces fewer great natives than any other of our large population groups. Father a rich merchant. Gave journalism as intended profession while in Harvard; would no doubt have made a great newspaper editor; is lovingly referred to as Mr. Valiant-for-Truth. Dutch Lutheran by religion. Traveled extensively and heroically; even ventured into law and couldn't stand it. A great exhibitionist of self and of government. Discovered the American people; in serving them did most to start our Government snowballing for size. He wrote, "No President ever enjoyed himself in the Presidency as well as I did . . . but . . . the people as a whole are heartily tired of me and of my views." Was typically thought of and loved as Rough Rider in politics.

President Taft: Lawyer, son of lawyer and Attorney General. Scholar. Divided first honors of class in Cincinnati Law School; was second in class of 1878 at Yale, — whereas President Wilson was thirty-eighth in his class, 1879, of only 130, when at Princeton, and President Roosevelt was twentieth in his class, 1880, of 120, when in Harvard. Ran for office only once before running for Presidency. Unitarian. Admits he was "miserable" in the White House, — misjudged to be a Falstaff following a Pe-

[1] This skill was demonstrated in the last interview the writer had with the Colonel not long before he died.

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truchio. In second campaign therefore, got vote of only Utah and Vermont, both negligible politically.

President Wilson: Son and grandson of Presbyterian ministers,—the third son of a minister to enter White House, Presidents Arthur and Cleveland being the others. Virginian, educator and historian by profession. Democrat. Virtually nothing in common with his predecessors and successors. Is best described by his favorite poem, Wordsworth's "The Character of a Happy Warrior" (the poem read at the last rites for President Cleveland, incidentally). Was a crusader with an evangel of his own. Was a war President like Abraham Lincoln. Remember: Lincoln's assassin expected applause, and the liverymen and teamsters of the City of Baltimore refused to move the martyred President's poor body from one station to another, when it was on the way to the grave.

President Harding: Rather typically a small-townsman. Baptist. Newspaper man and public speaker by training. Resident of Ohio, active in Ohio politics, unlike Mr. Taft who served mainly elsewhere. Less than a year in college. Prevailing attribute: love for fellow creatures manifested by zeal to make life richer and more alluring for every living thing about him. Was loved too much, rather than well, in return, and like President Wilson collapsed while in office, and died a somewhat embittered and disillusioned man.

President Coolidge: Second New England President since the second Adams. Congregationalist, villager, farmer by inheritance. As self-contained, implicit, and thrifty as President Harding was expansive, genial, and generous.

And these briefs would not so well suggest the profound contrast between these men as would a few hours of personal contact and intimate observation of them. They would greet you differently: President Taft might whack you on the back benignly, whereas President Coolidge might welcome the parting and speed the coming guest, while President Harding might invite you to sit down and smoke, President Wilson might seek to discover your intellectual attainments, and President Roosevelt might categorize you as another Ananias. They would display different ways of making friends, and making friends is just as determinate a trait as any other. You would find them of different views of virtually everything: Imagine President Roosevelt replying to an

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invitation to kill bears in Colorado "I have no interest in killing bears!" Of different reading also; President Coolidge, alone of the group, might be found to be a steady reader of the New England poets. Likewise of different intellectual attainments. And of different social origin, though the same old melting-pot produced them all.

A biologist might write a whole book about any one of them in contrast with the others. A psycho-analyst might write another book, and there might be enough remaining interest for him to find a publisher for it. A playwright might find the stuff of great drama in the relations of President Roosevelt and that "good Yale man", his successor: Its third act might show the climax of the Colonel's war on his old-time friend, a shot, a cry, "*That* for men who seek a third term!" the Colonel's concluding denunciation with a bullet in his body; then, in its fourth act the casual meeting in a hotel of these two men and Roosevelt's exclamation afterward, "I was never so happy in my life. By Jove, that was splendid of Taft!"

In fact, all of the academes of Columbia University could work their respective droning gears all through a whole semester about these last five Presidents.

Clearly, contrast has been the prevailing note in our choice of Presidents. Indeed it would seem that almost mysteriously, as if the ways of Americans are not to be understood, contrast has been the *imperative* note. The fact that we have President Coolidge in the White House best makes the point. Vermont, his native State, like Massachusetts, his adopted one, had long been considered negligible so far as the sublime strategy of national parties and politics is concerned. It would have seemed to be easier and more likely for a son of immigrants on New York's East Side to overcome natural barriers and native handicaps, to struggle up the long trail and to attain the Presidency than for a Vermonter to do all that. The odds were a billion or so to one against him, yet he won through by the accident of the death of President Harding, and then by one of the many curious manifestations of that *abracadabra*, — public interest in America, — he won overwhelmingly, against uncertain and even unprecedented odds, in his own right.

Certainly President Coolidge would not have won in his own

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right were he in any profound or even superficial way like President Harding, and it is doubtful if he would have won were he at all like Presidents Wilson, Taft, or Roosevelt.

Therefore since these last five Presidents of ours have no doubt been as worthy a succession of five as any that the country has had, there are a great many conclusions to be derived from the contrasts between them.

For one thing, we are ruled by sentiment, as one President informally pointed out, rather than by our minds. The French philosopher, Henri Bergson, might find gratification in that, — his *Creative Evolution* argues that human beings are bigger than their minds.

For another thing, clearly we do not select our Presidents as we select the executives of our corporations. In the business world there has come to be a kind of science of employment management, which is dominated by solemn-eyed, tough-minded experts of hiring and firing, who investigate each applicant's past performance and future promise "scientifically". These experts are not much interested in contrast, novelty, or the gifts of sustaining public interest. They care very little whether an applicant comes from one State or another, or whether he is skilled with press, party, and what may be called public technique. He is selected for his prowess in organizing enterprises, increasing production, or otherwise facilitating the business of making money. His skill must reflect itself in tell-tale instrumentalities called balance sheets; and there are no balance sheets in government. Having to do with the welfare of millions of people, government does not afford definitely ascertainable facts footing up in totals of thus and so many millions of dollars in the coin of the realm. Our prosperity counts, surely, often unduly, quite disproportionately in relation to the part in it that our Presidents have. President Coolidge's penchant for thrift has more appeal than it would have had before the advent of direct taxation, and before our Government went in for size and came to have direct participation in nearly every aspect of our social and economic welfare; still I think it is important in point of his prestige largely because it is a revelation of a President of a new kind. That is what the policies, acts, sayings, and habits of a President mainly are for, — to reveal him to ourselves. What he actually

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accomplishes is by no means so important as what he seems to stand for. Thus President Roosevelt, probably the most universally loved and influential President we have had, achieved relatively little in legislation and as an administrator, in contrast with the impress he otherwise made. On the other hand, it is altogether possible for a second-rate business executive to seem to succeed gloriously in a public office, while a first-rate one of proven worth seems to fail though he actually accomplishes more than the other.

All of this is simply to say that our Presidents answer to measurements other than those applied in business life.

These measurements in the main are three. In other words, if you would now nominate the next President and would have him prosper well, it would be the part of wisdom to select a man as far different in every way possible from those of the last twenty-five years, and to judge him largely by his skill in dealing with the press, the parties, and the public taken generally.

You would find, then, that the Executive Offices of our Presidents are organized to deal almost exclusively with these three aspects, have only forty employees altogether, and do not at all function in the manner and by the means used in the executive offices of a great corporation. You would find that, since government, in the nature of things, lacks tell-tale balance-sheets such as justify or evict corporation executives, the main barometers of a President's success are afforded by the mirrors of press, public, and party, — in fact, our numerous insurance actuaries would do well to organize these barometers scientifically! You would find, too, that President Roosevelt's amazing popularity was reflected in these measurements; that the "popularity curve" of President Taft would graphically display his inherent inability to "sell himself", as the saying is, to the press, to dramatize himself before the public, to dominate his party. You would find, too, that the Wilson curve mounted steadily to unprecedented height, then, from Armistice Day on, fell off sharply as if the great majority of us, for all manner of reasons, abruptly withdrew our support from him.

Then, too, there are other considerations which suggest the indubitable importance of a President's skill in relation to press, public, and party. Obviously a President, or a candidate for the

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Presidency, can feel complete assurance if he is able "to sell himself one hundred per cent" to the press, to dramatize his personality equally well before the public, and to exercise supreme influence in his party. Just as obviously: there is trouble and failure impending if, or when, the President's temperature, as it were, reflects itself badly on the fever-chart of his record, — i.e., when support of him by the press drops to sub-normal, when the public loses its warmth, when his party in Congress bolts, like an uncertain and erratic nurse. Yet, by the way, it is a significant thing that President Coolidge has been able best to rally the press and the public with him by openly opposing Congress or by being opposed by it.

It is just as well to conclude, thus, that the Presidency is like married life, and that we are the "new" relatives.

"He is our President!" — so we feel at first, when we are relieved of the apparent necessity of scrutinizing and criticizing his predecessor. "We elected him! Give him a chance, — he's always been a good provider!" At first, in other words, we are invariably interested in the new folk in the White House; they seem like newly-weds — benedicts — a word that suggests, "Speak kindly of them, folks!" Then, a little later, when the honeymoon days are over, sometimes with secret glee we watch Congress, perhaps we encourage Congress, perhaps we even bring pressure to bear on Congress, while it brings its guerrilla warfare into play. At the end of two years, no matter how hard a President strives for general support, no matter how hard he tries to please everybody, no matter how skilfully he essays to keep up the appearance of doing much and doing it well as our Chief Executive, often, — usually rather, — we are ready to increase the opposition to him. And then, at the end of a full four-year term, generally we are ready to join in the long howl, "We want change! We want change!"

And then?

Then, by processes of sentiment that in themselves are eloquent, — so it must seem to the historians of this period in which we live, — we solemnly go about the business of discovering candidates whose essential qualification is that they are different in every possible way from all the Presidents that have in a quarter-century gone before. It is as if instinctively

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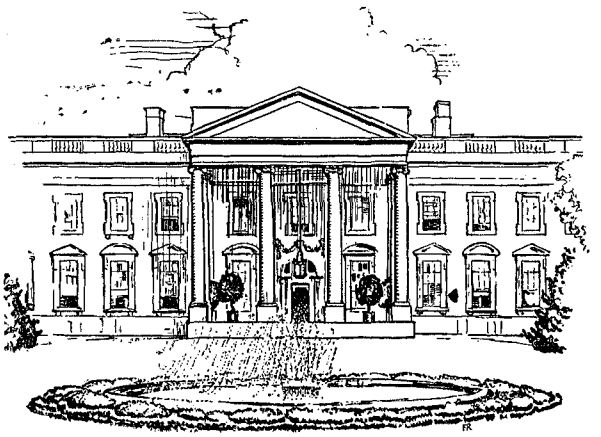
we work by the rule of contrast rather than by the rule of example.

So now, if there is anything in my thesis, when 1928 comes around, it is altogether likely that we shall contentedly conclude: "Let's give 'em all a chance! We've had a kind of graduate dirt farmer who has done New England proud! We've had a newspaper man, an educator, a lawyer, and a Rough Rider. We've had a Yankee, a resident Buckeye and also Mr. Taft, a Southerner living in New Jersey when elected, and a New Yorker who lived in the cow country for a while. But we haven't had a Westerner. We haven't had a business man, and since we've had or are bound soon to have hard times, it might be well to try one to see what he can do. We haven't had an engineer. We haven't had a diplomat. Nor a woman either, — and Ma Ferguson might be entertaining!

"Now, then, what'll we have?

"Nominations will be in order!"



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THE WEATHER AND OUR FEELINGS

THE FORUM *proposes a thorough investigation of the suspected mysterious effects of the weather on the health and happiness of mankind.*

ONE of the most mysterious things about our daily lives is the way in which one day differs from another. On perhaps three mornings of the week we arise with energy and enthusiasm enough for a dozen tasks. On the other four mornings we are indifferent, apathetic; it is with difficulty, perhaps, that we drag our lazy bodies out of bed at all.

We explain these things by saying that we feel well or ill. That means nothing. *Why* do we feel well or ill? Is it always something individual and essentially accidental, as, for example, an overnight indiscretion of diet or a cold that has not quite broken out audibly? Or is there some deeper cause, some cause that is affecting everybody in the neighborhood at the same time and in the same general way?

There is some evidence of this. Men who handle traffic on the streets or manage the crowds in great railway terminals or who watch the stock market or the attendance at baseball games report that there are "nervous" days; days when almost everyone is "keyed up", on edge, anxious. Other days are quiet and calm. An even larger crowd will make less trouble.

Many students of these matters have guessed that these mysterious and instinctive reactions of our human units are due to something in the weather. They cannot be blamed on such obvious things as rain or humidity or heat or cold. Many tests have shown that such things do not explain the kind of human variability that we are talking about, although these obvious aspects of the weather do have, of course, their own well-known reactions on mankind. Dr. Ellsworth Huntington has shown, too, that such things as temperature and humidity do affect the working capacity of both laborers and intellectual workers. The effects are complex but they are demonstrably existant.

The thing we are talking about is even more subtle; probably even more complex. Another example of it is "grandpa's rheuma-

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tism." Many people are sure that by some ache or pain that afflicts their bones they can predict the weather (or certain kinds of weather) hours or days in advance. This is better than the meteorological scientists are willing to claim. Yet grandpa and his rheumatism are not infrequently right.

Is there some unknown and unsuspected factor of the weather which is affecting mankind? Do we perceive, unconsciously perhaps, the minute electrical changes in the air or the ground which presage the coming of a storm? Is it unrecognized things like these which determine whether we are to feel well or ill to-morrow morning, regardless of food and actual disease? What is it that makes us sleep soundly or not at all, quite without relation to the perceptable condition of our health?

It is questions like these which THE FORUM proposes to try to answer. We are going to put the weather on trial. We need about three thousand people to help. We expect to find them among our subscribers and other readers. This article is an invitation to anyone who will take a little trouble for the sake of science. Will you help us bring the weather to the bar?

Let us explain just what we plan to do. It is obvious that the first question to be answered is whether there is any such effect at all. We can inquire later into what exact electric or magnetic or other forces are at work.

To answer this first question all we need to do is get enough people to tell us each day just how they feel; whether active and energetic or lazy and ill. If we find that most of these people feel well at the same times and ill at the same times it will prove that some general factor, — the weather or something else, — is at work on us. On the other hand, if we find that about half of our observers feel well and about half of them ill on every day of the test, that will prove that neither the weather nor any other universal thing is at work. The answer will lie, then, in the mere bodily differences of each person. Weather effects, — including grandpa's rheumatism, — will have to be regarded as myths.

It is this first experiment which THE FORUM plans to try at once. We will register some thousands of coöperators. To each of these we will send convenient little blanks with a space for each day. In these spaces you will be asked to set down just how you feel each morning; "fine" or "energetic" or "lazy" or "nervous" or

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"rotten", or any such word which represents, as nearly as you can estimate it, your physical and mental state. That is all you will have to do. We will attend to the necessary weather observations and to the later comparisons of the records made by all the thousands of observers.

In the study of these records we will be assisted by a committee of distinguished scientists who have agreed to help us; not for money or fame but for the sake of the advance of knowledge.

Approaching electric storms do send radio waves ahead. The electric engineers have proved that. An instrument has been perfected to detect these radio waves and thus to give warning of nearby lightning. If storms discharge, also, advance waves of health or illness, our group of experts and the observers whom we hope to enlist ought certainly to succeed in proving it.

Will you join our experiment? If you will, send your name and address to us and we will mail you the full instructions and a set of the blanks for the daily records.

It is obvious that we cannot take observers from every locality. The weather differs from place to place. In each place that we select we must have enough observers so that individual accidents will cancel out. Accordingly, we reserve the right to accept observers only from those localities in which we have enough registrations to make this possible.

Do not let this discourage you. The more applicants we have from your town, the better chance your town has of being selected as one of our experimental points. Possibly your local weather is the best in the world. Now is your chance to prove it.

ADDRESS REGISTRATIONS TO: *The Science Editor, The Forum, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

A postcard is enough. We hope that at least three thousand of our readers will have registered by the middle of September.

What will we find out by all this? Nobody knows. Perhaps nothing; perhaps some fact or expedient of great help to human happiness. The only way to know whether it is worth doing is to try it and see.

E. E. F.

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Doctor Hu Shih

The brilliant young leader of the Chinese intellectuals. From a portrait drawing by C. LeRoy Baldridge, made in Peking during the past winter. In the upper left hand corner is Dr. Hu Shih's autograph

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THE FOREIGN DEVIL IN YOUNG CHINA

Much Talk of a Labor Revolt

JOHN BRAILSFORD

FOR years we discussed the imminent awakening of China, by which, in our complacent Western way, we meant the industrialization of China. Well, the thing has happened with a rush. To-day in China there are labor unions, strikes, students accused of Bolshevik sympathies, and many other symptoms of our "superior" civilization at work. Mr. Brailsford, in the present article, amplifies his own observation, with the statements of Dr. Hu Shih, the leading mind of the "New Thought" movement in China.

THE challenge of Demosthenes to the Athenians, bidding them kill him if he were truly the traitor that his critics represented him to be, is recalled by a letter recently published in Peking from students of Tangshan University, who were accused of having gone on strike in sympathy with coal-miners and who were expelled for their supposed conversion to Bolshevism.

"Take for granted that all the students are Bolsheviks, then," they say; "they should all be exterminated. . . . If we are really Bolsheviks, we don't see why the Government does not take due and drastic measures to stamp us out."

The trouble arose out of a strike of coal-miners near Tangshan University, which is a mining college. The students deny that they downed pens, saying that they merely took a day's leave (by permission of the Dean) in order to collect funds for the relief of the strikers' families. "We were immediate neighbors of the strikers," they say. "No rational being is deprived of the sense of humanity."

So in all the industrial centres there are young Chinese men and women of the intellectual class who are drawn by the sense of common humanity into sympathy with the struggling laborers. To them the impulse seems not only natural but virtuous. But to people who dread any self-assertion on the part of the wage-earning classes it is most dangerous. During the strike here mentioned, the anti-Labor press constantly raised the cry that the strikers were receiving aid and encouragement from "outside agitators", and the open sympathy of the students of the mining college was considered plain proof of Bolshevism.

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It would be hard to say where humanism ends and revolutionism begins. Certainly the conservative critics who class the two as identical promote the revolutionary tendencies among the more responsive and intelligent students. If humanity is Bolshevik, then Bolshevism must be humane, — that was in effect the argument of Tangshan students. But there are other influences impelling them in the same direction.

Briefly stated, the outstanding feature of the situation is this: Western industrialism has come to China, as to Japan and other Eastern countries, with a rush. Western revolutionary thought has come also, and it is proportionately vigorous in its reaction. I have been greatly surprised to find revolutionary thought as prevalent as it is among leading intellectuals in China. Whether they be Christian or heathen, the thinkers, those who are most concerned with interests beyond their daily rice and a handsome coffin, — boy students, professors, women also, — these have drunk deep at the fountain of Western revolutionism. I am concerned here only with China, but may remark in passing that in Japan like signs may be seen, though police repression compels the thinkers to drink their draughts of radical thought more secretly, — and therefore, by the usual paradox, more deeply. Assuredly the Foreign Devil from the West has got into the mind of the East. The Devil in the Chinese sense, of course. As this revolutionism is often closely associated with Christian education and Christian movements, it has obviously no relation to Beelzebub.

I talked the matter over with a Chinese lady of exceptional intelligence, a university graduate who speaks and writes perfect English. She has concerned herself specially with social work in connection with a Christian mission in a manufacturing centre. She told me very positively that the most urgent need at present was to strengthen the power of the labor unions. Her own efforts were largely directed to the removal of the legal restraints on labor organizations. She was impressed by the fact that strong unions seemed often able to win victories, — the seamen's union for example, — while weak organizations, especially those of female workers, were defeated and their leaders punished by the agencies of the law. I suggested to her that all the organizing in Western lands of wage-earners on the one side and employers

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on the other led only to fiercer conflict, and that possibly China, with its age-long tradition of mutual aid in the clan, the village community, and the city guild, had the basis for better social life industry. But she insisted that the need of the moment was to strengthen the hands of the unions for resistance.

Precisely the same opinion came to me from a very different source. Dr. Hu Shih, Professor of Philosophy, and Dean of the Faculty of Peking National University, was equally positive that the hope of our day lay in the power of the labor unions. To him also I suggested that militant unionism in the West had produced little beyond a stronger reaction of militancy among employers. He replied that the hope for China lay in the fact that unionism was growing rapidly while the new industrialism was still in its infancy; in the West the exploiters of the age of machinery had got a lead of generations before Labor had wakened to the need for organization; then it was too late. But in China already powerful unions were growing up.

Professor Hu Shih was convinced of the necessity of the class struggle. At the suggestion of a possible smooth evolution from the coöperation of the Chinese village, clan, and guild to a coöperative system fitted to modern industry, he declaimed in this wise: "The Chinese family system is bad. People talk about the harmony of the Chinese family and the Chinese village. It is all nonsense. If I should go to my home village now, the people would come to tell me of their squabbles and probably would fight with one another at my gate. There is constant discord. It is a bad system." Not only was the form of a new social life lacking in China, he asserted, but the spirit also of the old life was in no way suited to the new needs.

Such definite belief in the class struggle was hardly less surprising in a professor of philosophy, author of a noted *History of Chinese Philosophy*, than in the Christian lady-worker. The explanation, in part, may be found in the fact that the professor, with all his honors, national and international, is just over thirty, and the lady probably has not yet reached that ripe age.

Hu Shih is a man of such vigorous activity as ill accords with the tradition of Chinese philosophy. He is a graduate of two American universities, — B.A. of Cornell and Ph.D. of Columbia. While in America he won a peace prize for an essay on the subject,

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"Is there a Substitute for Force in International Relations?" ("I needed the money," he told me, "and felt pretty sure I could get the prize.") His argument was for a League of Nations. Since returning to China, he has not only carried on his academic work at Peking National University but has worked hard for the movement called the Chinese Renaissance or New Thought. He is considered the leader in the campaign for the use of modern Chinese in literature, — a notable reform similar to that brought about by Rabindranath Tagore in India; it means that the people with a moderate education will be able to understand writings which, if published in the classical mode, would be intelligible only to the select few. The change was bitterly opposed by the intellectual leaders who had a vested interest in the old dead language, but Hu Shih led a vigorous fight, and there is no doubt that he has won. The New Thought movement, being largely agnostic, has been called anti-Christian; its promoters call it anti-religious; I think it is to Hu Shih's mind rather anti-superstitious, opposed to dogma rather than to the seeking for a life above the material. Certainly the movement is pro-Labor.

Dr. Hu Shih's colleague, Professor Tsai Yuan-pei, was dismissed from the presidency of the University on account of his radical views, and not long ago it was reported that the Chinese Cabinet was investigating the activities of those with "dangerous thought" in that institution. But, as China's Cabinets are changing like maple leaves in autumn, no attack has been made. Nor have the radicals at the University taken warning. For there has recently returned thither Mr. Eroshenko, the blind poet-musician from Russia, who was expelled successively from India, Burma, and Japan for his "dangerous thoughts". He is teacher of Esperanto at the University. I have heard Mr. Eroshenko described as a Bolshevik, but a friend of his tells me he is simply a Tolstoyan. High authority makes no distinction between a Tolstoyan and a bomb-throwing nihilist, — between one who eschews all violence, even that of the organized community, and one who sets up his own violence against that of the powers that be.

The association of such men as Hu Shih and Eroshenko is perhaps a shadow of the future. The one represents the class struggle; the other, — if I am rightly informed, — the effort for

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peaceful reform. It must be admitted that at present the trend toward industrial conflict and revolution is strong. My own impression is confirmed by that of several foreigners who have been studying Chinese industrial life. These have expressed to me their own surprise that the mind of Young China's leaders is turned so definitely in the direction of a class struggle. An American economist, who knows India also, contrasted this characteristic of the time with the trend toward agricultural credit coöperation in that country, — a movement in which there is little progress in China.

It may be that on the borders of the Chinese nation, where alone the new industrialism has come hitherto, a conflict is inevitable. The crudity of the methods of exploitation and the youthful vigor of Labor's reaction seem to tend that way. But the massive body of the Chinese nation as a whole will be hardly more disturbed than Gulliver by the arrows of the Lilliputians. The Chinese nation is no more likely to run after the prophets of the class struggle than it has been to bow down and worship Western high finance. The Chinese nation waits till new things come to it in acceptable form. Is it not more likely that the machinery of the West will have to adapt itself in some measure to the Chinese social life of family and clan, village community and city guild, than that these shall give way entirely? True it is that Young China is in revolt against the family system. I could quote a young Chinese Christian, a thorough-going capitalist, who spoke on that subject in the same vein as the agnostic socialist, Dr. Hu Shih. But their protest is the breaking of waves, — rather large rollers, — on the shore, not the movement of the deep currents, I believe. It has yet to be shown that China's conservatism is broken. True, there must come change, but I cannot imagine China, the great Chinese race, becoming a people of factory-hands and land-speculators, with shopkeepers to pander to both. What seems more likely is that out of a multitude of experiments there may arise a variety of industrial forms, with more of the home in the factory and more of the factory in the home and in the field.

Truly the foreign Devil from the West has got into the mind of Young China. But the motherly spirit of Old China is a wonderful devil-tamer.

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SKETCHES FROM CHINESE LIFE

BY

HOWARD N. COOK.

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HONG-KONG

A Street of Silk Shops

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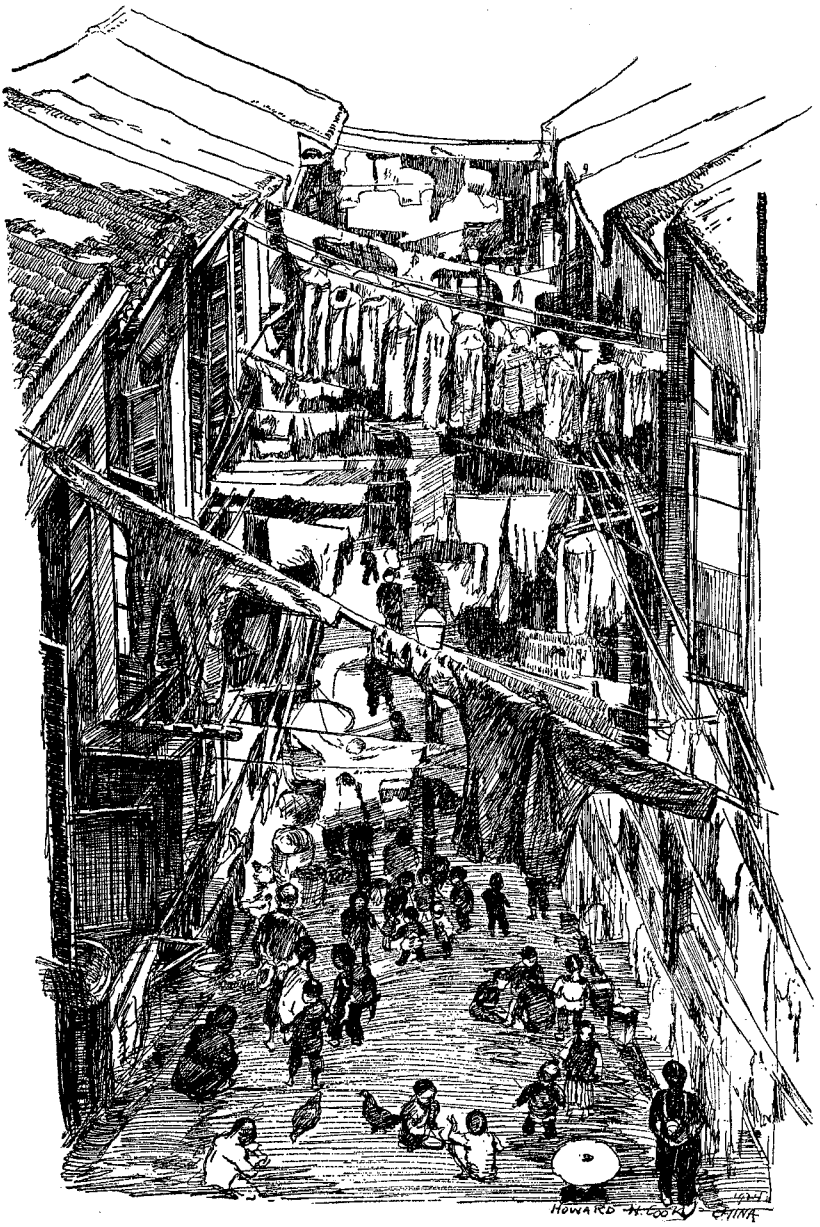

HONG-KONG

The Struggle of Existence in an Alley

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KOWLOON

A Chinese Pedler Coolie in Search of Work

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KAI FUNG LING

Our Amiable Servant
In Kowloon, China

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CHINA IN FERMENT

WALTER LITTLEFIELD

THE President of the United States, moved by the ferment in China, has urgently pressed for a realization of the ideals formulated at the Washington Conference of 1921–1922. A commission will appraise China's status in relation to extraterritoriality. In the present article Mr. Littlefield paints the background of this drama which has developed during the spring and summer, he places before us its dramatis personæ, *and reveals the complexity of the many conflicting motives involved.*

BEFORE the Louza police station in that part of the Nankin Road which traverses the Foreign Settlement of Shanghai, on May 30 of this year, some half-dozen Chinese students were shot by the police of the Municipal Council. Whether the police actually prevented the police station, and with it the arsenal of the Settlement, from being captured, or whether they unjustly fired upon a mere parade of remonstrance, is a problem which has become quite insignificant in the light of succeeding events. Those responsible, whether police or students, now have the satisfaction of knowing that they have brought the problem of China in its foreign aspects into a high relief such as China has not attained in the world's news since the Boxer rising in the ante-Republican days of twenty-five years ago.

Judging from the action of the governments interested, the parliamentary debates, the propaganda let loose from various sources, it is quite evident that the Shanghai episode, whatever the influences which precipitated it, has become the key to the door which in spite of the efforts of certain nations to keep it closed, the intransigeant forces of China have now succeeded in opening wide. Curious as it may seem, however, the cry that emanates through this door makes no mention of those covenants of the Washington Conference of 1921–22, with which certain nations are now feverishly concerned. It demands the abrogation of those other treaties which make these nations predominant in Chinese finance, industry, commerce, in customs and postal administration, and secure in the extraterritoriality of their own courts, immune in their own compounds,—subjects which the covenants relegated to future international adjustment. The Chinese cry, however, is for immediate abrogation, whether that cry arises from the academic, from the political, or

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from the religious bodies. Only the recognized government at Peking seems disposed to negotiate on the basis of the covenants.

France ratified the two Nine-Power Treaties and their supplementary resolutions, as the covenants are called, in July of this year. She was the last of the signatories to do so. It is natural therefore that the Washington Government, as the traditional friend and protector of China, should wish to assemble the signatories and inquire what has been done, and what can be done in the face of the present, apparently well-organized, anti-foreign agitation. The European signatories and Japan have a perfect alibi for the past: not one of the conditions which made the covenants operative has been complied with by China. As for the future, they say, these conditions must be complied with before anything can be done.

Washington was evidently sincere when she paved the way to the covenants through which the Chinese would be able to preserve their territorial and political entity and the "open door", substitute a higher tariff at the ports for the obnoxious *likin* or provincial tax, and, after an investigation by an international commission, be able to try foreign delinquents in Chinese courts, administer Chinese punishments, and dissolve the immunity of the Foreign Settlements. It would be hard to say, however, who had proved more indifferent to Washington's solicitude: China or the nations interested in exploiting China. For its historical beneficent treatment of China the names of the Washington Government and the American people are held in reverence among certain classes in China; naturally these names are absent from the anti-foreign posters and banners displayed. Still, the Chinese delegates at Washington, as well as those of Belgium, the British Empire, France, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands, and Portugal probably signed the covenants with their tongues in their cheeks. They knew, as the authorities at Washington should have known, that the Chinese delegates represented a phantom government, that neither it nor any of its possible successors could perform the requirements of the covenants, so long as the *Tuchuns*, or provincial governors were the actual rulers in the Republic. They also knew, a fact persistently ignored at Washington, that the terms on which the foreigners' special privileges were to be abrogated could not in the very nature of things be

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met: the codification and unification of international law; the establishment of responsible Chinese jurists in a judicial capacity; the placing of Chinese legal procedure and the prison system on a basis acceptable to westerners; the acceptance by the rival *Tuchuns* of a responsible, central government capable of protecting foreign interests, property, and lives.

Had the Conference seen fit to admit to its debates the waiting delegates of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, President of the Southern Republic with its capital at Canton, certain fundamental truths about the heterogeneous mass of 318,000,000 Chinese, with their complex problems of social and political life spread over 5,000,000 square miles of territory, might have become known. Armed with such indispensable knowledge, a basis for Chinese unification could have been arrived at, which might have produced a stable, responsible government for China, and given a more practical complexion to the covenants. But the Canton delegates were shut out, and now Canton has gone Bolshevist, — the usual fate of neglected, ignored communities in national ferment.

Before one can arrive at the truth of the present situation in China, one must be able to discover points of common agreement in the mass of conflicting testimony at hand. This is quite as difficult as it is to fix the blame for the Shanghai tragedy. We may realize something of the difficulty when we understand that the present situation no more interests the millions of Chinese provincials remote from the Treaty Ports, the lines of traffic, and the Peking phantom government than the quarrels of the *Tuchuns* interest other millions living remote from the zones of conflict or reposing under the rule of some rare, beneficent governor, no more than the *Tuchuns* themselves, with the exception of Chang Tso-lin and Feng Yu-Hsiang, are interested in the present clash between the new political and academic class and the Treaty Powers.

It is probably true that neither the student class not the proletariat, which it is befriending, organizing, and reforming, is consciously committed to Moscow with its schemes for a Chinese Soviet Republic. Yet, it is true beyond all question that both the official U. S. S. R. and the unofficial *Comitern* at Moscow are attempting to strike the bourgeois governments of the world through the anti-foreign movement in China. The speeches and

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articles of M. Karakhan, the Soviet Ambassador at Peking, his relations with the Government there and with the University, the documents discovered by the Paris police in their raid on the Chinese Communist headquarters in the Avenue de Fontainebleau, by the International Police when they arrested Colonel Goushin, the *Comitern's* supreme agent in China, at the Burlington Hotel, Shanghai, leave no doubt on this point. Then there is the intimation of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the British Foreign Secretary, and the more precise accusation of Lord Birkenhead, Secretary of State for India, which brought forth the following rejoinder from Tchicherin, the Soviet Commissary of Foreign Affairs. It should, however, be read in the light of his other denials to be appreciated:

> "In Great Britain unemployment grows apace and industrial unrest is rife, while her foreign trade balance has been seriously undermined. On the other hand there has been an enormous growth in industry and trade in Russia, who will now be in a position to place many more orders in England than hitherto. It should be clear to everybody what the breaking off of relations with Soviet Russia by Great Britain will mean in such circumstances for the British people. The pretext for severing relations is the recent outbreak in China, which is really due to the revolt of the Chinese against political and economic oppression on the part of the Great Powers. The extremist section of British Conservatives, including Lord Birkenhead, are looking for a scapegoat. The accusations which they pour upon the Soviet Government are false, however, from beginning to end.
>
> "Great Britain is interested in developing her trade with China. Speaking in the name of Russia, I declare that we have done nothing which could damage the foreign trade of China with Great Britain. On the contrary, the creation of a new centralised democratic China, freed from foreign domination, which, in my opinion is the best solution of the Chinese problem, will assist the development of Chinese trade with other countries, particularly with Great Britain. While I do not wish to conceal the fact that the Government and public opinion in this country sympathize with China in her struggle, this does not mean interference in the internal affairs of other States, and our policy is carefully to avoid anything that may be interpreted as interference."

As an illustration of the divided interests of Great Britain, — striving on the one hand to preserve her treaty rights in China, and on the other hand to preserve good relations with Washington, — we have two seemingly conflicting utterances of the Foreign Secretary: any discussion of the large issues in China "is impossible until the Chinese Government have taken steps to

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put an end to the present anti-foreign agitation, and have shown their ability to enforce law and order and respect for the treaty rights of the Powers," and then, "I do not desire to interfere in Chinese domestic concerns, but for the purpose of negotiations of this kind it is necessary that the Chinese themselves should constitute some governments which can protect foreigners, preserve law and order, and deal with us in negotiations."

Then we have Mr. Sao-Ke Alfred Sze, the Chinese Minister at Washington, blandly informing the high authorities there that he represents a responsible government. And the high authorities apparently believe him, — just as they did at the time of the Conference, when he made the demands which inspired the two Nine Power Treaties and their supplementary resolutions.

Finally we have the cases of Chang Tso-lin, the Manchurian War Lord, who in his protracted conflict with Wu Pei-fu, the leader of the Chi-li party, for the dominance of Peking, was characterized as a bandit in Bolshevist pay, and of Feng Yu-Hsiang, the "Christian General", who betrayed Wu last November, overturned the presidency, and was then said to be acting for Chang. It is now known, however, that Chang has repudiated the Soviet of Mongolia, whose establishment was contrary to the first of the Nine Power Treaties, and has sought the aid of Japan against Moscow, while as to Feng, his betrayal of Wu is now said to have been in the interests of Bolshevism and anti-foreign propaganda.

A few days after the Shanghai affair Marshall Feng sent out a circular telegram to his *Tuchun* friends urging them to unite in the abrogation of the "unequal treaties" and the abolition of foreign control of the posts, customs, and Salt Administration, although this control, which he condemns, has kept China from complete bankruptcy in recent years. There would seem to be no doubt of his attitude from the conclusion of the telegram:

"I would like to wage a war of vengeance, and although my troops and ammunition are no match for our enemies, I am willing to fight until every one of my men perishes."

Still, against his alleged Bolshevist sympathies and his apparently proclaimed hatred of the foreigner, may be weighed an interview he gave to his Chaplain-General, the authenticity of which is beyond question:

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"In another interview I asked Marshal Feng his opinion in regard to Bolshevism. He said, 'China is the most fertile field for Bolshevism and our government is creating Bolshevism every day. Just think how corrupt officials after a short time in government service amass themselves tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, some of them even millions of dollars, while the people under them are robbed and squeezed and become so poor and destitute that it is impossible for them to live. This is driving the people to become "red". My principle is not Bolshevistic but Christian. On the other hand, the Bolshevistic people are against us Christians.'

"I know many of his (Feng's) men who are in responsible positions in public service who are honest in money matters. If you ask them the reason, as I have asked them many times, they would tell you, it is because they are Christians and because of the influence of Feng. Of the many interesting details concerning the marked improvement in the areas around Kalgan, even after but a few months of the rule of General Feng and his appointees, which my correspondent sends me, I will give but one: 'Now that Feng's men are in office in these two districts the income is almost doubled, while the people pay less.'"

And there you are! Who can possibly adjust the conflicting news and judgments that emanate from the Chinese turmoil? What hope for China when there is ignorance, subterfuge, even mendacity in the high places presumably concerned in her welfare and progress?

The student class has its ideals but no authority. In demanding the "immediate" abolition of the special privileges of the foreigner it does not even contemplate what would be the result if they should be abolished: this act would annihilate foreign trade, exile the merchant class, and turn China into a federation of *Tuchun*-governed states,—much worse than those under the viceroys of the old régime. The actual power and authority in the China of to-day reposes in the *Tuchuns*, but only when one of them is in power at Peking does he possess international prerogatives. So the Signatory Powers, for their own interests, must still join the United States in perpetuating the Peking fiction, and they will support the Washington Government so long as that Government does not attempt to allow the student ideals immediate realization. Should that attempt be made the conflict between the vast, vested interests of Japan and the European nations and the moral, traditional interests of the United States would probably wreck any future conference on Chinese affairs at its inception.

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There is undoubtedly a new China dawning, a new China which is fully conscious of the injustice of the ante-war treaties, of the specious old diplomacy as revealed by the World War; but until this new China becomes a cohesive mass Washington can wisely do little more than encourage this development. This should be done, not by giving ear to the project for an immediate transformation and rehabilitation, but by encouraging Japan and Europe to institute reforms rather than insisting on their acceptance of a status which would imply that the necessary, the essential requirements for such reforms had already been met by China. Should however, the phantom government at Peking, misled by the reports of its minister at Washington, attempt to denounce the ante-war treaties, as it has a technical right to do, the effect would be deplorable for all.

SING PO TSI

WHO BELIEVES THE WORLD A SLAUGHTER HOUSE IN SPITE OF OUR PHILOSOPHY AND VOLITION

WALKING slowly through his garden,
His hands hidden in the wide sleeves
Of his gold-embroidered gown,
Lung Si, famous disciple of Buddha the Perfect,
Meditated rapturously on the Universal Brotherhood
Of all things living,
Crushing the while
Underneath his slippers of brocaded silk,
Caterpillars that were nearly butterflies,
And ants, architects of round-topped pyramids,
And tearing with the tip of his hem
A spider's web
On which the dew-drops lay softly
Like precious stones without weight.

— *Paul Eldridge*

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WAR OR PEACE?

The Outstanding Problem of the Day

Retrospect and Foreword

THE greatest war in human history ended on November 11, 1918. Embattled peoples, relaxing from four years of unparalleled effort, gave themselves up to an orgy of rejoicing. Who that lived through that tumultuous day in London, Paris, or New York can forget the surging, laughing, joy-maddened crowds?

Our sojourn in purgatory was over. The war to end war had ended in victory, — the day of peace had dawned.

One philosopher, watching the crowds from the ivory tower of his hotel window, found his heart too leaden for speech. This day was no end he thought, but a beginning, the beginning of a fight far more exacting than war. He foresaw the relaxation of peace driving the people back irresistibly into the time-worn ways of selfishness and pettiness. He saw the fierce idealism of war-time melt before the sun of normalcy, saw the god of things as they are emerge triumphant from the shadow of the war. And this philosopher stole back to his ivory tower to laugh a little and to cry a little. Too well he knew that the world's travail had just begun. New eras are not born in the flare of one passionate day. But few of us being philosophers, we had our day of gorgeous, emotional inebriety. Gradually, we came to.

* * *

To-day we are fully awake. Ask us what the war was about and, unless we are one of those who still believes that the sole responsibility was the Kaiser's, we will smile wanly and change the subject. To-day we know that the war to make the world safe for democracy brought, in truth, a reaction against democracy. The war to end war brought multitudes of little wars. In its foaming wake there is the threat of greater wars.

As we confer and deliberate, plan and reconstruct, there towers behind us this vast phantom, our realization that war is not ended; that this great menace to mankind is still very much present.

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How shall war be abolished? *Can* war be abolished? Ever? — in our time? How can wars be made safer, — not for the individual, obviously, — but for mankind?

* * *

As a result of the economic position she achieved in the war, the United States is to-day the potential leader of civilization. It is therefore of paramount importance that we Americans should hold intelligent opinions, — that is, opinions based upon facts, — with regard to the problem of war.

As to a suitable foreign policy for our country, Americans are divided. Some believe that we should join the League of Nations or the World Court. Others regard such political machinery as worse than useless. They think we should eschew all entanglements and, playing a lone hand, rely solely upon our own armed might. In the May FORUM these two points of view were debated by General Tasker H. Bliss and Admiral William L. Rodgers. In June, Sherwood Eddy spoke for the Pacifists; in July, George Wheeler Hinman, Jr. wrote a defense of war as a civilizing and moral force. In August, Senator Borah suggested a peace plan of his own which has found acceptance in many quarters.

But behind all plans and opinions, the profounder aspects of war persist. Why is war? Is it normal or abnormal to man? Are its causes simple or complex? Since we cannot agree upon the cause of the greatest and most recent war, it is evident that these questions will require an extensive research to be adequately answered. THE FORUM has been conducting quietly such an exhaustive, scientific research into the basic causes of war. Beginning with this number, we shall publish each month an article by a recognized authority (sociologist, biologist, anthropologist, economist, etc.) in which he will set forth what are, in his opinion, the basic causes of war. By this THE FORUM hopes to bring the discussion down from the nebula of unverifiable opinions to the concrete ground of demonstrable fact. Some of the noted scientists whose papers will follow Mr. Fairchild's are: Frederick Adams Woods, Edward M. East, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Ellsworth Huntington, and Havelock Ellis.

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I — THE LAND-HUNGER URGE TO WAR

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD

WE must suppose that there are some persons who cherish war for its own sake, who discern in the very act of war the springs of certain cultural or moral values quite apart from the recognized objectives of war or the tangible rewards of victory. But these can hardly be numerous enough, at least in a democratic nation where the will of the people determines group action, deliberately to plunge their country into war simply for the sake of the discipline of fighting. Those who are laboring for a war-less world can afford to devote a very limited portion of their energies to this obstacle.

Much more serious is the idea that war is due to a natural and ineradicable characteristic of human beings, which it is impossible to eliminate and useless to try to suppress or control. The social psychologists make much of the instinct of pugnacity, ranking it with hunger and love as an elemental source of human conduct. But it is a shallow and rudimentary philosophy which seeks to explain the doings of men on the basis of a catalogue and classification of instincts. In all human action we must look for some end to be gained. So in the case of war, in whatever proportions the motives be distributed between instinct and reason, there must always be a positive objective.

Men fight because there is something to be gained by fighting. In the thing or things for which they fight is to be found the ultimate cause of war, and only as this cause can be mastered is there any hope of controlling war. Attempts to "cure" war by any other means than by eradicating the cause are as futile as putting a piece of pink court plaster over a festering sore. The effect may be to improve temporarily the superficial aspect; but the final result is to make things worse.

Is there, then, any one cause of war? If we push our inquiry beneath the surface of the multitudinous and apparent causes of specific wars, there emerges an almost universal and fundamental objective in war, — land.

Men fight, and always have fought, for land. Sometimes the ultimate objective is removed one stage and the actual immediate

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struggle is for the products of land. But the meaning is the same. Land is desired only for its products, and the surest way to get the products is to get the land. As long as men desire land keenly enough to pay the price of the losses of war, there will be war. The only way to eliminate war is either to keep the desire for land below the point at which the sacrifices of war are voluntarily accepted, or else to make it impossible to get land by war. It is in the various aspects of man's hunger for land that his human nature and his animal nature draw close together, or rather appear, as they are, identical. With all his marvelous human qualities and achievements man is yet an animal, one of innumerable organic species struggling for existence upon the limited surface of a planet. It thus comes about that the basic law of all social science is the basic law of biology.

This basic law may be simply stated: All life is dependent upon the land, that is, upon the substances which make up the earth's surface. The demands made upon the land by organic species are of two kinds, demands for food and demands for standing room. The former of these is universally recognized. The latter is often lost sight of, particularly in the case of man, for the reason that man, the highest product of organic evolution, uses so small a proportion of his total land holdings for standing room (dwelling purposes, etc.) that it is easy to forget to count it. But as we go lower in the scale of evolution the significance of standing room becomes more obvious. In the vegetable kingdom the demands for standing room and for food are identical. Let us consider, briefly, man's demand for food. Since he is an animal, his food quest must correspond in general to that of the animal kingdom, and in particular to those animal species most like him. Obviously there can be no more life of a specific type than can be supported on the amount of food of a particular sort that nature furnishes. Man is no exception to this law.

If we put together the factors of the fixed quantities of natural substances, the necessity of adaptation to a given environment, and the inevitable overlapping demands of different species, it becomes clear that the possibilities of life for any given species are subject to drastic and inflexible limitations. The first law of nature is the law of a positive limit to the increase of each species, and therefore of all species.

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But the fact of an immovable limit to increase does not in itself necessarily involve struggle. Unless there exists some impulse driving species to press upon this limit there need be no conflict. There may be only a restricted amount of room, but unless this room is overcrowded the fact is of no practical significance. Is there, then, any force inherent in animal life that tends to expand each species until it presses positively upon its limit? If there is such a force it is obviously to be found in the reproductive tendency. It is therefore necessary to examine the essential features of this tendency.

The tendency of an organic species to increase consists of two elements, the capacity to increase and the impulse to increase. The capacity to increase, practically speaking, seems to be a question of the fecundity of the females, since the males are always able to fertilize whatever number of ova the females are able to produce. The fecundity of natural species varies between very wide extremes; in general it is of a startling magnitude. Examples are familiar to every student of evolution. A large oyster may lay sixty million eggs in a year; the average American yield is about sixteen million. The possibilities of increase involved in such fecundity are staggering. Starting with a single pair and breeding at the average American rate, the oysters of the fifth generation, — the great-great-grandchildren of the original pair, — would form a mass eight times the size of the earth. Havelock Ellis cites one minute organism whose rate of reproduction is so great that, if it were not checked, in thirty days it would form a mass a million times larger than the sun. But not even a high fecundity is necessary to produce tremendous totals in a very short time, granting full survival to all the offspring produced. Reproduction is, literally, multiplication and when unchecked proceeds at a geometrical ratio. A species of animals each pair producing ten pairs a year, and each animal living ten years would increase from a single pair to over 700,000,000,000,000,000,000 pairs in twenty years. The Fulmar petrel lays but one egg a year, yet Darwin believed it to be one of the most numerous birds on earth. As far as the capacity to increase is concerned, it is safe to say that there is not an organic species in existence, man included, which could not cover the earth in an incredibly short time if there were no checks.

Turning to the factor of the impulse to increase, we find that it

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matches effectively the capacity. In the natural course of events the operation of this impulse results in the fertilization of the great proportion of the ova which the female produces, and in the consequent birth of offspring approximating the physiological capacity of the female.

Millions of times more life is produced each year than the world can support. As a result, existence in nature is a ruthless and incessant orgy of killing. The toll of death is levied mainly on the newborn. Infant mortality in nature falls short of totality by an infinitesimal fraction of one per cent.

This is the basis of the struggle for existence in nature which has so impressed every student of evolution. The result of this struggle is a balance of nature, whereby each species, very soon after it becomes a separate species, increases up to the maximum limit set by the provisions furnished by the soil and the competition of other species for those provisions, and then comes to a dead halt. The law of nature is a *stationary population*.

The application of these fundamental truths and principles to man, and their bearing on the problem of war, are obvious enough. Man began his earthly career as a new species, or perhaps, as some students prefer to believe, two or more independent species. For this species, or for each of these species, there was a niche in nature. This niche could be appropriated only as a result of successful conflict with those who were already utilizing the supplies furnished by the land. If man had not been equipped to win out in this competition there never would have been a human species. But he was equipped with certain unique advantages, mainly of hand and brain, which enabled him, by painful and immeasurably slow stages, to force his way into the natural economy and increase his numbers, while at the same time improving his equipment, and thereby enlarging the niche itself.

Man alone, of all the old species, has hitherto succeeded in escaping the fundamental law of a stationary population. He has been able not only to increase his numbers, but to increase them at an accelerating ratio. These facts encourage some humans to believe that this record of achievement may be projected into an indefinite future. They see no reason to fear that the increase of mankind must eventually bring up against any fixed and immovable barriers.

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Just at the beginning of the nineteenth century Thomas R. Malthus, the first student to attract widespread attention to the biological basis of the population problem, was painting the prospect of human increase in colors so dark as to cause him to be ranked as one of the arch-pessimists of all time. There were then about six hundred and forty million people in the world. The doctrine of Malthus was taken to imply that no notable further increase of the species could take place without involving untold misery and calamity. Yet what actually happened was this: Within the next hundred years the population of the world increased to 1543 million, and at the same time the general level of comfort, especially in the western countries where the rate of growth was highest, rose to a point far above any ever attained before in human experience. After consuming 500,000 years or more in producing two-thirds of a billion individuals, mankind suddenly added nearly a billion more in one hundred years with no loss in general well-being.

These remarkable facts are interpreted in diametrically opposite ways by different types of mind. There are the pious ones who say: "*A bas* Malthus! God will provide as much food as there are mouths to eat it." They see in the increase in population of the last century and a quarter evidence of a Divine solicitude. To others, the fact that we have multiplied at this unprecedented rate for the past one hundred and twenty-five years, — for we are still keeping it up, — is the very reason why we cannot continue to do so. If impending calamity is not visible to the naked eye, it is easily discernible through the medium of a reasoning intelligence.

There are still others who believe that we can trust the human mind rather than God to maintain an increasing mastery over nature sufficient to provide in undiminshed measure for the needs of the human body, however multiplied. They maintain, in brief, that if sufficient attention is devoted to the problem of production the problem of reproduction will take care of itself.

While this economic interpretation may, and does, explain the extraordinary happenings of the past hundred and twenty-five years, it does not offer any justification for the belief that such an increase in population and well-being can continue indefinitely. Although the real purpose and effect of our economic civilization

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is to enable more men to live on a given area without a loss, or even with a gain, in material well-being, its method consists in manipulating natural forces in such a way as to make them conduce to the support of human life in preference to any other form of life, and not in adding to the total volume of life that can be supported on the earth's surface.

It is exceedingly important to recognize that all the marvelous achievements of human civilization in its material aspects have consisted merely in substituting human life for other forms of life. Our economic arts have consisted mainly in finding the uses of various forms of life and progressively eliminating those that do not contribute to the increase and comfort of human life.

It should be clear enough that the phenomenal increase of population of the past one hundred and twenty-five years is traceable directly to a unique combination of the expedients of movement and economic culture represented by the discovery of America and the modern immigration movement on the one hand, and the Industrial and Commercial Revolutions on the other. These two factors, coming together, gave the human species an entirely new chance, and enabled it to more than double its numbers while raising its level of comfort to an unprecedented point. If there is hope that this combination of advantages may be duplicated in the future, then there is hope that the present rate of increase may be kept up for a corresponding period.

Each individual must decide this question for himself as best he can. But there are certain conditioning facts which seem to be positively established. The first is that the expedient of movement as a peaceful means of providing for human increase has almost completely run its course. The modern immigration movement is just a temporary flurry, representing the redistribution of population, with an attendant large increase, which naturally followed the discovery of America and certain other thinly populated lands. The passage of a numerically restrictive law by the United States should serve as a signal that the era of peaceful, permitted population movements has about come to a close. After a few decades more there will be no countries left who will willingly receive large contingents of population from foreign sources. They will be sufficiently put to it to provide for their own increase. Any further large transfers of population must necessarily be carried

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out by force, through the instrumentality of war, and at the cost of innumerable human lives.

The expedient of economic culture still holds out promise. No one would be so rash as to attempt to put a period to the possibilities of supporting more human life through a more efficient utilization of the supplies furnished by the land. But it is absolutely certain that no amount of economic progress can provide for an indefinite or unlimited increase of population. Some time there must come a stop. Furthermore, it is vain to hope that economic progress can suffice to maintain even the present rate of increase for more than a very limited time. If the population of the world were to increase at the rate that prevailed just before the War, at the end of ten thousand years the resulting number would be 221,840,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000. The significance of the factor of standing room is shown by the fact that, allowing one and one-half square feet of standing room per person, this population would require 60,570,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 times more standing room than the earth affords. If this culmination appears too remote to cause present concern, we may bring the matter nearer home. If the population of the United States were to keep on growing as it was growing just before the War, by the end of this century, — a date that many people now living will survive to see, — we should have conditions of overcrowding upon our territory considerably worse than China has to-day, and soon after the middle of the next century we should have as many people as the entire present population of the globe.

Confronted with these facts the "man on the street" characteristically replies with a complacent shrug, "Oh, well! that will never happen." True enough, — it never will happen. But the question is, What is to keep it from happening, the rule of nature or the exercise of human devices?

It has been shown that, of the two human expedients upon which man has relied hitherto to escape a stationary population and maintain a steady increase without engaging in war all the time, one has virtually exhausted itself and offers practically no relief for the future, and the other can not possibly be relied upon to provide for an increase at the rate called for by the present customary combination of the desire for wealth and the desire to

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mate. This is particularly true because civilized man demands from the earth much more than food, and many of his economic activities involve taking from the land substances, — iron, gas, oil, copper, and so forth, — which are not, and can not be, replaced in usable form.

Briefly stated, then, man has never succeeded in freeing himself from his dependence upon the land. Land will still remain the primary and preëminent economic desideratum. The amount of land is permanently fixed, and the increase of mankind at prevailing rates is not only making demands upon the land which can not possibly be met for more than a very brief time to come, but also practically destroying the very qualities of the land itself. As long as these conditions prevail periodic wars seem inevitable. As long as human groups continue to increase without restraint upon a restricted area of land we may confidently expect them, in the final extremity, to fly at each other's throats for the possession of what land there is, finding a pretext in national honor or invaded rights if one is to be found, and if not getting along without a pretext.

There remains just one possible avenue of escape, through the utilization of an expedient even more distinctively human than the two which have hitherto been employed. This expedient consists in consciously and rationally regulating the increase of the group in accordance with the possibilities of maintaining life already developed. Let reproduction follow production by a good safe margin. Instead of expecting God to provide as much food as there are mouths to eat it, see to it that there are never more mouths than can be adequately and comfortably fed. Any group that succeeds in establishing this expedient among its peoples will have emancipated itself from the outstanding incentive to aggressive war. And such a group should certainly not be expected to share its benefits with other groups less intelligent, less self-controlled, less human.

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MEMOIRS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

Madame de Delage

READERS of the first instalment of these memoirs will recall that Madame de Delage escaped from Paris in the year 1789 and joined her husband and father, who were both serving with the Royalist army at Aix la Chapelle. She left behind her at Bordeaux her mother and her three little girls. In the summer of 1792, Madame de Delage heard of the serious illness of her mother, and immediately decided to leave for Paris and Bordeaux. Passports being out of the question, the journey was considered an almost impossible one for a lady who was traveling unescorted, and whose family had already been proscribed as émigrés. It involved, amongst other dangers, crossing the lines of Lafayette's army.

Undaunted, Madame de Delage said good-bye to her husband, and, with only a maid, managed to reach Paris in safety on the 28th of July, the very same day on which the Marseillaise also entered. She remained there for four days during the first storming of the Tuileries, and one of the two friends she saw was the Princesse de Lamballe.

Leaving Paris on the first of August, and meeting with several very unpleasant incidents on the way, Madame de Delage reached Bordeaux safely, to find her mother hovering between life and death. For the next four months all Madame de Delage's time was spent in nursing her mother back to health, and she hardly ever left the house.

Early in January of the next year, she was forced to go out to the Château of her father-in-law, who was slowly dying. It was while there that the first attempt was made to arrest Madame de Delage as an émigrée; but she was warned in time, and managed to return in safety to her mother's house in Bordeaux. This afforded but scant refuge, and it was not long before the authorities of Bordeaux got wind of her presence there, and decided to arrest her. It was then, that, through the kindness and help of Madame de Fontenay she was able to secure passage on a boat about to sail from Bordeaux.

WELL, the time for leaving came at last. Maurice, the good Savoyard, took me to the boat. Our adieux were very touching.

I reached the boat and found the passengers, twelve in number, had arrived. Several of them were violent Jacobins, and among them a physician, a friend of Isabeau. The officers of the *Ormont* let us pass without making a very rigorous search, but those of the *Tour* detained us nearly four days, to send the passports back to Bordeaux to be verified. During our detention the officers came to our ship at all hours of the day. They would dine and take supper with us and ask the most insolent

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questions. I cannot tell you the awful fear that came over me the first time they said to me, "Come here Citoyenne Renaud, and let us see if your signature is correct."

These officers made all sorts of jokes about Madame d'Auger's height, — she was only five feet five inches, — pretending she was a man in disguise. One day at dinner they asked me a number of questions about America. My lesson was so well learned I never contradicted myself once.

During all these days of anguish spent in the harbor waiting to hear our fate, M. de Jumillac remained on deck most of the time playing on the violin and singing, which amused everybody very much. There was one song especially which I cannot hear even to this day without a feeling of great sadness coming over me. I also passed my day on deck looking at Bordeaux and thinking of my sad position. When M. de Jumillac could speak to me without attracting attention he begged me to put on a more indifferent air, as the least appearance of fright would compromise me. Before I left Bordeaux we had agreed that as soon as we were really at sea the real Madame Renaud was to have advertised in the public papers that at such a time and in such a place she had lost a portfolio containing some assignats, letters, and a passport, so if it were ever found out I had made use of hers, she would have no cause for alarm. It was also agreed that if I were arrested I should say I had found this very portfolio in Tourney Alley, and that had given me the idea of using the passport.

At last permission was received for us to set out. Now I began to look upon myself as saved. No words can express the inward joy I felt, but remembering M. de Jumillac's advice, not to appear frightened, I took good care to put on a very indifferent air. Once out at sea and far from those horrid officers we became more at our ease, but this was very imprudent for we were liable at any time to meet frigates or Republican privateers, all of which had the right to visit any boats coming from French ports and sending back those in any way suspected. Unfortunately we were with Jacobins, who would certainly inform against us, if they knew our names, so we kept them in ignorance.

One soon learns from instinct those who are with or against one. There was with us a family named Tisserandeau, from Lyons, who had run away on account of the persecutions. Without having a

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word with them we recognized at once that they belonged to our party. In all our discussions, and we had many of them, they were always on our side. One night a foolish little incident occurred which gave us a great fright. All the passengers had to sit in the same room, quite a small one, and lit only by one candle. Well, on this night our party drew up around the table, and M. de Jumillac read aloud to us. This appeared to provoke the others very much, and the next day Tisserandeau told us the *chevalier d'industrie* and the doctor had remarked to their friends that they were not to be duped by our passports, and that we were royalists, and they meant to get rid of us by handing us over to the first French vessel they met. Not long after, we were stopped by an English vessel, and not knowing at first to what nationality she belonged, that threat came to my mind and made my heart beat terribly.

Our captain was a Swede and did not understand a word of French, and the sailors were all Germans, so M. de Jumillac, who understood both these languages perfectly, had to act as interpreter. We had set out with biscuits which had been in the vessel for two years, no bread, and no fresh meat. Before it was possible to eat these biscuits we had to brush off the worms, then soak in water, and heat on the gridiron. This miserable food, the impure air of the small room where fourteen persons had to sleep, together with the great agitation and grief I had undergone, made me very ill. I was in great pain when this vessel met us, but I got up as quickly as possible and went on deck. When I got there I met M. de Jumillac, who said, "This is an English boat, but you must not seem too pleased."

There were several Frenchmen on board, wearing the *bonnet rouge*, who came on deck and sang French national songs. By this deception they had succeeded in taking several French vessels. We were soon so near her and completely in her power that it was useless for her to dissemble any longer, so they hoisted the English flag and sent men to board our ship. While we were in suspense waiting for Captain Thomson of the privateer to decide whether or not he had the right to capture the *Fluygant*, I passed my time writing letters to my friends, which with my papers I confided to him to be given to the Duc d'Arcourt, minister of the Princes at London. As I was only going to America to save myself from death, and intended returning to Europe immediately, the idea

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struck me to ask Captain Thomson to take me to England, but when I remembered I would be all alone, and moreover that I knew of no possible way of my daughter joining me there, I gave up the plan. But the conversation I had with the captain on this subject and the letters confided to him showed plainly our reason for flying from France, and would put us in great danger if she should be released by the privateer and afterwards meet French vessels.

All the other passengers, except the *chevalier d'industrie*, having goods on board, regarded us with no friendly eye, divining truly that we wished to be taken. They were ignorant that honorable people are incapable of betraying any trust, but we proved it to them in this instance.

Captain Thomson made several more visits to the *Fluygant*, still hoping to find some reason for seizing her. My heart stood still at the thought that I had fallen again into these dangers which I imagined I had just escaped from. Finding the papers of the *Fluygant* all in order, Captain Thomson had decided to give her up when his crew mutinied and forced him to the opposite decision. They went so far as to force the passengers and sailors to go over to the privateer one by one, and offered each a considerable bribe to say what he or she knew and also to give any information which would prove that the cargo belonged to Frenchmen. When we heard this decision M. de Jumillac spoke to Captain Thomson on behalf of all three of us, saying that it was useless to question us as we had considered ourselves so fortunate in securing a refuge on this boat, but we had not troubled ourselves in the least about the cargo, and begged him to believe in our honesty. M. de Jumillac spoke in such a firm manner that we felt quite reassured for the present. About this time our sailors and passengers were sent back, and for a quarter of an hour we were in suspense, but the instant we saw the privateer send out a ship's boat with sixteen men and a *capitaine de prises*, our captain turned to M. de Jumillac with a pale face saying in German, "We are taken, someone has denounced us." The latter, pressing my hand, repeated the same words in French.

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SPEAKING AS AN EPISCOPALIAN

An Open Letter to the Honorable Bainbridge Colby — Written and Printed a Week before the Death of the late William Jennings Bryan

GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

MY DEAR B. C.:

With many others, I regretted to see you withdraw as counsel to Scopes, though appreciating that you were too distinguished a constitutional lawyer not to feel that so important a question makes little progress toward solution in such an atmosphere. Those who hope to see America righted again in the eyes of a bewildered educational world will expect that, when the question is in the proper court, your great abilities will be engaged on the side of Liberalism and Progress.

There is, however, one danger that attends this issue, pointed out by others, but emphasized to many by the strange utterances of Mr. Bryan. No one has expressed this more clearly than Mr. Walter Lippman in the "New York World", in his proper condemnation of Mr. Bryan's apparent willingness to make a political issue of a religious question.

But the opponents of intolerance must themselves be tolerant. The advocates of Liberty cannot succeed as the critics of Democracy. There seems to be a tendency on the part of many who feel keenly on the Scopes trial to call their opponents "morons". You, who admire the writings of Bishop Butler and Walter Bagehot, must find such an attitude among your supporters somewhat irritating, necessitating frequent recalling of the Bishop's remark that, when the short span of man's life is considered, it is strange that there should be vehemence over any matters, even those of importance.

The harm that Mr. Bryan is doing and threatens to do by sowing the seeds of intolerance will be minimized if he is not allowed to make himself the defender of religion in the popular mind. The success of the Ku Klux Klan with many honest but uninformed people was undoubtedly due to the fact that its progenitors were able to fill them with a dread of some not too clearly defined inimical political power.

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I have recently been reading two works which seem to me to offer to Protestants, especially to those who might be inclined to condone the sins of the Ku Klux Klan, much food for thought. They are books that you, with your fine literary taste, would much enjoy, for they are both well written. One is a plea for Judaism and is written by a minister of that faith, Joel Blau, and the other is a series of literary and critical essays by a Catholic priest, James M. Gillis, S. P.

You will not agree with much that Father Gillis writes, nor do I. But what he writes about George Bernard Shaw and Sigmund Freud puts thinking men under obligation to him. Stopping at Madeira last winter, some fellow-passengers returned to the boat much excited because they had seen Shaw in bathing, — showing that he was no more powerful physically than King Canute.

"Isn't he the grand writer!" exclaimed one of these devotees in a critical outburst. I willingly admitted that he was "grand" as a writer, "grand" as a wit, and most extraordinary as a self-advertiser, but, as a guide for serious thinking men, quite impossible.

"He follows a formula," says Father Gillis. "The formula is to ridicule what the human race reverences, and to extol what the human race abominates.

"For example: Mankind has always held religion to be a blessing. Shaw says it is a curse. Poverty is generally considered a misfortune, but not necessarily a sin. Shaw protests that poverty is a crime. Most men and women think that the love of a child for its mother is beautiful. Shaw calls it 'horrible'. We believe marriage to be a sacrament and a safeguard of morality. Shaw blatantly protests that 'marriage is the most licentious of institutions.' Patriotism, when genuine, is admittedly noble. Shaw declares it disgraceful. Christians consider the martyrs to be the greatest heroes of the human race. Even non-Christians, who think the martyrs died in vain, nevertheless are wont to admire them because they died for principle and for conscience. Martyrdom, for any cause, demands a combination of moral and physical bravery. But Shaw thinks martyrdom to be proof positive of asininity. He lampoons the martyrs and grossly caricatures them."

When Shaw brings all his scoffing powers to the assistance of those who are fighting intolerance he does them, I believe, an ill

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service, for no man is more intolerant than Shaw; when Lloyd George talks of England's amazement at our Scopes trial he makes us wonder. Are we supposed to forget so soon the long story of England's governmental and official bigotry and intolerance?

You and I, — if I may be permitted, — have been associated in too many campaigns not to know how easy it is to work oneself into a vehemence where every corroborating word is welcome, distrustful as we may be of the source. I know of no man who has been more assiduous than you in adherence to the thought back of the maxim of equity that "He who comes into a court of equity must come with clean hands." Bryan will succeed in his endeavors this time in exact proportion to his ability to impress on the people that the cause he is championing is that of religion itself.

To apply the epithet "morons" to the people who think as Mr. Bryan does is to make an inadvisable assault on what is in our country the court of last resort. There is a tendency among some to denounce all law-making bodies, simply because the Tennessee law is bad and the eighteenth amendment onerous. You and I recall that the same gentlemen who in 1912 were leaders in the cry of "Back to the Constitution" are now most disdainful of it; interesting too is the fact that many worthies who were silent when the laws affected the indigent or the immigrant are filled with indignation at their multiplicity, now that they affect the quality of wine on a gentleman's table, or the truth of his income tax statements.

Those who lose faith in democracy are often those whose faith was casual and too easily acquired. At a time when Mr. Bryan is assuming one of his most irritating postures, it is well to remember that, despite his many failures as a leader, he has never lost faith in democracy.

Some of our pleasantest talks have been our discussions of the idea of progress as we have found it in the writings of Turgot and Bagehot. It was the latter who said that "the whole history of civilization is strewn with creeds and institutions which were invaluable at first and deadly afterwards." I do not regard it as a sign of reaction but rather proof of progress that the State of Tennessee has discovered the Darwinian theory. Men may be wrong yet far from hopeless when they demand legislation on educational

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matters. You remember George Eliot: "Better a wrong will than a wavering; better a steadfast enemy than an uncertain friend; better a false belief than no belief at all."

I have quoted a book by a Catholic critic; let me quote a passage from a beautiful book by a Jewish minister who sings of his own faith and the faith of his fathers. I do not know the author, Joel Blau, or whence he comes, but his book and that of Father Gillis seem to me the most important that have come out recently. He calls it *The Wonder of Life*. It is not dogmatic, it is not controversial, — it is just the passionate lyrical expression of his belief. He sings with the spirit of Isaiah, who said, "Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees and to the writers that write perverseness."

"The whole atmosphere of living must be changed," says Mr. Blau, "along with our distorted human psychology. We must learn the right approach to our fellow men. And the right approach is not one actuated by self-seeking, but by seeking that *other self* who is our brother man. Him we must approach with a spirit of candor and perfect trust which casts out fear and suspicion. If we suspect none, none will suspect us; at all events, by a straightforward approach we lessen the amount of suspicion in the world, and help create that atmosphere of good-will in which love can breathe without danger of suffocation. We must not have our best impulses choked off by the thought that every man we meet is possibly either an enemy or a victim. Brotherliness, mutual confidence, a far-spread human fellowship, may yet become real in this sad world of ours, if we but sedulously employ the right method of human aproach."

The first chapter of Genesis is the Hymn of Creation. "It is no mere glorification of animal spirits," says the author. "The dance of life, beautiful even on the animal plane, would not, if kept on this plane, move to such triumphant measures as beat through this poem." Our author's sense of life is enhanced and sublimated, by reason of his belief that life is divine. Herein he finds the last meaning of existence. "The whole world is instinct with the Life of God. Nothing is dead. Everything is divinely alive. From Life, life proceeds to Life. And above all, human life is carried forward on the invisible tides of God's Life toward its far-off destiny: yet, though much is unknown, this is certain; that in its forward

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journey our life must go from strength to strength; becoming surer and surer of itself and purpose, gaining in self-knowledge and self-direction; and growing increasingly conscious of the divinity which is its origin, its vital breath, its final goal."

Speaking as an Episcopalian, it is most interesting that two books so stimulating and original should come at this time, one from a Catholic priest and the other from a Jewish minister.

TWO CHINESE POEMS

PAUL ELDRIDGE

SYN WU

BRILLIANT SCHOLAR TELLS WHY HE STOPPED STUDYING PHILOSOPHY JUST BEFORE RECEIVING HIS DEGREE

EVERY door I opened
In the great Castle of Wisdom,
Showed me an empty room.
Thus, having learned wisdom,
I leave the last one
Tightly locked.

TU PY

WHO EXPLAINS WHY HE TOLERATES HIS QUERULOUS WIFE

ON the peak of my heart
A black-bird perches,
Cawing,
Ceaselessly, —
Should I hurl a rock at its beak,
Might I not strike,
Myself?

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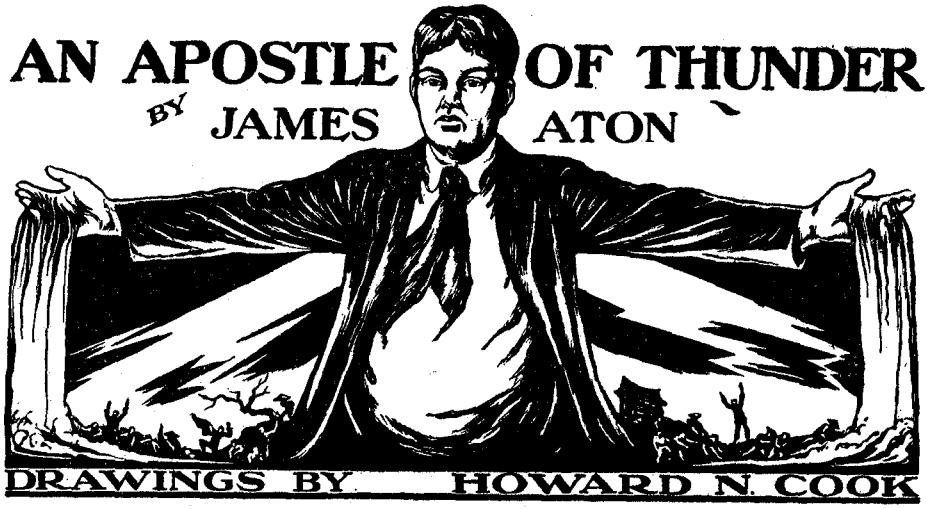
AN APOSTLE OF THUNDER

BY JAMES ATON



DRAWINGS BY HOWARD N. COOK

TO begin with, I had no faith in the thing. Praying for rain has always seemed to me a cheap way of trying to tease the Almighty. I'd a sight rather help put in an irrigation system. But Walker was keen for it; he actually believed that a missionary with the correct viewpoint on faith could pray up a thunder-shower most any time. At least that used to be his belief; since the big Sienyu flood I haven't heard him mention it.

First off, he wrote me a letter, — one of his puzzling, problematical, one-paragraph letters:

"Dear Doc: — If you can come up beyond here for just four days, you'll save five thousand Chinese from certain death. I'll be looking for you about Monday.

Yours in faith,
Walker."

Such was the letter I drew from the Hinghwa post-office one Saturday morning in mid-April. I was comfortably busy that week, inoculating for plague and getting the old hospital trim for the annual cholera epidemic. Plague and cholera promised to be even worse than usual that year, — due to the big drought that was cutting down on our Hinghwa rice crop.

However, what Doctor wouldn't leave a tame, everyday hospital on a four-day crusade to save five thousand Chinese lives, — especially when his main purpose in China was to save Chinese lives? I went.

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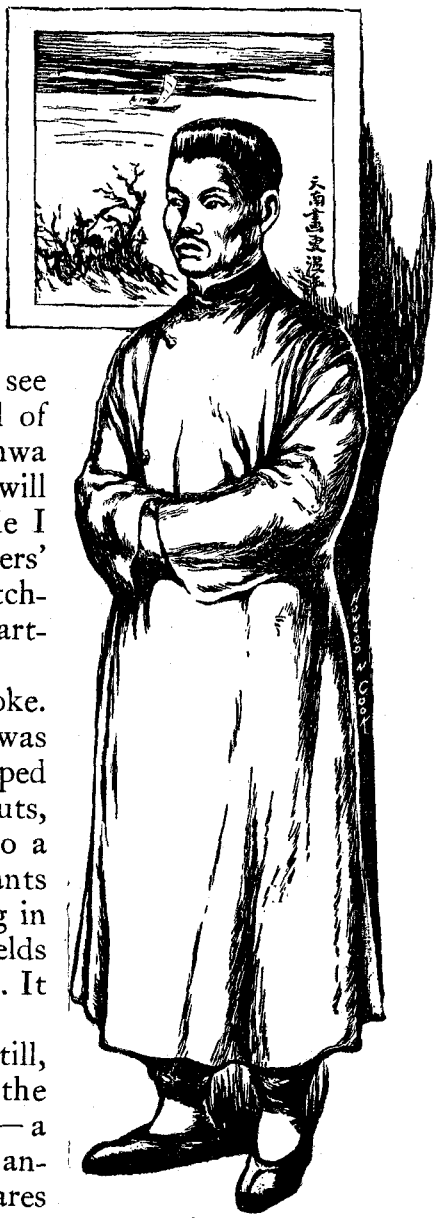

It was an interesting trip. Hemmed in by Hinghwa's four hoary walls, I had been worrying and imagining things about the long dry spell. I had sort of visualized fields that should have been green with the magic of April all dried up like Hell in midsummer. So it was a relief and a joy, when once I was fairly outside the city gate, to see that the canals still held a deal of water. And, so long as our Hinghwa canals hold water, the rice crop will grow and flourish. On every side I could hear the squeak of the farmers' little foot-pumps, lifting the ditch-water into their fields. It was a heartening sound, — that squeak.

My spirits went up like dry smoke. Behind the load-coolie who was carrying my baskets I tramped along, whistling and eating peanuts, throwing an occasional copper to a beggar, smiling at the seatless pants of the roadside children, reveling in the watery sparkle of the rice-fields and the haze of the faraway hills. It was good going.

So I trudged along, happy till, halfway to Sienyu, I went across the river on the old stone bridge, — a thirty foot trestle of unguessable antiquity, floored with five giant squares of granite. From there on my path was among the ups and downs of the hills; I left behind me the winding canals and the squeak of the pumps.

Then it was that I began to see the effects of the drought. Here on these uplands was no winding web of canals as means of

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irrigation. The fields of peanuts lay brown and dead, the tiny patches of sweet-potato vines were shriveled into littleness. Most remarkable of all, not one single tireless bare-legged farmer was weeding and cultivating his rows of beans and radishes. That was the worst indication of all; when the Chinese farmer stops working it means hopelessness.

I gave over my whistling and peanut-eating and followed my load-carrier along soberly enough. Those last ten miles into Sienyu are wearisome any time, but this day I walked them beneath an added weight of worry.

Hunger was not yet here; but it was oncoming. These crowded hill people lived poorly enough at the best. They had no rich rice-fields to fill their kettles; instead they gnawed along on scanty rations of peanuts and radishes. It was hand-to-mouth with them in the most prosperous of times; now, with this unheard-of failure of crops, they would be starving long before winter, — selling off their wives and their daughters to the rich lowlanders for a few potsful of rice. I limped my last mile into Sienyu amid an awful aura of pity and foreboding and gloom.

Walker met me down near the North Gate and walked with me the rest of the way; he lives, on through the dimunitive city, atop a little hill outside the South Wall. He was dressed as usual in a dirty shirt, khaki trousers, ragged Chinese shoes, and old felt hat. He looked as much as could be like a hobo in hard luck, and not at all like what he is, — the most funnily religious missionary in China.

"How are you?" I asked in greeting.

"Making progress," he answered, "getting closer to the real secret of the thing here. It's encouraging."

"The crops look bad," I commented.

"Nothing serious," he said cheerfully.

"Nothing serious?" I echoed, incredulous.

"A missionary shouldn't call the Lord's hand serious, should he?" asked Walker. "This drought is a great opportunity."

"Of course we'll find ways to feed them," I agreed. "The Red Cross will furnish us funds. All the same I'd rather see them feed themselves. Famine relief is not our real objective, you know."

"We'll not have to feed them," he countered. "The Lord will do that, — if we ask Him. It's my idea that we have Him handle

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the situation here in a way to stir up these people's faith. That's why I sent for you."

"You want me to help you handle the Lord?" I exclaimed.

"Just that," he answered.

"That's a big undertaking," I objected. "I'm really not up to the job."

"It's not so difficult," he said. "Wait till I give you a bit of explanation."

"You'll need to," I put in. "Handle the Lord? Whew!"

"It's this way," began Walker. "People are desperate for rain. Up at Shaulo they're crowding the old heathen temples, praying day and night for water. Half of our Sienyu folks are up at Shaulo praying."

(Shaulo is a little town a day back in the hills from Sienyu.)

"Why do they go clear up to Shaulo to pray?" I asked. "Don't they want the rain in Sienyu just as much?"

"Quite so," explained Walker, "but according to their Chinese traditions, droughts are always broken first at Shaulo. The rain starts up there and comes on down this way. So there's the place to pray."

"That may be largely true," I mused. "Those steep mountains back of Shaulo may possibly bank the clouds and induce the rainfall."

"Perhaps," said Walker. "At any rate, that's where they go to do their praying. They have two special rain-temples there."

"I heard a report about some Hinghwa priest going up there last week," I said. "I don't recall the details."

"He went up there to create rain," was the answer. "I know all about it. He carried the two ancient iron tablets of the God of War from the Pink Temple in Hinghwa. The people believe that if those iron tablets are taken up to Shaulo during a dry spell rain will come immediately. Five years ago, so they tell, the tablets were taken there and the instant they reached the town there was a big thunder-shower. So they sent for them this time."

"Was there a thunder-storm this trip?" I asked.

"The priest got into town late one afternoon," went on Walker in the unhurried manner of one determined to tell his own story in his own way. "He had the two iron tablets all properly wrapped

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in mandarin silk. A great procession met him, — hundreds of people. They came from miles around, and they had so much faith for rain that they carried umbrellas." He paused impressively.

"Then what?" I asked.

"The priest took the tablets to the temple," continued Walker. "He laid them carefully upon the altar. Everyone trembled with anticipation. People hurriedly put up their umbrellas to keep dry. But there was no rain; the sky was like brass."

"Tough luck," I commented. "What then?"

"The God of War lost face," he replied. "In fact the whole heathen outfit is jolly well discredited. The news came down to me the next day. Then it was that I wrote for you; I saw the opportunity. We'll plan to have the Lord handle this situation in such a way as to convert the whole countryside."

"But what do I do?" I queried puzzled. "I tell you again that handling the Lord is out of my line."

"Your part is simple," explained Walker. "To-morrow morning you will go on up to Shaulo. The place is still full of people watching and praying for rain. As soon as you get there, post the town with proclamations. I have them all ready for you, fifty of them in Chinese character."

"What do they say?" I asked.

"They give a knock to all the old heathen gods and temples," he answered, "say they're no good for bringing rain or for any other purpose. Then comes an announcement that you are going to hold a meeting in the Shaulo Christian Church to pray for rain. Everybody will be sure to come."

"I see," I mused, "but what good will that do?"

"Good!" cried Walker with emphasis. "Why, man, can't you vision it? Up in that crowded church you stand and pray. On the instant the sky is overcast, the lightning flashes, the thunder roars, the rain descends. Think of it!"

"That's what I'm doing," I said. "It's a striking picture. But please tell me one thing: what's going to fetch along the rain at that psychological moment?"

"Prayer!" replied Walker with solemnity. "The prayer of faith."

"You'll have to excuse me," I said. "I can't do it. Down

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Hinghwa way we don't pray for rain; we use canals and foot-pumps."

"You have to do it," persisted Walker.

"I do not," I replied. "And look here, what's the matter with your doing it yourself? You're up on this sort of stuff. You do it, and I'll stand on the side-lines and root."

During all this conversation we had been tramping steadily across Sienyu City. By now we were outside the town through the South Gate and climbing up the little hill to Walker's lonely house. Conspicuous it stood in its high weedy compound, — its whitewashed mud walls bleaker than a Scottish Sabbath.

"You go to Shaulo and do your own praying," I repeated.

"Oh, I can't," replied Walker. "I'm too busy. See that sign."

With the words he pointed to a rough board tacked to his compound gate. It was lettered in white paint with three rows of sprawling Chinese characters which I could not read.

"What does that say?" I asked. "You know I'm slow on reading character."

"'Walker's Hotel,'" he translated most impressively. "'For impoverished travelers. I was a stranger, and ye took me in.'"

"I thought you were a missionary," I said. "Since when did you start in the hotel business?"

"About a week ago," was the answer. "It came to me as a pure inspiration. One evening I met a ragged old priest wandering down the street. He looked so lonely that I spoke to him.

"'Where are you staying?' I asked.

"'I have no money,' he answered, 'Therefore I cannot stay in the inn. I have no place to lay my head.'

"Naturally, even though he was a heathen priest, there was nothing for me to do but take him home and put him up. Then the next morning,

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when he started on, I gave him a tract. It pleased him mightily. My little experience with him gave me the idea, so the next day I put up this sign. I've been busy ever since."

He paused for breath.

"Yes?" I put in questioningly.

"Every night since then I've had from five to twenty guests," said Walker, "respectable travelers out of money who would have slept in the street save for this refuge. Doc, it's surprising to find how many well-dressed and reputable Chinese haven't enough money to pay their way at the inn."

"It's surprising how many well-dressed and reputable Chinese will lie about their finances to get a free night's lodging," I corrected.

"So I can't go to Shaulo," went on Walker, ignoring my remark. "I have to look after these guests. Every morning as they are going away I shake each one by the hand and give him a tract. It pleases them wonderfully."

"It would that," I agreed.

"And so I have sent for you," he concluded. "Since I have to stay here and run my hotel, I thought I'd have you go on up to Shaulo and pray for rain. Your lack of faith will really be no handicap. I'll be praying for rain here at home while you're praying there, so the rain will be doubly sure to come."

"We'll see about that later," I answered as we entered the house. "Right now I want a bath and some eats. You must remember I've walked twenty miles to-day."

"Your bath is waiting," said my host, "but first I want to show you how I run my hotel."

With a flourish he opened the door leading into his parlor and motioned for me to enter.

Walker's parlor had always looked bare; this time it looked barer than ever before. Chairs and tables and rugs had been all removed. On the floor were outspread a dozen lousy-looking blankets. On the blankets were squatted Walker's guests. I counted nine. They were well-dressed, prosperous-seeming Chinamen; six were in the long gray robes of the scholar, three in white cotton coats and trousers like traveling tradesmen. Never would I have suspected that they were either impoverished or impecunious.

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"I'll bet the Sienyu Inn is losing a lot of business these days," I said meditatively.

The nine lodgers rose as we entered and stood at respectful attention. Their nine smooth yellow faces were impassively courteous, but their sharp black eyes watched us with uncanny keenness.

"They eat and sleep all in this one room," explained Walker. "I give them Chinese food, you know, usually rice, shrimp, and tea. When there's an overflow, I put part of them in the dining-room."

"And they don't pay at all?" I asked.

"Certainly not!" said Walker indignantly. "It's understood that they're broke; that's why I take them in."

"Pretty soft," I murmured.

"Now I'll take you to your room," he ignored. "After your bath the cook will bring you up your supper. You'll have to excuse me for to-night. I eat Chinese here with my lodgers and then sit and talk with them till bedtime. Then in the morning I come down from my room to share their breakfast and give them their tracts. I'll see you in the morning after they've gone, — about nine o'clock."

"This is a heck of a way to treat a guest, old man," I protested good-naturedly. "Usually you keep me up all night trying to show me a good time."

"Those nine downstairs are guests, too," he argued, "and they're in the majority. What's more, there's some chance that I may influence them for righteousness. They're not hardened as you are."

"Well, all right," I agreed. "I don't mind much. I need a good sleep, and here's my chance."

And sleep I did. I stepped out of my hot bath into Walker's bathrobe, filled up on ham and potatoes and seven-eighths of a huge raisin pie, then tumbled into bed and was asleep in two minutes.

I had dreams. A twenty-mile walk always brings me to dreams. So does too much pie at bedtime. This time the two factors combined and made my dreams thoroughly intensive.

My two weary feet were racing after a mammoth pie. All along the way feet and pie were talking back and forth in Chinese.

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"One dollar," offered the one foot. "Two dollars," offered the other foot. "You lose," said the pie, and was off faster than ever. Then, presently, the three would have the same conversation all over again; and so on and on and on.

After some fifty thousand miles of it, it came to me that I was awake. There was no mammoth pie running away from me, and my two feet were quiet. I was lying comfortably in Walker's extra bed. Yet I was still hearing that odd conversation. "One dollar," said a voice in Chinese. "Two dollars," said another voice. "You lose," said a third. The same conversation, over and over again.

For a long time I listened contentedly and drowsily, — barely half awake. Then presently I really roused up, enough to realize that I was listening to *bona fide* human voices and that the voices came from downstairs. They were unquestionably real, and they were puzzling.

I struck a match and got the time: three o'clock in the morning. I was no longer sleepy, and I was curious. I swung out of bed, and through the black darkness I tiptoed my way down the stairs. Part way down the steps I paused. Through the half-open door I could see into the parlor.

Walker's nine impoverished Chinamen were squatted in a circle. The room was lighted by two flickering candles that sat on the floor within the circle. There were other things within the circle also, — paraphernalia not considered good form in missionary households, — and silver dollars, nine great stacks of them.

I took a good eyeful and considered. Since this was Walker's house, assuredly he ought to be in the game. So I tiptoed back upstairs and felt my way to his room. Guided by his snoring, I put my hands up to his face and gave him a shake.

He stirred slightly, then woke up.

"Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth," he said cheerfully.

"This is Doc, not the Lord," I told him. "Come thou with me, and I will show thee a sight."

He jumped out of bed.

"Need a light?" he asked.

"No, indeed," I answered. "We want darkness and silence. Come on tiptoe. You might bring along your shotgun."

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With my hand on his arm I guided him along the dark hall till we came to the top of the stairs. There we paused and listened. From below there floated up to us the sound of voices.

"Two dollars," said one voice in Chinese.

"You win," announced another voice.

"What's that?" asked Walker.

"Quiet!" I whispered. "Tiptoe halfway down the stairs and you'll see."

Down he went. I followed. Part way down the stairs we stopped and looked through the half-open door into the room of many guests. I noticed that the piles of silver dollars were higher than a few moments earlier; all else seemed unchanged.

"One dollar," bid one eager Chinaman.

"Two dollars," offered another.

The banker shook his dice.

"You lose," he said.

"Great Scott!" whispered Walker. "Gambling?"

"Looks like a live game," I commented.

"Lord, make strong Thy servant's arm," whispered Walker.

"What you ——?" I began; but I didn't finish.

Bang! I nearly jumped over the stair railing. Walker had let off his big shotgun right alongside my ear. From the parlor I could hear the crash and tinkle of breaking glass. When the smoke cleared away, the two flickering candles were still burning, but the nine Chinamen were gone. They had taken the short route out through the parlor window.

I followed Walker into the parlor. While he went and stuck his head out through the broken window, I sat down and by the light of the sputtering candles began to count the great piles of silver dollars.

From outdoors came the furious barking of Walker's big black Tige. Walker always turns Tige loose nights to roam the compound and discourage thievery. Tige has a well-earned reputation for ferocity.

"Sic 'em, Tige," shouted Walker. "Sic 'em, Tige."

There were various and sundry cries of pain as Tige made hash and mince-meat from selected sections of the legs and buttocks of nine thoroughly impoverished Chinamen. I smiled and kept on counting the silver dollars.

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After some minutes Walker left the window and turned to me.

"They've all climbed out of the compound," he said. "I fancy Tige has them pretty well branded."

"Five hundred and sixty-six dollars," I announced as my total. "Walker, there's good profit in this hotel business."

"Five hundred and sixty-six dollars," repeated Walker meditatively. "I've been praying for five hundred dollars for my orphanage; but I hate to have it come this way. Doc, this breaks my heart."

"Oh, your heart is sound enough," I assured him. "I've tested it twice."

"Spiritually, I mean," he explained. "My spiritual heart is broken. I trusted these men, and they deceived me. Yea, my own familiar friends in whom I trusted, even they who did eat rice with me, have lifted up their heels against me. It breaks my heart."

"Here's five hundred and sixty-six dollars," said I comfortingly. "Better lock them in your safe and drop this broken heart talk."

"They deceived me," he lamented as he carried the great load of silver to his safe. "They deceived me. Doc, can I ever trust a Chinaman again?"

"I hope not," I said cheeringly. "I never do."

From then until daylight I had a hard two hours comforting Walker. Unceasingly he bewailed his shattered faith, his betrayed trust, his broken heart. Constantly and fluently I had to quote that five hundred and sixty-six dollars to counter his floods of worry and woe.

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"They deceived me," was his unvarying refrain. "They deceived me. My heart is broken."

"Golly," I said at last, disgusted. "I wish I had five hundred and sixty-six dollars for every time I've been deceived."

An hour before breakfast-time the gate-keeper came up to the house.

"Five men in street want to see you," he announced.

"Bring them up to the house," ordered Walker.

"Will not come to the house," answered the gateman. "Him heathen priest, afraid of Christian magic. You please go to street."

"Right 'o," consented Walker and went.

I followed, curious.

"Looks cloudy this morning," I said as we stepped outdoors.

"Same way every morning," answered Walker briefly. "Dust clouds."

In the compound gate we stood and confronted the five Chinamen who waited in the street. One of them wore the tattered robe of a Taoist priest; the other four were apparently farmers of questionable stages of respectability.

The priest acted as spokesman.

"You stole our rain," he began bluntly in Chinese. "Now you please give it back."

"What do you mean?" asked Walker in surprise. "I haven't stolen any rain."

"Last week a priest from Hinghwa came to Shaulo," explained the ragged spokesman. "He brought the iron tablets of the God of War. Iron tablets are very old, very good, always bring rain. This time they brought no rain. I ask why?"

He paused for emphasis after his oratorical question.

"The God of War is no good," answered Walker. "That's why."

"The God of War is very good," went on the priest, "very good and very strong. The iron tablets are very good, — sure rain. So we asked why no rain came. Then we found that the Hinghwa priest stayed one night in Sienyu, — slept in your house with his iron tablets. Then we understand the reason. While the priest slept, you stole the rain with White God magic. Now we ask you, give us back our rain. Need rain very much."

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Walker didn't know what to answer. He looked to me, puzzled and indignant.

"Here's your longed-for chance to pray for rain," I said in English.

"No," he said with decision. "If I should, they would only give their old War God the credit. I really don't know what to do."

"Please give us back our rain," pleaded the priest.

"I didn't steal your rain," said Walker. "Your God of War is no good; he has no rain."

"You give us our rain," demanded the priest sternly. "Else many men will come, burn down your house, kill you. You are a wicked man, you steal many things. Last night you invite many men to sleep in your house, then steal all their money while they are asleep."

Walker's tensioned thread of patience snapped.

"Ingratitude!" he exclaimed angrily. "Base, lying ingratitude!"

He turned suddenly about and tore the hotel sign from his compound gate.

"Ungrateful vipers!" he cried furiously. "Get out of here, you heathen liars! Get out of here!"

He hurled the sign square at the priest. Just in time the latter dodged; the sign went whizzing past.

Crash! Boom! Even as the piece of flying board struck the roadway, lightning rent the skies. A great, blinding bolt of fire struck almost at our feet. The instantaneous thunder was deafening.

On the moment great drops of rain began to fall. They thickened into a shower, a torrent, a cloudburst, beating down everything under a driving weight of water.

Walker and I, fighting our way back to the house, had glimpses of five Chinamen in the street, vainly trying to keep their feet against the descending flood.

"I guess the Lord must mean for me to keep that money," said Walker happily as we stood safe though soaked on the front porch.

"Supposing they burn down your house," I suggested.

"They'll not," he said with confidence. "They're afraid of Tige, and they know what our Sienyu Magistrate does to gamblers. A year in jail is the lightest."

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Thus began the biggest flood that has ever been known up Sienyu way. No one was drowned, but dozens of houses were knocked down, and all the sloping hillside fields were turned into ragged gullies.

It was a week before the water went down so that I could get back home. In the interval I played authors with Walker and listened to his rapturous ravings on religiosity.

"Five hundred and sixty-six dollars!" he chorused over and over. "Five hundred and sixty-six dollars and a cloud-burst to save the crops! Doc! Why don't you have more faith?"

I let him rejoice without comment. What was the use?

Two days after I was home, a letter from Walker followed me:

" Dear Doc: — My reputation is ruined. Those blamed priests have put up my hotel sign in their temple at Shaulo and are burning incense before it to me as the God of Rain. You'll have to come up and help me stop it. I can't afford to be worshiped as a heathen deity. Come right away. . . ."

But I haven't gone. Why should I? Those Chinamen up at Shaulo could worship plenty of worse gods than Walker.

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

CAPE COD HUMOR

ONCE, when I had so far abandoned my pedestrian convictions as to accept a lift in a flivver (compassionate reader, it was a hot, sandy road in New Jersey), I noticed that the driver leaned over-board and looked past the windshield. In fact, he couldn't see *through* it, it was so dirty.

"The sun on that glass," I remarked sympathetically, "makes it difficult to see, doesn't it?"

"Well," replied the driver, with no suggestion of mirth in his tone, "you kin almost see through it. I'll have to give it a coat o' paint pretty soon."

The pronunciation betrayed him, to be sure, as did his lean, weather-beaten face, but I think it was the type of his jest that chiefly prompted my next question. "You come from Cape Cod?" I queried.

"Not far from there," he answered matter-of-factly. "Born and brought up in Falmouth."

Every serious reading-circle comes, sooner or later, to a debate in regard to wit and humor. It never seems to occur to the debaters that you might as well try to define poetry or generosity as to attempt to label humor in general. Only in its specific manifestations can it be ticketed. You may describe dramatic poetry or Robinson's generosity with some accuracy; and just so you may approximate a label for Scotch humor, or Cockney humor, or Cape Cod humor. But though the sum of different kinds of poetry or of different degrees of generosity may give you a rough idea of poetry or of generosity, you have to recognize, with the sad example of the debating club before you, that the sum of all the particular kinds of humor will not add up to a definition of the abstract quality, Humor. That is perhaps the most humorous thing about humor; its expressions are so concrete; it, itself, is so uncapturably abstract. We offer, therefore, no encouragement whatever to the debating societies; we are concerned with specific manifestations.

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Now the most obvious thing about Cape Cod humor (*pace* Chesterton) is that it is humorous because it isn't humorous. It may have much in common with other New England varieties, but it has two particular differences. Most New England humor of the "dry" variety emerges in an incongruous seriousness; in fact, it takes its life from that seriousness. But generally it betrays, by a twinkle of the eye or a peculiar emphasis, that it is not meant to be taken in absolute earnest. You the listener are given a chance to share in the suppressed merriment. But your Cape Cod humorist never vouchsafes a sign. To do so would be to deny his nature and to spoil the jest. The merriment is so wholly suppressed that it is not only inaudible, but absolutely invisible.

The other particular difference is that, whereas most humor is made partly for someone else's benefit, Cape Cod humor is made solely for the maker's delight. In fact, much of it depends on its not being recognized. You are never asked to share; you are not even given a chance. You must *take* a share. If you do so in the right way, you may almost please the originator (vanity reaches even to Chatham Bars); — but you mustn't laugh; you must answer in kind, — a trifle drier if possible. The true Cape native will then show his delight by making no sign whatever. If he should laugh, it would be out of politeness; he would recognize for your sake that you thought you were making a joke. Only uproarious silence signifies perfect *rapport*.

The prime quality, then, is seriousness exaggerated to an absolute point, complete suppression of any sign of intended mirth. If my friend of the flivver had changed his tone in the slightest, if he had stressed the word "almost" or "see" never so little, the joke might have been a good one from Hartford east to Maine, but not from New Bedford to Harwichport.

I remember, for example, a story of a Vermonter's humor. "What," he cried, "you never saw Mrs. Smith? Well, she was Hen Smith's wife, and of all the ugly, ornery-lookin' wimmin, she took the cake. Why, whenever the conductor wanted to lead a train by their house, he had to ask Hen to call her in off the verandah." Then after a pause: "Well, I s'pose, ef you went fer enough back in hist'ry, you might find she was descended from the human race, but there warn't no indications of it in her caountenance."

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Clearly, this raconteur was a conscious humorist, with an audience. Dry, but not so dry that almost any listener might not get a bit of refreshment from it. There must have been a twinkle or a twitch that betrayed him.

The same may generally be said, I think, of other typically American humor of the dry variety. One may be sure Lincoln indulged in an inward chuckle that showed in tone or eye if not in actual laughter. When Mark Twain said, on receiving an honorary degree, that he never doctored any literature, he may have enjoyed his little joke, but he certainly counted on his audience's enjoying it too. And when Whistler retorted in print to one of his critics, "Who ever supposed you were a real person?" — he must have hoped that the critic would wince *just because* others would see the joke. Of your dyed-in-the-wool Cape humorist, on the contrary, it can be said that he gets rather more pleasure if you don't see the joke. He is not quite at home with a responsive audience.

Now I don't mean to be doctrinnaire. There are no exact boundaries to humor, and the genuine Cape Cod variety appears in somewhat diluted form in other parts of New England. But it rarely goes west of the Berkshires. Once in the Hudson valley, during an exceptionally dry, hot spell in June, I passed some workmen toiling near a dazzling concrete walk. "Guess we'll be cutting ice on that side-walk to-day," one of them said to me with a serious drawl. From long acquaintance with more eastern folk, I responded, quite as seriously as he, "Ought to get quite a crop." Perhaps they do not speak of an ice *crop* along the Hudson, but from the contemptuous glance the man gave me, I feel sure he was disappointed with my sense of humor. He had made a joke and, instead of laughing, I had taken him seriously!

One of the best examples of what I have designated as Cape Cod humor, but in this case made outside the sacred precincts, is the reply ascribed to Mr. Coolidge, when, as Vice-President, he was rallied at a dinner-party by a lady who assured him that she had a bet she could make him converse.

"Well, ma'am," he is reported to have said, "you've lost your bet."

But, though Cape Cod humor takes its merit from its complete lack of what is humorous elsewhere, a visitor to southeastern

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Massachusetts makes a great mistake if he supposes that these Cape folk don't mean to be funny. Sometimes he laughs at them, if the thrust is not too personal, as he laughs at unintentional Scotch humor. I suspect him of error in that, too, for I have never met a Scot quite devoid of humor, but the following instance of supposedly unconscious humor, typical of the Scots, would be impossible in the Cape Cod vernacular.

A Scot had been given a "pouther" to take for some ailment, but, feeling better, had left the "pouther" on the shelf. Some days later his wife was ailing, so he tried the "pouther" on her, and it killed her. To a friend's words of deep sympathy in his bereavement, he replied: "Ay, mon, but wasna it a God's mercy I didna tak the pouther mysel!"

No, when your genuine clam-digger on the Cape delivers himself of preposterous incongruities with a straight face, you may not see the joke, but it is there, even if you don't see it — *especially* if you don't see it. From other New England humor it may differ in degree rather than in kind, but it alone is the simon-pure, sand-dry, salt-cured article.

The most perfect instance I know is the reply of a Buzzards' Bay native to President Cleveland. Cleveland had missed his way after a long day's fishing. It was pouring rain; he was afoot. When he knocked at the door of a lonely farm-house, a voice from a second-floor window asked him what he wanted.

"I want to stay here to-night," called the President.

"Well," replied the voice, "stay there."

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POETRY
EDITED BY WALTER S. HINCHMAN

THE SONG OF A GUITAR

Po Chü-yi

Translated by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-hu

(*In the tenth year of Yüan-ho I was exiled and demoted to be assistant official in Chiu-chiang. In the summer of the next year I was seeing a friend leave P'en-p'u and heard in the midnight from a neighboring boat a guitar played in the manner of Ch'ang-an. Upon inquiry, I found that the player had formerly been a dancing-girl in the capital and in her maturity had been married to a merchant. I invited her to my boat to have her play for us. She told me her story of heyday and unhappiness. Since my departure from the capital I had not felt my sadness; but that night after I left her, began my realization of exile. And I wrote this long poem — six hundred and twelve characters.*)

I WAS bidding a guest farewell, at night on the Hsün-yang River,
And I, the host, dismounted and my guest boarded his boat.
And we raised our cups and wished to drink — but, alas, there was no music.
For all we had drunk we felt no joy and were parting from each other —
When the river's width mysteriously sought the full moon
And we heard a sudden sound, a guitar across the water.
Host forgot to turn back home and guest to go his way,
And we followed where the melody led and asked the player's name.
And then the sound broke off. But presently she answered;
And we moved our boat to hers, invited her to join us,
Sent for more wine and lanterns and recommenced our banquet.
Yet we called and urged a thousand times before she started toward us,
Still hiding half her face from us behind her guitar.
She turned the tuning-pegs and tested several strings;
And her emotion reached us, even before she played:
Each string a meditation, each note a thought gone deep,
As if she were telling us the ache of her whole life.
She knit her brows, flexed her fingers, then began her music,
Gradually, from her heart, evoking endless thoughts.
She brushed the strings, twisted them slow, swept them, plucked them —
First the air of *The Rainbow Skirt*, then *The Six Tiny Ones*.

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Po Chü-yi

From a portrait chiseled on a stone monument in one of the temples of Si Wu, near Hangchow

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The large strings hummed like a rapid rain,
The small strings whispered like a secret,
Hummed, whispered, and then were intermingled
Like a pouring of large and small pearls into a plate of jade
We heard an oriole, liquid, hidden among flowers,
We heard a brook bitterly sob along a bank of sand;
By the checking of its cold touch, the very string seemed broken
As though it could not pass; and the notes, dying away
Into a depth of sorrow and concealment of lament,
Told even more in silence than they had told in sound . . .
Then a silver vase abruptly broke with a gush of water,
And out leapt armored horses and weapons clashed and smote —
And, before she laid her pick down, she ended with one stroke,
And all four strings made one sound, as of rending silk.
There was quiet in the east boat and quiet in the west
And we saw the white autumnal moon enter the river's heart.
. . . When she had slowly placed the pick back among the strings,
She rose and smoothed her clothing and, formal, courteous,
Told us how she had spent her girlhood at the capital,
Living in her parents' house under the Mount of Toads,
And had mastered the guitar at the age of thirteen,
With her name recorded first in the class-roll of musicians,
Her art the admiration even of experts,
Her beauty the envy of all the leading dancers,
How noble youths of Wu-ling had lavishly competed
And numberless red rolls of silk been given for one song
And silver combs with shell inlay been snapped by her rhythms
And skirts the color of blood been spoiled with stains of wine . . .
Season after season, joy had followed joy,
Autumn-moons and spring-winds had passed without her heeding,
Till first her brother left for the war, and then her aunt died,
And, evenings went and evenings came, and her beauty faded —
With ever fewer chariots and horses at her door;
So that finally she gave herself as wife to a merchant
Who, prizing money first, careless how he left her,
Had gone, a month before, to Fou-liang to buy tea.
And she had been tending an empty boat at the river's mouth,
No company but the bright moon and the cold water.
And sometimes in the deep of night she would dream of her young triumphs
And be wakened from her dreams by the scalding of her tears . . .
Her very first guitar-note had started me sighing;
And, having heard her story, I was sadder still.
"We are both unhappy — to the sky's end.
We meet. We understand. What does acquaintance matter?
I came, a year ago, away from the capital
And am now a sick exile here in Hsün-yang —

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And so remote is Hsün-yang that I have heard no music,
Neither string nor bamboo, for a whole year.
My quarters, near the River-Town are low and damp,
With bitter reeds and yellowed rushes all about the house.
And what is to be heard there, morning and evening?
The bleeding cry of cuckoos, the whispering of apes.
On flowery spring-mornings and moonlit autumn-nights,
I have often taken wine up and drained it all alone.
Of course there are the mountain-songs and the village pipes,
But they are crude and strident, and grate upon my ears.
And to-night, when I heard you playing your guitar,
I felt as if my hearing were bright with faery-music.
Do not leave us. Come, sit down. Play for us again.
And I will write you a long song concerning a guitar."
Moved by what I said, she stood there for a moment,
Then sat again to her strings — and they sounded even sadder
Although the tunes were different from those she played before . . .
The feasters, all listening, covered their faces.
And which was the one who was crying the most?
This Chiang-chou official. My blue robe was wet.

A CHINESE POEM

PAUL ELDRIDGE

SY MO:

HE SPEAKS OF THE ECCENTRICITIES OF FAME

BECAUSE of her great modesty,
The beautiful daughter
Of Ming T'ang,
The Magnificent Emperor,
Locked herself in her room,
And refused to marry.

Her body lies exposed
To the vulgar crowds
Of an ill-famed museum
Of a far-away country.

The brass tablet
Upon her breast,
Reads:
"A famous courtesan
Of the First Dynasty."

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Hare and Tortoise

A Novel in Six Instalments — V

Pierre Coalfleet

Part Two — Chapter III

I

THREE days later Louise stood on the terrace watching the departure of her guests. As the last car disappeared into the pines she thought of the day when Walter and his mother drove away from the cottage which she had named "Sans Souci". On that day she had tensely waited for some sympathetic sign from Keble, and he had withheld it. Now she knew that the balance was changed, that Keble was waiting for a sign from her. Yet all she could say was, "Thank God, that's over!"

Recently she had had no time to project her thoughts into the future. Until this family reunion was safely thrust into the past she had schooled herself to be patient, as she had done under the constraint of approaching motherhood. Both events she had regarded as primary clause in her matrimonial pact, and the reward she had promised herself for executing them was complete moral freedom. She would admit nothing more binding in the pact, for she had made a point of benefiting as little as possible from it. If Keble had provided her with a home, she had managed it skilfully for him. If he had placed his bank account at her disposal, she had gone disproportionately deep into her own. An element unforeseen in the pact was that either party to it might, in the process of carrying out its clauses, develop personal resources for which the other could have little use but which, on sheer grounds of human economy, ought not to be allowed to remain unmined.

Keble had warned her that grappling with ideas might end in one of the ideas knocking her on the head. Which was nonsense. The danger lay not in grappling with ideas but in trying to dodge them, in letting them lurk in your neighborhood ready to take you unawares. If you went at them with all your might they were soon overpowered.

Yet going at them brought her face to face with other ideas lurking farther along the path, and before you knew it you were in a field where no one, — at times not even Dare, — was able or cared to follow. And at the prospect of forging on alone your imagination staggered a little; an unwelcome emotion, — unwelcome because more fundamental than you had been willing to admit, — surged up and insisted that nothing in life was worth striving for that carried you out of the warmth of the old community of affection. For, whatever might be achieved through adventuring in wider fields, a catering to new minds would be entailed, an occasional leaning upon new arms, homage from new eyes and hearts. That was inevitable, since human beings were of necessity social. And the overwhelming pity of it was that you would always be conscious that the neatest mind in the world, though not the broadest, the most comfortable arms, though not the most expert, the most candid blue eyes, though not the most compelling, were those of the man from whom your adventurousness had drawn you away. The thought of entirely outgrowing them gave you a chill. When you had penetrated further into the forest of Life's possibilities you couldn't go on indefinitely playing hide and seek among the trees with that old companion. He would stop at the edge of the forest, and you must make your way through it, alone.

As Louise sat on the terrace, a little weary after the continuous tension, recalling the appealing droop of Keble's lips as he had turned away from her a few minutes before, she was obliged to face the fact that some chord within her had responded to the appeal, despite her stern censorship. She was obliged to admit that even when her path became definitely distinct from Keble's, when she should finally throw all the weight of her personality in a passion worthy of her

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emotional possibilities, or, that failing, into some project so vital that she would become oblivious to the trifles that filled so much of Keble's and Miriam's attention, she would not be able to extinguish the fragrance of the flower of sentiment that Keble had been the first to coax into blossom. Her feeling toward any new friend who might tread her path would exhale the odor of the phial of affection labeled "Keble", though that phial lay on a neglected shelf.

Even in the recklessness that had overtaken her beside Billy's grave, there had been some purring *obligato*, a running commentary to the effect that her wanton experiment was in Keble's name, that all the thrills in the universe were reducible to the quieter terms of mere charm, that all the charming things in life were reducible to "Keble", and it was inherent in the nature of charm that it could not be captured and possessed, except in symbols, or by proxy. One could be so profoundly loyal to one's personal conception of life, — a conception which exacted unflinching courage at the approach of new ideas and high venturesomeness in tracking down concealed ideas, — that one could accept clues from a stranger even though the accepting might involve a breach of what the world called constancy. Incidentally, the fact that her first breach, whatever it may have meant to Dare, was an erotic fiasco as far as she was concerned, had by no means discountenanced further experimentation. Life should pay her what it owed her, even if she had to pay heavy costs in collecting her due.

On making the shocking discovery that marriage was no solution of her destiny, she had vigorously bestirred herself, only to make the even more shocking discovery that she was shedding her husband as a caterpillar sheds its cocoon. Now, poised for flight, she could cherish a tender sentiment for the cocoon but could scarcely fold her wings and crawl back into it.

She recalled the cruel little poem, still unaccounted for, which had thrown open a door in her mind.

For, being true to you,
Who are but one part of an infinite me,
Should I not slight the rest?

Those lines had come at her with a reproachful directness. In them, or rather in the blue pencil which marked off the poem on its printed page, she had read Keble's impatience with her limitations. Her reason had seen in the lines a justification against which her heart rebelled. From that moment she had been disciplining her heart. So effectively indeed, that now, — were it not for that appealing little droop and for the sentimental fragrance which still clung to her, — she might have flung the poem at him and cried, "*Voilà la monnaie de ta pièce.* I've learned my lesson in bitter thoroughness. Now it is I who point to 'rude necessary heights', intent upon a goal *you* are unable to see."

The nature of the goal was not clear even to herself, nor could she exactly define the help that Dare had given her in mounting towards it. Certainly the upward journey had been easier since he had first appeared, and certainly her climbing prowess had seemed more notable in moments when she and Dare on some high ledge of thought had laughingly looked down at Keble and Miriam exchanging mystified glances, in which admiration for the agility of the two on the ledge was blended with misgivings as to the risks they ran.

A perambulator appeared at the corner of the terrace, propelled by a stolid nursemaid. The monkey, rosy and fat, was making lunges at a white hillock in his coverings which he would have been surprised to know was his own foot. On seeing his mother he abandoned the hillock to give her a perky inspection. His bonnet had slid down over one eye, and the tip of his tongue protruded at the opposite corner of his mouth.

Louise broke into a laugh. "Katie! Make that child put in his tongue or else straighten his hat. He looks such an awful rake with both askew."

Katie missed the fine point of the monkey's resemblance to a garden implement, but as Dare had recognized, Katie was as immortal in her ignorance as philosophers are in their erudition. She straightened the monkey's headgear, this adjustment being less fraught with complications than an attempt to reinstate his tongue.

"His granpa and granma come into

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the nursery before breakfast," Katie proudly announced. "They said it was to give me a present, which they done, — but it was really to see the monkey again."

Louise had risen and gone over to shake the white hillock, an operation which revived the monkey's interest in that phenomenon.

"Any one would think he was *their* baby!" she said sharply.

2

As she was turning to go into the house she met Miriam, whose face was anxious. "Oh, there you are," Miriam began. "I wish you would go up to Dare. They can't make him drink the things you left for him. Now he's arguing with Aunt Denise, who says he's in a fever. He says he's not, and he's saying it with feverish intensity."

Louise gave a start. "Miriam! Papa had two cases of smallpox a few weeks ago. The Grays, you know, — down the river."

"Wasn't it one of the Gray girls that Dare rescued the day we went to Deer Spring? She had climbed a tree and couldn't get down."

They hurried upstairs. "You wait here," Louise ordered, leaving Miriam at the door of the bedroom.

"Thank God, it's you," said a half delirious voice as she appeared, and Dare sank back into bed.

Louise made a rapid diagnosis, then turned to Aunt Denise. "I think it's smallpox," she exclaimed. "Will you fumigate the nursery? You'll find everything in the medicine chest. I'll have him moved to one of the cabins. *Je sais ce qu'il faut faire.*"

There was no timorousness in Aunt Denise. A competent, strong woman herself, she took competence and strength and a stern sense of duty for granted in any member of her family.

When she had gone Louise went to the door to report to Miriam. "Get somebody to take a few blankets over to your old cabin. Then find Mr. Brown and have him send up some sort of stretcher. Mrs. Brown will help you straighten the cabin and build a fire to air it. Then telephone Papa."

"What are you going to do?" Miriam ventured.

"Nurse. There's no one else. Besides he wouldn't obey a stranger. You won't mind keeping an eye on the house, will you? Don't let Aunt Denise be too thrifty. Above all, keep Keble from fretting. He rears like a horse when he's frightened."

"But can you keep from catching it?"

"I can do anything I make up my mind to. Now hurry, dear."

Miriam was seriously alarmed, yet Louise's confidence was tonic. Moreover this development gave her an elasticity of motion for which she was a little ashamed.

When Keble returned for luncheon he found the table set on the terrace and a strong odor of disinfectants issuing from the house. Miriam explained, and although Keble was familiar with his wife's rapidity of organization, he was bewildered to find that she was installed in a cabin across the lake, and that his first visit to her was already scheduled. He was to accompany Miriam in the launch at three. Louise would talk to them from the boat-slip, where they would leave supplies.

"That's all very well," he agreed. "But what about Louise?"

"Nurses always protect themselves," Miriam reassured him. "And Louise would be the last woman to make a blunder."

It was harder than she had foreseen to keep Keble from panic, for every reassuring remark seemed merely to arouse new images of disaster. He was sorry for Dare but considered it clumsy of him to have collected Thelma Gray's germs.

"You would have done the same," Miriam reminded him.

"But I wouldn't have gone prowling bareheaded all over the northwest after a warm evening of dancing," he said with a sharper accent.

Miriam had been sleepless after the dinner party, and at dawn from her window had seen Dare, disheveled, cross the meadow through the wet grass and let himself into the house. It came to her as a shock that Keble had witnessed this incident, of which no mention had been made. Had Keble, too, spent a sleepless night? Had that any bearing on his habit, more conspicuous of late, of

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nervously whistling and leaving his seat to wander about the house? Miriam was a little unstrung and was grateful for the presence of Aunt Denise, whose rigidity held the household together, even if it occasionally stood in the way of a free and easy routine.

Miriam and Keble were at pains to conceal from each other their consternation at the situation created by Louise's prompt retirement into quarantine. Aunt Denise, the most straight-laced person at Hillside, was probably the only person in the neighborhood who took Louise's step as a matter of course. Keble was proud of his wife's medical talent; it emphasized her womanliness, and it was the essentially feminine qualities in Louise which he had unflaggingly admired. Yet he was tormented by the thought of her self-imposed duties, and if he had had to choose a patient for her he would probably have chosen any one rather than Dare. He was also angry at her unconditional veto on a trained nurse from Harristown.

To Louise the fitness of her conduct was a matter of so little consequence that it did not enter her head. In the beginning she saw that she would have a trying case on her hands. Although her presence had a soothing effect on Dare, his unfamiliarity with illness made him a difficult patient, and Louise had to adopt drastic methods, a cross between bullying and ridiculing him into obedience. Her greatest difficulty came in changing his wrappings, an operation which had to be performed with the least possible variation in temperature. Dare obstructed the task by struggling to free himself, and by trying to prevent her from bathing him with her lotions.

In one access of delirium he sat up, glared at her with unrecognizing fury, and shouted, "Get to hell out of this room, before I break in your skull!"

Whereupon she walked straight to the bed, pinned his shoulders to the pillow, and retorted, "Don't you say another word till I tell you to; if you order me out I may go, and if I do there'll be no one to give you a drink. Now lie still."

She held his eyes until she saw a return of lucidity. He collapsed, and said feebly, "Have I been bad? I can't have you overhearing me if I ramble."

She had overheard many illuminating scraps of confession. "Listen, Mr. Dare dear," she said, with tears in her eyes. "If you're going to get well soon, you must be perfectly quiet. The rambling doesn't matter, but try to fix it in your mind that you mustn't be rough. You're so terribly strong!"

"What's the use of getting well?" he moaned.

A few moments later his good intentions were consumed in the heat of new hallucinations. "Is that Claudia?" he shouted. "Oh God, it must be a thousand in the shade."

Sometimes he hummed a few bars of a lively melody, in appallingly unmusical tones. With a remorse that closed her ears to the grotesqueness of the performance, Louise recognized the tune of their dance.

In a few days the ranch settled down to the new order. Miriam and Keble made daily visits to the boat-slip, the doctor came as often as he could arrange the long trip, sometimes remaining overnight, and Mrs. Brown, her mind on the nights when Mrs. Eveley had sat and held Annie's hand, cooked tempting dishes and brought them to the window. She also took turns at sitting outside Dare's window while Louise lay down in the tiny sitting room of the cabin. Twice during the doctor's visits Louise had gone for a short gallop, but gave up the practise on learning that Dare had asked for her during her absence.

At the Castle Aunt Denise ruled with a sway that awed the servants but failed to produce the industry that Louise could inspire with a much laxer code. Keble and Miriam, after faint attempts to restore an unanalyzable comfort that had departed with Louise, fell into step behind Aunt Denise and were always relieved when the time came to go out of doors or repair to the library on business. During the first days Keble had been haunted by a fear that illness would break out in the house. Once in the middle of the night when he had been awakened by the sound of crying he ran to the nursery, half expecting to find the monkey speckled like a trout. Katie, with a trace of asperity, persuaded him that Baby was only suffering from wind, and this seemed plausible, for at the

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height of their wrangle the monkey relapsed into an angelic slumber, broken only by a motion of lips that implied health of the serenest and greediest description.

Miriam found a deep, wistful contentment in trying to keep Keble's mind occupied. In the evenings Aunt Denise played patience and retired punctually at ten. Miriam usually remained another half hour at the piano, then Keble went alone to read in the library with his pipe and a decanter. He grew more taciturn than she had ever seen him, and this mood she dreaded, for it stirred the rebellious ego within her which had grown during the past months to unmanageable proportions.

En revanche Keble had moments when a new side of him came to light, an amiable, tender side which Miriam had long felt he took too great pains to suppress. After mornings and afternoons during which each had been employed in personal work or diversion, after evenings of music or cards or reading, there was an indescribable charm for her in the recurrence of Keble's boyish moods, when his man's mask was laid aside. It might be the recounting of some lark at school; it might be an experience in the trenches or in a corner of Greece or China during his bashful tour of the world; it might even be an admission of incurable dudishness in the face of some recent native provocation. Whatever it was, it was the essential Keble, the Keble whom Miriam might have met in a London drawing-room. His wife induced playful moods in him, but rarely did the playfulness Louise provoked keep within the bounds of veiled, correct irony. For his wife's delectation Keble rendered his playfulness ever so slightly frisky, exaggerating the caricature of himself; whereas for her, Miriam liked to persuade herself, he projected a more ironically shaded sketch of himself which amused without being distorted.

"It's such a blessing to have you here, Miriam," he confessed one evening. "I should have gone quite dotty alone with Aunt Denise; Louise and Dare would have come back and found me with a rosary around my neck, gibbering the names of saints. I believe you were sent to us by some kind providence of God to be a universal stop-gap in our strange ménage. I wonder you bear up under the strain."

She was tempted to say, "I was sent to you not by God but by Walter Windrom," but she couldn't. Nor could she smile, for his timid candor gave her a pretext for reading into his remark some depth of feeling for which the tyrant within her clamored. But she succeeded in replying, "Oh, I bear up wonderfully, — so well, in fact, that if everything were to run flawlessly I think I should be selfish enough to pray for another gap, that I might stop it!"

The tyrant had forced the words into her mouth, but her anxiety was dispelled by his manner of taking them. He passed his hand over his hair and said, whimsically, sadly, "Well, I don't see any immediate prospect of gaplessness. . . . I suppose most ménages are the same, if you were to explore into them. They muddle along, sometimes on an even keel, more often pitching about in cross currents. And I suppose one half of the ménage always feels that the other half is at fault, and there's no way of judging between them, because no two people are born with the same mental apparatus." With a characteristic desire to efface the self-revelatory words, he came abruptly out of the mood by adding, "Is it apparatuses, or apparati? I see I've been talking nonsense again, — good-night."

Miriam wished that he had not seen fit to go back on his semi-confession, but she could not deny herself the comfort his soliloquy had given her, and for some days it served as a sop to her tyrant.

She had moments of futile compunction as she saw Louise growing haggard. Twice a day Miriam appeared at the boat-slip, but quite often Louise had seized those moments for a short nap, and there was nothing to do but leave the packets and messages on the jetty and return, or go for a walk with Grendel. She found in herself a dearth of inspiration when it was a question of making the day less tedious for her friend. Louise with her resourcefulness would have thought out endless ways of diverting her, had she been Dare's nurse. Miriam had pleaded to be allowed to assist. It was not only that she wished to spare Louise; she envied her the opportunity as well as the skill that called into

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play such magnificent services. Her own life seemed barren in contrast. Although ten years her junior, Louise had been at the very heart of life, had loved, been loved, suffered, given birth, and grown strong through exercise. Miriam envied her the grueling experience she was going through. She blushed to think how incompetent she herself would be in Louise's place, and how prudish; but incompetence and prudishness could be outgrown, and she longed to outgrow them.

She resented the fact that Keble seemed not to notice the degree of strain on Louise, the dark rings under her eyes, the drawn mouth. Louise was partly responsible for his failure to see, for whenever he called at the slip she forced herself to be bright and facetious. But any woman would have seen through Louise's brightness, and Keble as a man far less obtuse than most ought to have seen through it, ought not to have wrung their hearts by his casual manner of calling out, in a recent leave-taking, "Don't overdo it, Weedgie; we mustn't have *you* breaking down."

A night finally came when the little doctor announced that the crisis was past, that the patient would recover. Only then did he admit that he had almost despaired. Had it not been for Louise's vigilance, Dare would not have survived a week, for he was one of those giants who often succumb under the first onslaught of a complication of ailments.

"Louise has been splendid," Keble acknowledged. "It's lucky for Dare that they were such good chums."

The doctor turned on him with a suddenness that surprised Miriam no less than Keble. "You don't understand Louise," he said. "She would take as much pains to cure a wounded dog as she would to cure the Governor-General. She would do as much for the stable boy as she would do for you; under certain circumstances, more. For she gives her strength to the helpless. Dare was helpless, body and soul. If you had watched him tossing and heard him moaning, your eyes would have opened to many things. He was not only physically lost, he was lost in spirit. An ordinary nurse would have tended his body. Louise has tended his spirit. By a thousand suggestions she has restored his faith in himself, created him. For you that spells nothing but the service of a clever woman for a friend. What do you know about service? What do you know about friendship? What do you know about the sick man? What do you know about life? What do you know about Louise? Precious little, my boy!"

The doctor disappeared in a state of exaltation, leaving Keble bewildered. "There's a blind spot in me somewhere, Miriam," he said. "Can you put your finger on it?"

"I'm afraid we're both blind," she said feebly. "At least we haven't their elemental clairvoyance. The doctor is doubtless right in his flamboyant way, and we are right in our pitiful way. We can only try, I suppose, to be right at a higher pitch."

"By Jove," Keble suddenly exclaimed, with a retrospective fear, "it was a closer shave than we had any idea of. I wonder if Louise realized."

Miriam smiled bitterly. "You may be quite sure, my dear Keble, that she did. If you have been spared a great load of pain, you may take my word for it that it's Louise you have to thank."

Keble was pale. In his eyes was the look which Miriam had seen on another occasion, just before the birth of his son. "Then I do wish," he quietly said, "that my friends would do me the kindness to point out some of my most inexcusable limitations, instead of letting me walk through life in a fool's paradise."

Miriam was ready to retort that even such a wish reflected the *amour propre* that determined most of his acts, but she had been touched by the emotion in his eyes and voice, — an emotion which only one woman could inspire. "I think we're all trying desperately to learn the ABC's of life," she said.

She was unnerved by the self-abasement that had stolen into his expression. For the first time in her life she went close to him and took his hand in hers. "Don't mind if I've spoken like a preacher," she pleaded in a voice which she could control just long enough to finish her counsel. "The sermon is directed at my own heart even more than yours."

He returned the pressure of her hands absent-mindedly, and she sought refuge in her room.

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Keble was restless and turned towards the library through force of habit. A book was lying face down on the arm of his chair, but after reading several sentences without hearing what they were saying, he got up and poured himself a glass of whisky.

He would have gone to the piano, but Miriam's superior musicianship had given him a distaste for his own performances. He wandered through the drawing-room to the dimly-lit hall, and found himself before the gramophone. Everyone had gone to bed, but if he closed the shutters of the box the sound would not be loud enough to disturb the household. At haphazard he chose a record from a new supply.

A song of Purcell's. He threw himself into a deep chair. The opening bars of the accompaniment were gentle and tranquilizing, with naïve cadenzas. A naïve seventeenth century melody, which was taken up by a pretty voice: high, clear, pure.

Those words! He leaned forward and listened more intently.

"I attempt from love's sickness to fly — in vain — for I am myself my own fever — for I am myself my own fever and pain."

As though a ghost had stolen into the dark room, Keble started slowly from his chair. His eyes riveted on the machine, he paused, then abruptly reached forward to stop it, inadvertently causing the needle to slide across the disk with a sound that might have been the shriek of a dying man.

For a long while he stood holding the disk. Only when he became conscious of the startled beating of his heart did he throw off the spell.

He was staring at the record in his hands — the ghost. He dreaded the noise that would be made if he were to drop it on the floor, — even if he were to lay it down carefully and snap it with his heel.

He got up swiftly, unbolted the door, and walked out in the cold air to the end of the terrace, past the stone parapet, down the grassy slope to a point overhanging the shore of the lake. Far, far away, through the blackness, were tiny points of light, marking the location of the Browns' cottage. His eyes sought a gleam farther along the shore, but there was nothing in all that blackness to indicate Miriam's old cabin.

They were there, perhaps asleep, perhaps wearily wakeful, with only their souls left to fight for them against some vague, sinister enemy. Perhaps she was watching over him as he slept; preparing his draughts; stirring the fire with a little shiver. Perhaps she, too, had been approached by spectres. Perhaps she was ill, despairing, afraid. Tears came into his eyes.

He could feel the disk pressing against his fingers, and the tiny hard rills through which the needle had traced its uncanny message.

"What do you know of the sick man!" Above the mysterious silence of the night a phantom voice, thin, clear, dainty, was singing the answer into his understanding: "I attempt from love's sickness to fly, in vain; for I am myself my own fever and pain." It could so airily sing, as though it were a toy song and a toy sentiment, words which were as irrelevantly indicative as flowers nodding over a grave.

Many years ago he and Walter had played a game called "scaling". You chose round, flat pieces of slate and sent them whirling through the air.

He scaled, and waited for the splashing sound far out on the water.

Poor little record, it had meant well enough.

Chapter IV

I

Keble had received a petition signed by Conservatives throughout the county inviting him to present himself as candidate for the provincial elections. He had foreseen this, but hesitated to accept the nomination. In the first place he was barely thirty; in the second place success at the polls would mean protracted absences from the ranch; in the third place he was not sure that Louise would approve. He remembered her saying, apropos of her Uncle Alfred Mornay-Mareuil, "If he had only been able to control his ambition! Politics is as demoralizing as gambling." And Keble quite often took Louise's remarks at their literal value.

When it came time to select a candidate for the elections, the scattered Conserv-

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atives of the district, knowing that the only hope of making a showing against their entrenched opponents was to induce Keble Eveley, with his important holdings and the prestige of his name, to stand for them, had encountered opposition from the supporters of the mayor of Witney, who in several consecutive elections had suffered defeat at the hands of the Liberal candidate, but who had learned to look forward to his periodical worsting as an agreeable break in the monotony of his days. The repeated success of the Liberal representative had resulted in overconfidence on the part of that gentleman. He had been weaned from his county, had invested his savings in the capital, and returned home only to collect rents or sell at a substantial profit stock which he had acquired at bargain prices. A feeling was abroad, among Liberals and Progressives, as well as Conservatives, that the electors were being "used for a good thing".

The Conservative leaders knew Keble through business dealings or hearsay. Some of them had joined in a deputation to receive Lord Eveley and Mr. Windrom at Witney. They all saw the wisdom of putting up a vigorous, intelligent, and earnest young man, and the supporters of the veteran Conservative candidate, in the hope of a change of luck, ended by yielding to the suggestion. The official invitation was brought to Hillside by Pat Goard, the campaign manager, and his henchman, the editor of the "Witney Weekly News".

It was a mild October afternoon. Keble received the delegates in the library, heard their arguments, and asked for an hour to consider. Aunt Denise had bowed with frigid graciousness and withdrawn. Keble asked Miriam to show the visitors over the grounds, then ran down the path to the jetty, jumped into the launch, and motored across the lake, which to-day was an expanse of bright blue, rippled by the most gentle of breezes. The slender white trees on the lower shore with their scanty remnants of pale yellow foliage, the bare branches of other hardwoods, and the deep rust of the underbrush were the only tangible proofs of the season. Everything else was gold and sapphire.

As he neared the boat-slip Keble saw that Louise had set up a deck chair in a sunny patch before the cabin, and had installed Dare in it. It was his first glimpse of Dare in several weeks, and he was shocked at the wasted face that appeared above the rugs. For the first time he had some inkling of what the other man had been through, and a wave of compassion and affection surged through him.

Louise was sitting at Dare's side, and they were talking quietly, intimately. Although there was almost a life and death contrast between the two, Keble was no longer blind to the fact that his wife had worn herself to a dangerous margin, and while he could approve of her act, in the sense in which Aunt Denise approved of it, he could not, like Aunt Denise, look on unmoved. Something in the languor of the scene, something in the intimacy which seemed to unite the two, aroused a throbbing ache within him. Like Miriam he had felt futile in the face of this struggle, and now he almost envied Dare the suffering that had opened to him a secret garden. He paid blind tribute to whatever force in Dare, — a force transcending mere personality, — awakened in Louise a spirit that he had never been able to evoke. "I blunder and obtain forgiveness," he reflected, "while Dare is right, and pays terrific penalties."

Louise came to the end of the jetty to meet him, and they talked about Dare's first day outside the improvised hospital.

"Only for an hour," she said. "Then he has to go back. But it marks the beginning of a new era."

Keble would not let himself speculate on the nature of the new era. "And you can soon rest," he said. "Be very careful now. This is the most dangerous time of all for you."

She waved away the fear. "Who are those men on the terrace?"

Keble explained their mission. "I'd like you to decide for me."

She remembered an occasion when Keble had wished her to decide upon decorations for the Castle, and she had hurt him by her indifference.

As she sat thinking, her arms resting limply in her lap, Keble noted with a pang the absence of her old elasticity. She looked older, and tired. He had an impulse to get out of the boat and take

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her in his arms. He reflected that a man like Dare, in his place, would have scouted her precautions. But there was the baby to think of, and, — cautious men were cautious.

"I'm hesitating," Louise finally said, "only because I'm timid about deciding for you. But I don't mind saying that if you accepted and were successful the monkey and his grandfathers and I would be highly gratified."

Tears came to Keble's eyes, — an indiscretion which he lost no time in correcting. "Right-o! . . . Tell Dare how glad we are to know he's on the mend, and find out if there's anything he'd especially like. The people in Vancouver wrote that his ticket to Japan will be valid for a reservation on any later boat. . . . Good-bye, dear. Miriam and I will call again after dinner."

"Bring a volume of Swinburne if you think of it. We've been trying to recall some lines."

He promised, and she laughed to see him make a methodical note of it.

"Good luck!" she called out, as he started the engine.

"Thanks, old girl. Awfully decent of you to think I may have a chance."

"It's in your blood!"

"It's a dyed-in-the-wool Grit constituency," he deprecated. "And what isn't Grit leans towards the Progressive."

"I'd despise a victory I hadn't had to fight for!"

"I believe you would," he laughed, as though her militancy were one of her amusing caprices.

Miriam's unwieldy charges were drinking whisky and soda on the terrace, in preference to tea in the drawing-room.

"How's the patient?" she inquired.

"Able to sit up and take a little Swinburne," Keble reported with a truculence that wasn't meant to be as unkind as it sounded.

"Consulted the missus, have you?" inquired a business-like campaign manager.

"I have. The answer is in the affirmative."

Keble received a thump on the back that made him vividly conscious of the sort of thing he had now let himself in for. Could he thump, he wondered. The first attempt was not too great a success, but one would undoubtedly improve with practise.

"Now let's get down to tacks," said Mr. Goard, when further drinks had been consumed in honor of the event.

The delegates required a message to take back to party headquarters, and Keble dictated an outline of his political credo, the logic of which was warmed and colored in conformity with the ejaculated amendments of Pat Goard.

"Will that do the trick?" Keble finally asked.

"That'll do for a start," Mr. Goard replied, and Miriam went to transcribe her notes at the typewriter.

"Our best to the missus," said the manager half an hour later as he got into the car that had brought him to Hillside. "You couldn't have a better platform than *her*." Mr. Goard went on to express the opinion that it would be the "best fight ever put up," but added that "those birds took a lot of beating."

Keble promised to fight his hardest, and had a final word for the newspaper man. "Be sure to emphasize that it's a straight program of common-sense, — without flummery or mud-slinging or rosy promises that can't be fulfilled."

The editor acquiesced, but privately reserved the prerogative of serving up Keble's phrases at a temperature and with garnishings adapted to the Witney palate. He had seen elections won by lungs and knuckles.

"Well," Keble laughed on returning to Miriam's side. "That's done it! Do you remember the play *What Every Woman Knows?* You'll have to be Maggie Wylie and edit my speeches."

Miriam's tyrant exulted, but her honesty compelled her to say, "I doubt whether your supporters will appreciate my genius; it runs to neatness of copy and pluperfective subjunctives. Maggie Wylie put damns into her husband's speeches, and Louise is the only person who can find the Witney and Valley equivalents. Is there any occasion she can't rise to, for that matter?" This last remark was a trifle bitter.

In Keble's mind was an image of Louise sitting beside her patient, quoting Swinburne. "We'll submit our efforts to her," he agreed. "We'll pack Louise into an imaginary hall on the boat-slip, and I'll

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stand up on an imaginary platform and rant. Louise will be the proletariat and boo, clap, or heckle. Then we shall know where we stand."

"We are babes in the wood, you and I," Miriam observed, with a familiar sense of incompetence.

For days they collected statistics, held consultations with visiting politicians and office-seekers, wrote and answered letters, made rough drafts of speeches which were in turn delivered before the "vast audience of one" on the boat-slip. More than once Keble and Miriam, seated in the launch, glanced at each other in dismay as Louise tore their sentences limb for limb.

"It's beautiful *comme* argument," she once commented, "only it lacks drama. Remember, darling, you have to sway them, not convince them. Once you get inside the Assembly you may be as cool as a cucumber and as logical as Euclid, but if you wish the natives to *get* you there, you have to tickle and sting them! That argument about the neglected roads needs to be played up stronger. Picture the perils of taking your best girl for a Sunday drive from Witney to the Valley, and the horse getting mired and the off wheel starting an avalanche down the side of the Witney canyon and your best girl rolling down the hill to kingdom come; then suddenly turn serious and describe what decent roads would do for everybody, including yourself. Don't be afraid to make the farmers see that you yourself have something to gain. Show them how the reforms you advocate would stimulate your trade as well as theirs and increase the value of your property."

After this comment a detailed overhauling of the address in question was commenced, with Keble dictating and Louise insinuating metaphors in the local vernacular. Dare from his deck chair in the distance watched or dozed until the boat had departed.

"How is the campaign progressing?" he asked after one prolonged consultation.

"Splendidly. Keble and Miriam are up to their necks in statistics. They go to Witney to-morrow for a preliminary duster. . . . Papa says we'll be out of quarantine before election day."

Dare watched her silently for some time.

"Why do you always bracket their names? You seem to do it deliberately, as though it were a difficult phrase which you were bent on mastering."

"It may be."

"You can confess to me, you know. We've proved at least that."

She patted his hand.

"May I guess out loud?" he asked.

She nodded.

He paused to choose his words. "You feel that Keble and Miriam have grown to depend on each other in some way analogous to the way in which you and I depended on each other."

She did not deny it.

"With us, our relation flared up one day into a white flame which for you seemed merely to cast a light over your past and future, but which for me burnt in till I — began to rave."

Again she stroked his hand. Lines of fatigue showed in her face, and her eyes were fixed on the ground.

"For the sake of the good we had brought each other, you felt that when I, — the weaker of the two as it turned out, — collapsed, you owed it to me and to yourself to patch my life together again. You felt that we had gone into an expedition together, an intellectual expedition, and that one of us had succumbed to an emotional peril. Like a good comrade you stood by. When you had wrestled with the Angel of Death you made sure that the Angel of Life should have a fair field. When I was strong enough to realize what had made life too great a burden, you began tenderly, wisely, patiently to make me see that, even without the fulfilment of the greatest boon I had ever craved, life still held possibilities. You dug up all my old sayings, pieced together my damaged philosophy which had seemed sufficient in the days before the white flame burned my cocksure ideas to a crisp, and you made a more beautiful garment of it than I had ever succeeded in fashioning. You showed me how I could keep the fragrance of the flower without crushing the flower itself. You read me passages, God save the mark, from *La Nouvelle Héloïse* which a few years ago I would have dismissed with a snort, but in which you made me believe. You read me one of your early poems which bore to your present wisdom the relation of a chrysalis to a winged faith, and

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you ended by persuading me that my collapse merely marked the transition of my old chrysalis of a philosophy into something winged and courageous like yours, — a transition that cannot be accomplished without pain. . . . The patience, the love even, that you expended on me ended by making me see, as you intended it should, that this crisis, my overthrowing of my angel of selfishness, was a greater blessing than any blessing which could have grown out of a surrender on our part to the urge we both felt, — for you did feel it, too, I think. . . . You led me back to my own path by quoting the lines:

'In the world of dreams I have chosen my part,
To sleep for a season and hear no word
Of true love's truth or of light love's art,
Only the song of a secret bird.'

Your faith in me, — a generous faith that wasn't afraid of caresses, — was a faith in life, in human decency. And now you are extending it, on some generous impulse, to another quarter. I think I'm guessing right?"

Louise showed no wish to interrupt him, and he ventured on. "In the companionship of Keble and Miriam you see something which suggests an analogy with our relation. We had adventurousness to offer each other; they have inhibitions to share. You feel that interference on your part would deprive them of a right you have claimed yourself: their right to work out some problem of their own; just as interference in our case would have denied us a privilege of deep understanding and sacrifice." He paused for a moment. "That's my guess. Now may I offer a suggestion, for what it's worth?"

"Go on."

"You have one terrible weakness. In mending another's life you are infallible. You are less sure when it comes to taking care of your own. The thought that you might be prompted by selfish motives would be enough to make you refrain from interference. But have you the right to stand by and see two lives drifting on a course that might entail your own destruction? If you had been able to put yourself irrevocably into my keeping, that would have been one thing. But you weren't quite. At the same time you came far enough in my direction to jeopardize your old security. If you were to become lost, now, on no man's land, I should never forgive myself for letting myself be persuaded by you. . . . I've put an extreme case because I know you're not afraid of facing any conceivable contingencies."

"There's more in it than that," she finally replied, and her voice announced a maturity born of suffering. "Because it's a relationship for which I am responsible. If I were to get lost on no man's land, which isn't at all likely, it would be a direct result of my objection to trenches, and no one but myself could be made to pay the penalty of my recklessness. I brought Miriam here for my own reasons, and kept her here. Keble and I were traveling independently; for I couldn't resist dashing off his pathway whenever the mood seized me. The more liberties I took, the more obvious it became that Miriam and Keble had a similar gait. They were always *there*, together. I was glad for Keble's sake, and certainly, since I felt free to scamper about in any direction I chose, I couldn't deny him the right to the companionship of any one who could keep in step with him. People *have* to have companions.

"I have even been glad for Miriam's sake. Miriam gave me more than I asked of her. At times I must have got on her nerves. What had she by way of compensation? By way of penalty she had a gradual alienation from her old life. I could no more think of destroying her new sources of interest than I could think of destroying the new sources of interest to which she brought me the clue. The fact that Keble may have become the central figure of Miriam's new interests is an accident over which I have no control, just as the fact that you became a vital force in my new enthusiasms was an accident over which Keble had no control, over which no one but myself had any control, and not even I until I had learned its full significance. Life is an uncharted ocean full of such reefs; only fools try to sail through them; wise people sail *around* them. If I've learned anything in the last two years I've learned that freedom, like everything worth having, costs a lot; every great happiness is brought at the price of a great unhappiness. That's only fair. And I *won't* be niggardly. . . . When Keble and Miriam learn the full significance of their problem they will find their own solution.

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Human liberty means that, if it means anything. . . .

"You and I fought out our issue and came to our conclusion, which happened to be that our ways lie apart. You have the song of your secret bird. I have something equivalent, — though it doesn't exactly sing! If one has played the game according to one's own rules, and not cheated, — not enough to count, — then that in itself puts a sort of backbone into one's life. . . . At times a lot of horrid little devils come tripping up through me, tempting me to be cheap and jealous, to interfere, to kick and scratch, — oh, Mr. Dare dear, why do you let me say all these rubbishy things? I talk like a book of sermons to convince myself, but the real me is terribly wordless and weak and preposterous —"

She broke down, and Dare drew her head to his side, stroking her hair and patting courage into her shoulders.

2

Once Dare was safely on the high road towards recovery his progress was rapid. Before long he was able to walk into the maze of trails which led away from the end of the lake, and the day at length came when Dr. Bruneau lifted the ban.

Clad in fresh garments, Louise and Dare made a bonfire of the clothing and bedding and books from the cabin. "There go all the outlived parts of us," Dare commented as the flames leaped up into the frosty blue-gray morning air. "We'll be phoenixes. . . . I shall never be able to express my gratitude to you; a man has nothing to say to the person who has saved his life, any more than he has to say to the forces that originally gave life to him. He can only accept, marvel, venerate, and use!"

When the fire was low enough to be abandoned with safety, they turned towards the lake, sharing a sense of freedom and poignant exultation that could only find expression in a deep sigh. "There's no sign of the boat," Louise said. "Let's walk. We can take it slowly, and it's a glorious morning for walking."

It was; but Louise couldn't deny that it would have been pleasant to have been sought out, this particular morning, to have been called for and escorted back to the Castle. She would have warmed to some manifestation of extra thoughtfulness on the morning when all Hillside knew that she and Dare were to be released from their imprisonment. Besides, she was tired.

When, hand in hand, they reached the familiar short-cut across the meadow and saw the house standing out in cold sunlight from the base of Hardscrapple, Louise felt more keenly than ever before what a beautiful home she had possessed. The broad terraces and frost-nipped hedges, the withered flower stocks, the pretty hangings behind polished plate glass, the bedroom balcony with its tubs of privet, the smoke ascending from the chimneys, the perambulator standing outside the door of the sun-parlor, the road bending away towards the dairy and barns, — it all held associations for her sweeter than she would have admitted, and her sense of joy in possession was flavored with a sense of the precariousness of possession. She recalled one of her introspective phrases, that "it was inherent in the nature of charm that it couldn't be captured or possessed, — except in symbols or by proxy." How terrible it would be to find oneself in possession of symbols from which the charm had departed!

TO BE CONCLUDED

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Memoirs of the French Revolution — (*Continued from page 424*)

I have never in my life experienced a greater feeling of joy, and to my shame I must confess I was not even touched by the extreme grief of the passengers interested in the cargo. However, they were people who would give us over to the guillotine, and moreover, would lose only money by this event. Whereas our lives were assured. But I was deeply grieved for our poor captain, who was a foreigner, and not knowing a word of our language had no part in the misfortunes of our country. The *capitaine de prises*, who now took command of the *Fluygant*, was blind in one eye, lame, and disfigured by smallpox, but I found him as handsome as the day, and always addressed him as "*Mon cher* Mister Doe". He also took a great fancy to me as well as to Madame d'Auger and M. de Jumillac, and forbade his men to touch what belonged to us. When the other passengers heard that, many of them brought their money and jewels for us to keep. There was a secret place in the vessel where the captain of the *Fluygant* had hidden everything most valuable, and being very friendly with M. de Jumillac from the first, took him into the secret and allowed him to put in the same place the little money and silver we had brought with us. When he heard Captain Thomson say that he had no intention of seizing anything belonging to those unfortunate people who had lost everything in trying to escape death, he begged us to declare that the contents of the hiding place belonged to us. In this way M. de Jumillac was able to save his valuables for him.

The same evening we were taken we were met by a French privateer almost equal in strength to the English. The sight of this vessel caused very different emotions amongst us; as for me, I became discouraged for the first time and wept like a child. M. de Jumillac came quickly to my room and persuaded me to go up on deck and see the fighting, assuring me I would never have such an opportunity again. He laughed at my fright, telling me that Captain Doe had received orders to take us into the first Spanish port if he saw the *Fluygant* in danger. We stayed on deck two hours watching the engagement between the two privateers. They were both so well matched that the officers on our vessel could not decide which had the advantage. However, this equal struggle was not of long duration, for the winds and the rapid motion of the French vessel enabled her to save herself. The English vessel was between us and the French, but still we were near enough to watch the engagement, without any danger to ourselves. When the French were defeated, the joy of some of the people on our vessel vanished, and we had to restrain ours in order not to displease them.

The next day, when we heard what our fate was to be, new dangers seemed to beset us. Until now the winds had been against our going to America, but we did not know what other decision the captain had come to about us until the next day, when we were informed that we were to be taken to a small island called Monserrat, belonging to the English and inhabited only by pirates and vagabonds. Our former captain made some resistance, and tried to have us taken to a neutral port, but they threatened to have him put in chains, so he had to submit. As for me, the very idea of Monserrat filled me with grief. It seemed to me the end of the world, and once more I knew I would never be able to get away. Had I gone through so much only to reach this miserable place? No wonder I nearly lost all hope at the thought of so great a misfortune. The privateer was only to accompany us a certain distance, then leave us to ourselves, and return to England. This made me so afraid of falling into the hands of the French that I got M. de Jumillac to speak to the captain and beg him to take me on board his boat. But there were too many difficulties in the way of this arrangement, and I do not know what would have happened but for an event which decided our fate much sooner than we dreamed of. If this plan of mine had been carried out, I would probably never have set foot in Spain. My father who had the offer of a fine position in the Russian Navy would never have come here, my husband and my brother-in-law would certainly have gone into the same service, and perhaps all three of them would be alive now. When I think my going to Corogne influenced their fate, it gives me a heartache which nothing can assuage.

The next day they went to work and quietly opened all the papers concerning

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the *Fluygant*. M. de Jumillac acted as interpreter and prevented them from reading anything of a private nature. We were all sitting round our table, and several English officers were with us. A strong wind had been blowing for some time, but no one seemed in the least frightened. All at once we heard a fearful noise and exclamations of fright in English. Everybody in the rooms made a rush for the deck. The distress and confusion on all sides can only be understood by those who have gone through the same danger. A man named Guérin rushed into the room where we were, saying, "We are lost, we shall die." At such moments one is neither very kind nor very polite to mere acquaintances, so when Madame d'Auger threw herself on my neck and clung to me uttering exclamations of grief and crying aloud, "Oh! it has been predicted that I should die at sea when I was thirty-three years old," I repulsed her rudely. Then I ran up on deck and tried to save myself. I tore off my petticoat and a heavy wadded cloak, as well as everything about me which the passengers had confided to my care, and threw them on the floor with the hope that in this way I could save myself more easily. It would be impossible for me to tell you all that I suffered mentally during this time of fright. I can only remember that M. de Jumillac ran before me and pushed me back, saying, "They are cutting the masts, and you will run the risk of being killed on deck." In much less time than it takes me to dictate it, the masts, the sails, the yards, all fell down. In a minute we were separated from the privateer which dragged with her our masts, our torn sails, an anchor, and even our ship's boats. Indeed the storm was so great, neither boat could be managed.

When I went up on deck I saw the lights of the privateer like bright sparks in the distance. Both vessels made an effort to approach each other. At last the privateer, seeing that the *Fluygant* was badly damaged and taking in too much water, sent out two boats with sailors to assist us. Later in the night the captain came himself to judge of our condition and also to hasten the work. All the passengers even set to work, and helped the sailors to pump out the water. It was at this time that I asked M. de Jumillac still more earnestly to entreat Captain Thomson to take us on his vessel. He was so busy and anxious for fear his plunder would be lost, he would scarcely listen to the proposal. In the end, however, he assured M. de Jumillac that at the least appearance of danger he would take Madame d'Auger and me on his vessel. Moreover, if it became necessary to abandon the *Fluygant*, nobody would be lost, as he could save everyone with his boats.

After working some time it was decided that the three pumps were enough to keep the water from being dangerous, but the captain, judging from the number of holes our boat had that it could not stand the sea for more than two or three days, decided that it was best for us to retrace our steps, and enter the first port either of Portugal or Spain to which the winds would impel us.

Captain Thomson and M. de Jumillac came up and saw me cowering down and shivering in a corner of the deck. They entreated me to go into the cabin. I was sick and nervous, and had taken up my position near the pilot ready to jump into the boat if the *Fluygant* sank. The captain was much touched on seeing me, and in the midst of the confusion, the rapid movement, the babel of tongues around me, I saw a face so calm and sweet, so full of pity at seeing me in this state. He took me by both hands, raised me up most gently, and persuaded me to go down below. I heard him say several times, "Upon my honor," and M. de Jumillac explained to me that he was giving his word of honor that he would take me on board his vessel at the first appearance of danger. At last I yielded to his entreaties and let him help me down to the cabin, where I found poor Madame d'Auger in the same position I had left her, her head against the table weeping. Feeling now so much more calm and hopeful, since those cheering words from the captain, I read to reassure her. When he was leaving me to take a little rest I called back and said with great *empressement*, "Upon your honor, Captain?" "Yes, Madame, *upon my honor*." He said these words with so much kindness and affection that I went to bed immediately and slept quietly.

I had no idea a corsair could be so amiable. He was a man of about thirty-nine or forty with a pleasant face and very noble appearance. I heard afterwards from

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Captain Williams, Commander of the English frigate, the *Lizard*, that he was very well born and highly thought of in the Royal Navy for his courage, his talents, and also his refined and noble conduct, so different from ordinary corsairs. Captain Williams and his officers congratulated us upon falling into his hands, and told us we would not have been treated with the same consideration if we had been taken by the corsairs of Jersey or Guernsey who were real brigands.

But to return to that night. I pleaded with Madame d'Auger to go to bed, but in vain. She passed the night on a hard bench with her head against the table while I slept soundly until seven o'clock the next morning when I was awakened by a loud noise. At first I was frightened thinking it was a cry of danger, but it was the hurrahs of the people at the sight of land. Shortly after, Captain Thomson came to my berth to see how I was getting on and seemed much pleased at seeing me so calm. He drew out his watch and, pointing to twelve o'clock, said "Corogne or Feral, little wind but good wind, Madame." Then he pressed my hand and by another sign made me understand he would see me there at that hour.

Of all those on board, sailors, passengers, both men and women, I was certainly the one who feared death most, and yet I was the only one who went to bed that night and slept soundly until seven o'clock the next morning. I think my calmness was entirely owing to Captain Thomson's reassuring words and the confidence I had in him. We entered the port of Corogne about noon, just as the captain had predicted. Just as we arrived one of his boats approached, and three or four sailors came in bringing us delightful fresh bread. When we first met Captain Thomson, and he heard we had been deprived of bread for five months, he sent Madame d'Auger and me every day two small loaves baked on his vessel. But this, now sent, was the delicious bread made at Corogne, the best in Europe after Valladolid. The whole time we were at sea with him we fared well, for, besides the bread, he sent us two chickens every day, which we always shared with the other two women, and fresh biscuits for the passengers and sailors.

To understand and appreciate the pleasure that table full of bread gave, one must have suffered as the people of Bordeaux or have been at sea with us.

FOOTNOTE

After landing at Corogne, 14th March, 1794, Madame de Delage went to Madrid, where she had the comfort of being with her friend, Madame de Montijo. Her husband came to meet her there. Advised by the Duc de Havre that she could support herself more easily in England, she went to London where she eked out a very scanty support. She remained there until 1797, then determined to see again her mother and children. She went to Hamburg intending to get a passport through France, but it was impossible for an *émigré* to obtain one, and after a *traversé terrible* through Switzerland and Italy, she was again reunited to her mother. From there she returned to Madrid and did not go back to France until September, 1800. In the meantime her husband, having obtained from Spain a concession of land in Porto Rico, had gone there, and not long after had died of a violent fever. She never got to America, but after the Revolution of 1830 went to Baden, where she died in 1842. Her daughter Natalie was sent to America, under the protection of Madame Sénat, in 1793. Madame Sénat opened a school. Aaron Burr's daughter, Theodosia, one of the Livingstons, and some of the Edwards family attended the school, as well as Natalie Delage who remained in New York with Madame Sénat until 1801, when Mr. Livingston was appointed Minister to Paris. She was put under his care to return to her mother. On the same packet was Thomas Sumter, as attaché to the Legation. He fell in love with her and after much opposition from her mother, they were married in Paris the twentieth of March, 1802. After living in Paris a year, they returned to America and lived on Mr. Sumter's plantation in Sumter, South Carolina, until 1807, when he was appointed Minister to Brazil, and it was at Rio de Janeiro that her daughter, who afterwards became Mrs. John W. Brownfield was born. The Sumters returned to the United States in 1820 and, after visiting Madame de Delage in Paris, lived the rest of their lives in Sumter County.

THE END

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM *contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns*

Immigrant Gold

The local thumped along the Albany roadbed. It seemed, from the thumps, to strike about as many "air holes" as a sleigh on a thawing road. Thinking, and in no mood to be cheered even by the sight of a rubicund, white-haired Yankee conductor and an equally cheerful white-haired Yankee brakeman, I slipped back in my seat.

In never-ceasing panorama the Berkshires were marshaled past the slowly moving train; wood-crowned hills, rushing streams, nestling houses, prosperous villages, and always and ever the hills.

Occasionally the white-haired brakeman thrust his head in the door, and, as the train jerked unsteadily to a halt, called out, "Whoa, there!" and then withdrew his quizzical Yankee smile, which, like most things apparently increased in size from exercise.

A few passengers entered. Two took the seat in front of me, and two or three more took seats on the opposite side of the coach.

The brakeman's merry bawl, "Git up, there!" sounded through the car, and the train crawled on.

Before my eyes sat one of our problems of Americanization, clad in a brilliant purple gown, suggestive of recent immigration, and surmounted by an uncovered matronly head with tresses black and voluptuous as the deepest night and duskier than the coat of the man who sat beside her.

On and on rolled the train with its jangle and alarum and thumping. Slowly, resurgently, I became aware of a tone, an undertone, an overtone of sound encompassing all the train's din. It flowed in and out, bearing the confusion on its depth and uniting every sound in itself like the sea.

I was afraid to lift my head, — afraid in so doing to lose the majesty of that sea-like voice. Yet I did lift my head and descried the purple gown nearer to the black coat, the dusky, night-crowned hair surmounting a profile of full Greek, matronly beauty; and the wearer of the black coat with a book of modern Greek uplifted before his eyes.

Nearer inclined the dusky head, lower dropped the great voice until, in its tenderness of tone, it was as if a cool breeze murmured through apple boughs, and slumber streamed "from quivering leaves". Longing there was in that voice as of a maiden love-sick and hungry for her lover, her web broken with longing. Then came the tramp of feet. To reach her a shepherd lover was trampling the hyacinth under foot where it darkened the hillsides. On and on came the lover with splendid step, rhythm of all love's wings and winds and sandal-shod fleet feet. "What now is befallen me?" were the words which sounded not only upon my ears but in my heart. "What now is befallen me? What beauty would'st thou now draw to love thee? Who wrongs thee . . . ? For even if she flies she shall soon follow . . . and if she love not shall soon love, however late!"

Before my eyes the book closed, closed slowly, and the roll of the great voice ceased. The darkly crowned, uncovered

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head was lifted in silent understanding to the head of him beside her. So did they speak with no need of words, forgetful of all about them, and the jangling, jarring noises of the train, — noises forgotten, too, by me.

The train ran more slowly, striking, it would seem, more air holes than ever. Then it slowed down to a halt. He rose, and she rose, — I thought to go. But he stooped, uncovered his head and kissed her, first on one cheek, then on the other. After that he took her hand, and so, bowing princely in courtesy, bade her farewell. And she, queen with her uncovered head and purple immigrant gown, inclined her head and bade him farewell: And they parted.

From the rear end of the coach sounded the conductor's genial voice, "State Line! This is State Line!"

The brakeman thrust his head and his smile through the front door, then, looking behind him cautiously, offered his smile again and shouted with Yankee wit, "Same at this end!"

But what I wanted to know was whether ever again it could be the same at that end? Whether there had not been placed in my hands immigrant gold of beauty beyond all price? Whether some irreplaceable wealth had not crossed the sea to me in that book and in that purple gown?

JEANNETTE MARKS.

Mt. Holyoke College,
South Hadley, Mass.

Weeks to Boil

Page Fanny Farmer! Isn't there a new canning method called a "Hot Pack", — or is it "Cold Pack"?

Editor of THE FORUM:

In the account of the trials and tribulations of "Will Turner's Wife", in the July number of your always interesting magazine, I note this:

> "In the kitchen were a dozen jars of peas boiling. All the afternoon she had hurried to get them on boiling and done, but they still had an hour to boil!"

Thus is a mystery solved! Provided it was the same mess of peas that were doing all that boiling!

I am fond of canned peas, but for some time past those put upon my table have been so hard that mastication was difficult, — for a man of seventy-three at all events, though well equipped with teeth!

But Will Turner's Wife, or her chronicler, Ursula Trainer Williams, explains the trouble.

In my youth as a country boy I planted, cultivated, weeded, gathered, shelled, and cooked many a "mess" of peas. It was quite thoroughly drilled into me, in the manner customary in those days, that for young and tender peas twenty minutes boiling was amply sufficient, while forty at the outside sufficed for those that had neared the ripening stage. I learned that, like green corn, after a certain limit of time had passed, further boiling only tended to toughen and harden either vegetable. *Vide* almost any cook book, as well as experience.

So when I read of Will Turner's Wife boiling the peas "for hours", I understood at once the source from which my dealer doubtless derived the objectionable ones served to me.

Also I understood why Will himself might get peeved!

If I had ever tried anything of that kind on my stepmother I would most assuredly have been taught a lesson in cooking with a limber hickory switch, — as was the case when from pure mischief I once mixed some dry beans in the "hasty pudding" that I was preparing for supper!

Trusting the chronicler of the pea-boiling espisode will take this criticism in the same friendly spirit with which it is written,

G. F. WEEKS.

Washington, D. C.

"God in Man's Image"?

Editor of THE FORUM:

The best that can be said for M. Jules Bois's flippant treatment of Theosophy and its chief founder, H. P. Blavatsky, — as set forth in THE FORUM for May, — is that religion presented as light reading is perhaps preferable to its sentimental appeal.

Theosophy under the title of a specified religion is a misnomer. The ray of *Lux Orientis* shed some fifty years ago upon the West was declared to be a synthesis of all religions and at war with the spirit of none: rather was it designed to scrape

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away the accretions of dogma and to show the identity of truth underlying all creeds. True, there is to-day much sectarian Neo-Theosophy afield; but we can still go to the fountain-head and find in the writings of H. P. Blavatsky, notably in the *Secret Doctrine*, a coherent system of evolution linking up the Darwinian physical system with the psychological and spiritual teachings of the ancient East: restatements of fundamental tenets of belief in regard to the origin and destiny of man as old as humanity itself.

The inverted picture M. Jules Bois presents of a "new" doctrine of reincarnation offered as a substitute for the "old-fashioned heaven" will be met with a smile by anyone familiar with the beliefs and ideals of Asia. The "old-fashioned heaven" is, in fact, a mushroom growth beside the age-long belief in reincarnation held to this day by more than half the inhabitants of our globe. It demonstrates the logical working out of the law of cause and effect as applied to man's moral evolution. Having sown seeds of the earth earthy he returns to hoe that row and reap his crop just where it was sown, and not in any sublimated state alien to his consciousness. When he transfers his consciousness, and actually, instead of sentimentally, places his treasure in heaven, then only will he have destroyed the cause of rebirth. I should like to be shown an hypothesis that better explains the inequalities, seeming injustice, suffering, and sorrow, and the ingrained human tendencies of earth-life. But no one will consider reincarnation at all who has not rejected the monstrous assumption that all this is to be piled upon the divine will of a merciful God. Verily, man makes God in his own image, — no mere paradox if one looks back over history at the varying conceptions of deity.

The Worship of Human Gods, as a cult attributed to Madame Blavatsky, is neatly refuted in a published letter from that lady to Dr. Franz Hartmann. She writes from India in 1879 of manifestations and visits from her Himalayan Teachers, and speaks of the effect upon Olcott:

". . . . and several other fanatics who began calling them 'Mahatmas', and little by little the Adepts were transformed into Gods on earth. They began to be appealed to, and made *puja* to, and were becoming with every day more legendary and miraculous. Well, between this idea and Olcott's rhapsodies, what could I do? I saw with terror and anger the false track they were all pursuing. The 'Masters', all thought, must be omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent. . . . The idea that the 'Masters' were mortal men, limited even in their great powers, never crossed anyone's mind, though they wrote this themselves repeatedly. It was 'modesty and secretiveness', we people thought. 'How is it possible,' the fools argued, 'that the Mahatmas should not know all that was in every Theosophist's mind, and hear every word pronounced by a member?' That to do so, and find out what the people thought and hear what they said, the Masters had to use special psychological means, — to take great trouble for it at the cost of labor and time, — was something out of the range of the perceptions of their devotees."

The publication, in 1924, by Fisher Unwin, of *The Mahatma Letters to A. P. Sinnett* makes it puerile to attempt to represent these Great Souls as figments of the imagination. The logical necessity of a spiritually advanced and ever advancing humanity, of which such men are the product has been sensed by some of our Western thinkers. Thomas Huxley declared that:

"The assumption . . . that there could be no intelligence as much greater than man's, as his is greater than a black beetle's; not being endowed with powers of influencing the course of nature as much greater than his, as his is greater than the snail's, seems to me not only baseless but impertinent."

M. Jules Bois's theory that the self-delusion arising from the subconscious mind accounts for H. P. Blavatsky's inspiration, mark not so much his limitations as his deliberate aim. The hand that writes of the emancipation of modern thought as a "wildly tormented period", a hand that would show the clear thinking of all our scientists and philosophers, — Auguste Comte, Renan, Herbert Spencer, Haeckel, Darwin, and half a dozen others, — as giving a counsel of despair, looks

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remarkably like a hand that points to Mother Church as a refuge for furious thinkers. M. Bois plants by suggestion the idea that we had better quit speculation and fall back upon authority.

How lame, too, is his proposition that the policy of a trickster should be to attribute to other and higher Intelligences the credit for all she did and taught, — "Thus," he says, "merely adding to the confusion of troubled hearts and imaginations," though just how, or why, belief in an orderly advancement in the development of latent human powers should have this effect we do not gather. Certainly it is not usual for clever adventurers to forswear personal fame and gain, nor do they commonly work with untiring devotion and against heavy odds of poverty and ill-health, to enlighten their fellow men, as did H. P. Blavatsky up to the day of her death. M. Bois's attempt to add a little sweetness to his judgments is marred by the curious standard of honesty it reveals, — as when he thinks Madame Blavatsky not quite a fraud, after representing her as having faked Mahatmas!

The main object of her work, — the promotion of Universal Brotherhood, — he treats as negligible, and cites instead phenomena as part and parcel of the "religion" of Theosophy. That all phenomena are in accordance with Nature's laws, — laws understood and manipulated by those whose lives and consciousness are in harmony with them, — may not catch the imagination of the curious and the devout whose dogmas are founded on miracle, but it is nevertheless the occult explanation as given by H. P. Blavatsky.

To give phenomena as mere illustrations of the story whose theme is ethics of a rare order is not so dramatic as to state boldly at the expense of veracity, as M. Jules Bois does, that necromancy was part of the stock-in-trade of Madame Blavatsky. Her grave and repeated warnings against the necromatic practises of Spiritualism, her showup of the hypnotic experiments of her day, — the Charcot-Richet vogue, — as sheer Sorcery, may even account for the bias of M. Bois's mind; for, on turning to the little sketch of him as a FORUM contributor, one finds he has no scruple about subjecting the will of a fellow-being in the trance state to do the will of the hypnotizer, — all in a good cause, of course! But who determines the purity of motive? And where may such undetectable power end?

HILDEGARD HENDERSON.

Victoria, B. C.

The Downfall of Pegasus

Editor of THE FORUM:

I am tired! Tired of stale lies parading in the vivacious, spicy-perfumed clothes of modern, sophisticated satire. I hate hypocrisy and religious pride as cordially as any poet of the martyred truth can. But when that same poet directs his "arrows, even bitter words" against some deed of our forefathers that never happened, I feel like suggesting that that poet alight from Pegasus and consult an encyclopaedia.

All of which is anent Leslie Nelson Jennings, in the July FORUM, building an impassioned appeal for liberty on the falsehood that witches were burned at Salem. In 1692–3, nineteen witches were *hanged* at Salem, one was crushed, and several had been hanged at earlier dates. But a witch was never burned on New England soil.

One regrets the repetition of this untruth by ignorant people, but it is hard to pardon when it is made the false fulcrum for so powerful a poetic lever as Mr. Jennings uses, and when THE FORUM prints it.

MARY HUNTER MOORE.

Nashville, Tenn.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I hope that you will give emphatic publicity to the present protest which I send regarding Mr. Leslie Nelson Jennings's spirited ballad, published in the July FORUM, and entitled "The Burning". Mr. Jennings is apparently a young writer, and it is a pity to find that the old cruel error as to the "Salem Witchcraft" still pursues its merry way from generation to generation. Just how this mistake arose is the wonder to me. Born and bred in Salem, and coming from a family which was established there long years before the terrible witchcraft delusion took place, I, of course, have always been familiar with the tragic history as it really happened, and I have been amazed to find how widespread is the later delusion that the

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victims of that terrible miscarriage of justice were burned. There was never a witch-burning in Salem. These poor women were hanged, and one man, the so-called wizard, Giles Corey, was pressed to death. The thing is bad enough, as it is; it is an indelible stain on Salem, and it has always been a source of mortification to me, and to other Salem people, that the historic tragedy has been so commercialized, and figures of witches worked into fancy souvenirs, and sold to tourists.

All that can be said in extenuation is that we were no worse than our fellows in the mother country at that time; the belief in witchcraft and demonology was rife in the British Isles also. Again and again denials and refutations of the assertation that the "witches" were burned have appeared in the press, but they seem to have no effect whatever; none the less the fact remains, — the so-called witches were hanged, on Gallows Hill, a place which still retains its sinister name, and which, up to within a comparatively recent day, still held a sort of grim isolation.

ELIZABETH NICHOLS CASE.

Hartford, Conn.

Mr. Slosson Speaks to Mr. Bryan

Editor of THE FORUM:

In the July FORUM Mr. Bryan makes the following reference to me:

> "On the contrary, the only active force discovered on this planet, as pointed out by Edwin Slosson, is deterioration, decay, death. All the formulæ of chemistry are exact and permanent. They leave no room for the guesses upon which evolutionists build other guesses, *ad infinitum*. Take water, for instance; it must have been on the earth before any living thing appeared, because it is the daily need of every living thing. And it has been H_2O from the beginning, whether found in the sea, the clouds, or the veins of the earth. Every one of the millions of changes of species imagined by the evolutionists have taken place, — if they have taken place at all, — since water came upon the earth. But water has not changed: neither has anything else ever changed, so far as nature has revealed her processes to man."

Dear Mr. Bryan:

I am much pleased to learn that you have found anything of interest in my *Creative Chemistry*. It was very kind of you to write me in regard to it.

There is no better field than chemistry for observation of the workings of the laws of nature, — which might better be called the laws of God. I have no sympathy with the sentimental worship of nature which pervades so much of our literature and theology at the present time. It seems to me that the modern scientific and the older religious views are in this case identical, that is to say, it is the duty of man to utilize the forces of nature for his own purposes and so continue the creative work to the best of his ability.

I do not think that you can get an argument against the evolution of living beings from inanimate nature. It is true that, according to the second law of thermodynamics, the usual trend of chemical and physical processes, and apparently of the universe, as a whole, is toward degradation and dissipation of energy, but these are accompanied by the development of higher and more complicated forms, as Herbert Spencer showed many years ago in his *First Principles*. Even in chemistry some indications of such an evolutionary process are discernible, for although the chemical elements are remarkably stable and persistent, they are not, as was formerly supposed, immutable. Radium breaks down spontaneously into helium and lead, and by utilizing the fragments of helium that are torn off from radium Professor Rutherford has been able to break up the atom of nitrogen into helium and hydrogen. These are all instances of the breaking down of larger and more complex atoms into simpler and smaller atoms. But the reverse or building-up process seems to be taking place in the stars. The light from the hottest stars shows in the spectroscope the lines of the lightest and simpler elements of hydrogen and helium. In stars that have cooled down more, like our sun, heavier elements, such as carbon, magnesium, calcium, iron, and the like, make their appearance. It is thought now that all the ninety-two chemical elements may be built up out of hydrogen atoms as units by some process of combination through the action of resident forces. Where the cooling process has gone further, as in such bodies as the earth, the elements unite to form compound molecules and these to form complex crystals and rock masses. I do not myself see why the process of evolution

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should not continue along similar lines to the formation of living organisms. Such a theory of evolution could, as you say, be as well theistic as atheistic.

EDWIN E. SLOSSON,
Director of Science Service.
Washington, D. C.

From the Editor's Window

Editor of THE FORUM:

The view from your window does resemble the architecture of the great Amerind cultures. It has the lines, the proportional bulk not only of the ancient communes of Central America, but of the existing pueblos here in New Mexico.

I think the impression such architecture gives is rooted in the very nature of its origin, for it springs from a society in which the community is more than the individual, in which the ideal of the community is made out of the voluntary cohesions of many minds. Such a building is the very form and substance of the group thinking, and group effort which produced it to house, not the King or the Overlord of the spirit, but the very spirit of the community.

I am not sufficiently acquainted with the varieties of Amerindian architecture to say to which of our ancients its specific type should be attributed. All of them ran to flat roofs and squared walls, crowned with pyramids on the upper one of several terraces. The pyramid is probably the oldest form since, where used, it almost always indicates that the building was dedicated to religious use.

The dwelling houses were terraced up flat and straight-sided, as far as their building material permitted them to go. Here in New Mexico we have house clusters built of mud brick seven stories high.

MARY AUSTIN.
Santa Fé, New Mexico.

Editor of THE FORUM:

The last few years have probably been the most strenuous for American architects that have ever existed in the world's history.

American architects have stood up manfully under the test. They have turned out work that is a credit to a most remarkable degree. They have evolved principles and have turned these into laws eliminating as far as a law can the selfishness and greed of one landowner. Setback architecture is here, but in the great demand that clients have made to produce their buildings quickly, in the great investment and interest charges carrying on, and the speed, therefore, that is absolutely essential, they have been compelled largely in spite of themselves to carry their motives for decoration from European styles of architecture.

The European styles of architecture were without exception horizontal compositions, whereas the American conception is a vertical composition, and temperamentally they are not really harmonious or congenial with the American disposition.

The effect of this strain is evidenced by the appalling loss of the members of the profession that have been taken away this year. Arnold Brunner, one of the fathers of City Planning, Trowbridge, the designer of the Altman store, the Bankers Trust Company, and the Morgan Building; Bertram Goodhue, perhaps the greatest ecclesiastical artist America has ever had; and Henry Bacon the designer of the Lincoln Memorial. Now Donn Barber has been called away, and in every case these were comparatively young men. What does all this mean?

The work that is being done in America is magnificent, but it is largely transplanted European architecture. Never has the world had an opportunity like America's to do her original work and create her own styles as it has to-day, and I am afraid we are letting it slip. Once the billions that are now in the course of expenditure on the most important sites in New York City have been used up there will not be another building era of the same colossal altitude come up for perhaps fifty or a hundred years.

ALFRED C. BOSSOM.
New York, N. Y.

Vindication of the Gods?

Editor of THE FORUM:

How dramatically Heaven spoke to both Religion and Science on the afternoon of June 25, when lightning shattered the cross atop St Patrick's Cathedral and the granite sphere on the Museum of Natural

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History in New York City! Was it mere coincidence that the seat of Fundamentalism and the home of Science were simultaneously struck? Or was it judgment, — a voice from Heaven protesting against our misinterpretation of life temporal and eternal? Or was it prophecy, — a warning, as the Revelation to St John, that this first heaven and this first earth shall pass away? Perhaps it is true, as Don Seitz claims, that the crown of achievement, not the cross of humility, is the real symbol of Christianity.

Let us hear from Mr. Bryan and Dr. Osborn. They may have some illuminating explanation.

M. E. Holmes.

New York, N. Y.

Catholicism Self-Contained

Editor of The Forum:

The interesting and, in several instances, able letters on Americanism and the Catholic Church that have appeared in your magazine must make every Catholic grateful to you, — especially in view of the fairness with which you have kept the ring. We could ask for nothing better than an open and equal discussion, for we know that the very general hatred of the Church is usually based upon ignorance. There must be millions of men who would run, were they once allowed to see what the Church really is, with a cry of joy and with the sort of startled recognition that great poetry compels, into her waiting arms.

As to Americanism: I am not an American, but an Englishman, though I have lived in this country for seven years. Yet it is perhaps an advantage in this discussion; for, as I have been accustomed to hear that obedience to the spiritual authority of the Pope is anomalous in any sturdy Englishman, I am not surprised to find an echo of Dean Inge's words in Mr. Chapman's mouth. But what is Americanism? If the definitions of Ku Kluxery (and Mr. Chapman) be accepted, undoubtedly there can be no association between the Republic and the Church. But the question is really idle; the Faith is neither American nor un-American; it is Catholic. It demands, in spiritual and moral matters, an obedience which must be absolute, because paid to God. This obedience can never, so long as governments respect their natural function, clash with the obedience owed the state. If it should happen, in America or anywhere else, that the secular authority should encroach upon the spiritual, the secular authority would be resisted. If that is called un-American (or un-English) I cannot help it. It is Catholic and it is inevitable logic.

Theodore Maynard.

San Mateo, California.

Editor of The Forum:

Mary Dixon Thayer complains because Mr. John Jay Chapman has the charity to believe that many Roman Catholics are ignorant of what is being done by their Church, and of what it stands for and upholds.

We admit the right of Mary Dixon Thayer to speak for herself in the matter, and from now on we will assume that she is fully cognizant of all the teachings and practises of the authorities of the Roman Church, and that she is in full accord with them. To claim that the same is true of the mass of the members of that Church, however, would be folly.

From the number of citations which Mr. Chapman makes from the Syllabus of Errors, Miss Thayer selects as vulnerable number Fifteen, as showing him in error by claiming that its statement to the effect that it is an error to teach that each man may adopt and profess the religion he believes to be true according to the light of reason, has no general application, and was to apply "only in the particular and definite sense imparted to it by a Peruvian priest: so that it really applies only in the sense in which Vigil understood the fifteenth thesis."

How fine! How very convenient! Then the value of the command depended not upon its plain and evident meaning, but upon what Vigil understood it to mean.

What a dependable command to embody in a code of laws! If the view which Miss Thayer takes is correct, then that particular "error" should have died with Vigil.

Until Miss Thayer is prepared to deny the teaching of Pope Leo XIII she had better drop the matter of the Peruvian priest.

F. D. Cummings.

New York, N. Y.

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—*Keats*

The reviews in this department are contributed by readers of THE FORUM *and are, with very few exceptions, unsolicited. Payment for all reviews accepted is at the rate of fifteen cents a line. On the manuscripts submitted please indicate price of volume discussed, as well as name of author and publisher. The Editors cannot promise to acknowledge or return manuscripts of all the reviews found unavailable for publication. Only manuscripts which are typewritten will be read. Reviews must not be over 300 words in length, and those of 100 words are especially desired.*

Prickly With Wit, Glittering With Wisdom

SERENA BLANDISH, *or The Difficulty of Getting Married,* by A Lady of Quality (Doran, $2.50) is hardly a book for a spinster to review, — or for that matter to read. For if she is a feminist whose attitude towards the married has been one of aloof non-participating tolerance, Serena may act as a challenge, precipitating, possibly, a demonstration; whereas if she is the sure-to-marry type, where spinsterhood is just a preliminary phase, this book may encourage her in her laziness, may stretch her non-marital condition into permanence. All of which might do queer things to the Population Problem, — if any. For the burden of the story is that every woman and no man wants to marry; that for a girl to accomplish matrimony is incredibly difficult, and not to be achieved by effort, only by accident. Whether the aim be to marry brilliantly upwards, as in the case of the poor, beautiful, and accessible heroine, or comfortably downwards, as in the case of the Duke's daughter, the most heart-rending efforts are unavailing. There is only Chance to depend upon.

Chance, however, even in this ironic volume, is no misogynist. For the ending provides or promises wedding bells to all the principal females, with one exception. And who knows, even she, had she waited a bit, might have drawn a different colored blank! For "every young woman born," reflects Serena, "may by chance find herself, at a word from a stranger, transplanted, transported, ruined, or offered a fortune. It is possible at a bound to become the wife of a convict; a commoner has been known to become the wife of a king: we find our way, like the changing penny, into the most astonishing pockets, and life may hold for us anything or nothing. . . . Little can be got by one's own efforts, and nothing by one's merits, and at any moment, and for no reason, a man may hold out his hand and invite us to share his glory."

Lest the men, reading this review, hasten to buy the book in order to enjoy a picture of themselves as the target of all feminine desire, I must hasten to warn them. Husbands are wanted, yes, and at any cost. "Though it is better to marry young, best to marry a rich man, next best to marry a distinguished man, it is better to marry a crossing sweeper than

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not to marry at all." Though men are presented as greatly *desired*, they are not especially desirable. The male reader will find many pricks, and little balm in this book, and at its end will flee from its portraits of his co-males, to comfort in a general prayer of thanks that he was not born a woman. With perhaps an appendage of gratitude for the kind hearts and generosities of the Serena Blandishes.

It is not only to marriage and sex that the Lady of Quality applies her sharp sapience. "How pleasant," yawns Serena, as the more or less successful ending approaches, "is popularity. Poverty and failure produce no good-will, but with a little triumph, a little success, one can purchase something very like kindness." Anent wealth, too, there are sage observations. "'To those who are very rich,' reflected Serena, 'it seems heaven to buy a little dress cheap.' She did not know how tired each section of society grows of itself, how each longs, like a coster girl on a Bank Holiday, to try on the hat of the other. . . . 'If I were rich, how well I now would know how to please those around me. What presents I would give, waterproofs to princesses, and vain and frivolous silks to poor girls who have no waterproofs.' But she was wrong. For had she been rich she would have entered a complicated, charitable, and indebted forest from which the desires and needs of her late companions would appear a smoky and receding haze drifting ever more vaguely behind her." And again, "The longing of the poor for nothing short of the best is sometimes overwhelming."

It is not the theme nor the story of *Serena Blandish* which makes you finish it at a sitting. These are but the thin strands on which glittering wit and wise satire are strung. The Lady of Quality out-sophisticates Michael Arlen, and in her biting but not bitter, — say, rather, sweet-toothed, — irony she is ink-sister to Aldous Huxley of *Antic Hay*.

VIOLA PARADISE.

New York, N. Y.

The Writing Game

If we are interested in reading or writing at all, a little book on composition just published, WRITING BY TYPES, by Albert C. Baugh, Paul C. Kitchin, and Matthew W. Black (Century, $1.00) should make a certain appeal to us. For although it is primarily a book for college students of literature, the basis of its appeal is one bound to be general; i. e., that nothing enables a person better to appreciate any work of art than trying to produce one himself. This basic contention of the writers, three young Assistant Professors of English at the University of Pennsylvania, needs only to be put in practise to be proved. Even if a reader who tries the experiment comes out of it with nothing but an increased understanding of literary art, he cannot feel that the attempt has been in vain. The probability is that he will thoroughly enjoy the adventure.

It is evident that the book is written by men who not only understand the "amateur point of view," but who can effectually interest and stimulate the seasoned writer. The fifteen "types" are discussed in the form of straight talks that clear up much muddle about technique. One is made to realize, for instance, that the Critical Essay, instead of being a thing of terror, should be "as absorbing as gossip." And under the suggested handling, the Familiar Essay becomes really almost necessary to complete the enjoyment of precious moments of leisure, spent in easy chairs before open fires, — the only required formality being that it should anchor one to a central theme ranging all the wide way from trivialities of close-gripping, everyday interest to great questions over which one's serious imagination likes to brood.

The chapters on the Feature Article, the Editorial, the Interview, the Business Letter, are practical, invaluable and, — wonder of wonders, — of genuine, novel interest. To every man whose voice is raised in public or private life, the advice on Informal Argument and the After-dinner Speech should be a godsend, and should do much to rescue his hearers from unnecessary boredom.

The chapters on Parody and on Satire and the four dealing with fiction, — the Dialogue, the Local Color Study, the Character Sketch, and the Episode, — are so written that they are a triumph for humorous treatment of serious subjects. They wake up the reader's enthusiasm and start unexpected thoughts in a fascinating way.

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Bernard Shaw says to Mr. Henderson, — as quoted recently in THE FORUM, — "A man's sense of humor should prevent him from believing impossibilities." Inversely then we may deduce that to stir a man's sense of humor into life is to help him to believe and accept possibilities that are new to him. Certainly the handling of this delightful little book puts us in the mood to assent to its statements. "Usually," Shaw declares, again to Mr. Henderson, "it takes a tremendous lot of talking and writing to bring experience into clear intellectual consciousness;" therefore we should be grateful to Messrs. Baugh, Kitchin, and Black for the truly astonishing ease and brevity with which they have, through a humorously serious medium, given us a new language in which to discuss and think of subjects as old as literature itself.

ELIZABETH STANLEY TROTTER.
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Way of the Poet

How modern verse thrives in spite of manifold discouragements is one of the problems answered by the publication of THE WAY OF THE MAKERS, by Marguerite Wilkinson, (Macmillan, $3.00). The poets, indeed, seem to be less easily frustrated than the artists; they find satisfaction in the appreciation of circles that are rarely large, and they are sustained by the intrinsic joys of creation, experienced by the poets in a relatively pure and absolute manner. These poets for the most part conserve the attitude signified in sport by the term *amateur*, and if people generally were taught to draw and paint with the same degree of physical ease with which they write, the average performance might improve. At any rate an improvement in ability to distinguish between the truly free and the mere fake might result.

The author of this volume, herself a poet, is an interesting opposite to Conrad Aiken. In him the analytical and critical faculty at times threatens to extinguish the poet; some of us fancy that his critical gift is so far superior to his creative that he might well devote himself exclusively to criticism. But Marguerite Wilkinson even in her short introductions to the several divisions of her subject in this book retains a high sincerity, an earnest attachment to passionate convictions that is expressed in more lovely fashion in her verse.

As the author and compiler of this volume says: "My book is not made for scholars, but for men, women, and children who may wish to know more about their poets, — how they feel, think, live, and labor. I have made it for the young students of poetry who would like to discriminate between the great and the brilliant, between the sublime and the specious." The general heads of her treatment include topics such as the poetic nature, the poet's travail, the primary and secondary inspirations, and similar matters. After introductions of quite personal character, each of these subjects is illustrated by excerpts from the verse and criticism of the masters of English poetry, whom alone the author studies in this book.

Thus, in addition to well known critical dicta, *The Way of the Makers* preserves some highly significant statements in a place where their importance may be more generally recognized. I have in mind such passages as a Conversation between Plato, Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Richard Wagner, by Babette Deutsch, debating the ever-urgent problem of how the poet can be assured of proper public recognition and support. Notable statements by William Butler Yeats and by A. E. (George Russell) are introduced also. Among the materials supplied by the author herself the pages on The Poet's Travail and Concerning Fame will most amply establish her fine sincerity and steadfast devotion to what she, supported by the great traditions of English verse, feels to be genuine poetry.

She cites the examples of St Francis, Homer, and our contemporary Vachel Lindsay as aids in solving the question of how the poet is to gain a livelihood, and inclines to the belief that their answer, — the highway, — may be the final answer after all. She asserts that; "It is a greater thing to sleep on the rude earth than to toss in a hotel bed paid for by people to whom poetry is nothing but one more way of being entertained. It is a better thing to eat berries under a bush than to exhibit your personality intimately in fifteen minutes to five hundred people for the sake of sharing their elaborate repast and

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perhaps making them wish to buy a few more books." A. PHILIP MCMAHON.
New York, N. Y.

Ballads from Maine

It has been said that all true poetry must have a popular origin; that it must originate with, and be approved and enjoyed by, the common people. Many have written of the pleasure they have found in listening to the unwritten poetry of the ballads sung in small communities of the Old World, the poetry which finds its way to the most isolated peasant home. Hélène Vacaresco heard the songs of the Roumanian people, hiding in the fields to catch the harvest songs, listening at village parties, taking the songs down as they were repeated by peasant women, gypsies, and other humble folk who knew and treasured the community verse which, in some cases, was handed down from parent to child for generations.

In a like manner has Roland Palmer Gray, in our land, listened to the songs which he has collected and published under the title of SONGS AND BALLADS OF THE MAINE LUMERJACKS. (Harvard University Press, $2.50.) Many of these were taken down as woodsmen sang or recited them. Some of them have been traditional in Maine for more than fifty years. Some are known in far distant States, and at least one has crossed the sea and is known in Scotland. The exact origin of these songs is often uncertain; but the manner in which many of them were first produced is thus described by a lumberman:

"Well, something happens. Then, at night, when the fellows are gathered around the fire, some one, who can sing better than the rest, starts a song, and the rest chip in . . . often aiding by adding a word here and there, sometimes a line or more."

Mr. Gray says of these songs in his *Introduction:* "Elemental emotions and simple interests, brave deeds, adventure, work, joy, sorrow, love, life's romance, life's tragedy, — these are the burden of their (the lumberjacks') songs. . . . Thoroughly human, they touch all hearts."

Having been produced by "common folk," surely all such should enjoy them.
LESLIE H. PHINNEY.
Springfield, Mass.

In Maya Land

For the one person who knows that adventure is a purely intellectual experience there are ten who think it is a physical matter of hardships and pleasure anywhere away from *Here*. Dr. Thomas Gann publishes a diary of archaeological exploration in Yucatan with all the raw verisimilitudes of trail and coast line in a book he calls IN AN UNKNOWN LAND (Scribner's, $5.00) and adds to his Odyssey an occasional dissertation on the history of the ancient Mayas, on the methods of deciphering their dates, and on the reasons for the downfall of their civilization.

Dr. Gann set out from Belize in the *Lillian Y.* with an assorted crew in company with Sylvanus G. Morley, of the Carnegie Institution, and John Held Jr. On the journey up and around the peninsula, stops were made wherever there were ruins to be mapped and photographed. Especially Tuluum was gone over thoroughly: this is the city facing the sea which Grijalva in 1518 compared to Seville in Spain. This important ruin has until recently been closed to exploration by Mayas who rebelled in 1844 and still enjoy a measure of jealously guarded freedom.

Little fault can be found with Dr. Gann's general summary of Maya history, although he sometimes makes light of problems which are really dark and rests heavily on vague legends. But archaeology only gives the bones of history, and the flesh must be added by some device or other. The account of the famous calendar and of the remarkable hieroglyphs in which dates are recorded on so many monuments goes about as far as the reader will follow. An error of about 260 days in the transcription of the dates tends to conceal their inner significance.

Photographs add to a realism which already is almost journalistic, and the only regret is that the finest works of Mayan art did not come within the purview. But the route along the east coast of Yucatan and into the northern interior did not touch any of the great cities of the First Empire. All in all, the later centres of Mayan civilization, including Chichen Itza and Uxmal, have ample description. But not to touch Copan or Palenque is to

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do Greece without a visit to Athens and with no glimpse of the Age of Pericles.

HERBERT J. SPINDEN.

Cambridge, Mass.

"Higher Americanism"

There was in the United States until the twentieth century an American culture unique, idealistic, and brilliantly promising. During the past twenty-five years there have been determined attacks on this culture from many quarters in the country, covert and insidious at first, but steadily growing in daring and vehemence. These assaults have their source in the vast tide of immigration which for so many years was allowed to enter unchecked. Out of this, our most critical national problem has arisen. Is our American system to be overwhelmed and obliterated by the embattled foreignism now camped within our gates?

Professor William McDougall dissects this question with keen insight in his new book, THE INDESTRUCTIBLE UNION (Little, Brown, $2.50). He finds it an open question whether the population will break up into foreign groups, regionally separated, though perhaps maintaining a semblance of national unity, or continue as heretofore one people unified by a solid amalgam of culture, ideals, and sentiment. Should the former course be taken, "we may look forward to a thousand years of bloody conflicts between races and nationalities" in a Balkanized America, he warns.

Many tell us that the huge floods of immigrants have so hopelessly submerged the older American type that it cannot avert this catastrophe. McDougall is more optimistic. He believes that the American system will win and save national unity if our new policy of restricting immigration is vigorously sustained and extended.

Americans must cease to be passive, however, and must organize to defend and perpetuate their priceless heritage. Professor McDougall's book is a notable contribution to this cause of higher Americanism against the forces of foreignization and disunion which are menacing us to-day.

MORRISON I. SWIFT.

Boston, Mass.

American Idealism

What are these ideals which the one hundred per cent American stands for anyway? The least concerned over the answer, which should reduce a very troublesome abstract subject to the concrete, is the self-appointed guardian of the "traditions" and "fundamentals" which (it is claimed) our forefathers bequeathed us. When sweeping condemnations are the rule; when the cry of "radical", "Red" and "Bolshevist", is as easily raised as it is to-day; when sincere and erudite individuals are arbitrarily classed as "Socialists"; when the oppressions of the majority are becoming more numerous; when, for convenience, catch terms have been substituted for thought; then it is time to pause and examine the things for which we so stoutly stand. Too often the abuses are the result of emotional mouthings of the ignorant and the prejudiced. Is it not patent that some crystallized notion of the real character and principles of the American nation be inculcated in these well-meaning but over-zealous obstructionists? Patriotism is no exception to the trite, but nevertheless true, saying that any virtue carried to an excess may well become a vice. It is a subject which must be handled with gloves because in some quarters it is tending toward the latter.

In order to disseminate the antidote it is suggested that the Gideons place a copy of Gustavus Myer's THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN IDEALISM (Boni & Liveright, $3.00) with every unit of the American Legion, Klu Klux Klan, and other rapidly multiplying patriotic organizations of the same kidney. It will assist in the crystallization process, in distinguishing the relative importance of mummery and constitutional principles. It will assist the hundred percenter in distinguishing the stealthy agent of the Third Internationale from the learned gentleman who believes we have the finest country in the world but never-the-less is earnestly searching for means of making it a better country to live in,—in short who believes man and civilization have not reached the highest state which they may attain. And it is important that people learn to make the distinction, for to mistake their man is more cruel than physical torture or incarceration, and if anyone is guilty of "Un-

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American" conduct it is the shortsighted, if well meaning persecuter.

In an interesting fashion Mr. Myers covers concisely the entire period from the first settlements down to the present time, tracing separately the struggle for religious freedom; Monarchy challenged and extinguished; Aristocracy entrenched and overthrown; the making and breaking of the monopoly of Learning; Slavery established and uprooted; American Art; Liberty for other lands; Self-governing principles, and other subjects of vital interest to every American.

His optimism carries him too far at times, and one gathers the impression that he partakes of the nature of the reformer. This is best illustrated under "Strengthening of Moral Forces". He is never profound and he is at his best when chronicling historical data, with conclusions omitted. In many places he claims a national feeling upon subjects to which few people have given a thought, and which were the utterance of a single man in high office or of some limited group. Several times, indeed, he goes so far as to quote from the Congressional Record, and he particularly favors the Senate, a body which has long since lost caste. Without a doubt he attributes altruistic motives to the great mass of people who were never conscious of them. The book cannot offend the most profound professional patriot. There is always an innuendo that every national move was actuated by altruistic motives.

Although this book will present nothing new to students it is well worth reading, and as has been said, is "a wonderful prescription for pessimists" as well as for hundred percenters.

A. V. JUNKIN.

St. Paul, Minn.

The Humanness of Apes

A book significant for the scientist and yet thoroughly interesting and readable for the layman is something of an event in the publishing world. Such is Wolfgang Köhler's THE MENTALITY OF APES (Harcourt, Brace, $4.50). Perennial charm of nature study anecdotes is here mingled with scientific observation and experiment. The current stir over evolution, moreover, lends interest to any account of the nature of our nearest animal cousins.

For the scientist, of course, there has been for long no question that the minds of men and of the animals are much alike. But where Thorndike and the school he represents make of human insight and intelligence a slightly more complex sort of trial-and-error, Köhler finds that much apparent stupidity in the animals conceals a very genuine insight. Instead of reducing the higher thought processes to the lower, he finds that many of the acts which seem to be "lower" really involve quite acute intelligence. His chimpanzees, which he observed intimately under fairly natural conditions for several years, definitely succeeded in solving problems, not by blind "monkeying" about until they stumbled onto the solution, but by a real understanding of the situation. These apes are certainly more clever than scientists have given them credit for; perhaps men are also.

This is, of course, a perennial professional squabble, but it is one in which the layman takes a lively interest. The book is also a significant contribution to the new psychology of "form" which is so sweeping the German laboratories. This is a highly technical issue; but it is never intruded in a way to trouble the non-professional reader.

Instructive parallels with human behavior, especially primitive and childish behavior, abound. Fads and fashions sweep the monkey house just as they do Paris. For weeks a certain activity will preoccupy them only to be incontinently dropped. Play and work are usually not separated, but occasionally well differentiated play is seen in contexts where it is quite completely divorced from the work motive. They fish for ants to eat, "squatting side by side along the ants' pathway, each armed with a straw or twig like anglers on a river's bank," yet a few feet away whole columns of ants can be enjoyed with one flick of the tongue. Bodily adornment clearly gives great pleasure and is spontaneously adopted. United effort, even involving a considerable division of labor, is fairly common, but there seems to be nothing which can be called mutual aid, let alone altruism. Each joins in the activity in the manner suggested by the situation as it develops, and entirely

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for his own ends. On the other hand, teasing is clearly in evidence, and "mutual obstruction is more frequent than coöperation." When one ape is piling up boxes to reach after fruit, "they love to creep up behind the back of the busy architect, especially when he is perched precariously high, and, with one vigorous push, knock both building and constructor to the ground. Then they flee at top speed." Decidedly Darwin was largely right; this is "human, all too human."

HORACE B. ENGLISH.
Antioch College, Ohio.

EDITORIAL NOTE:

Reviews by E. E. Free, THE FORUM's Science Editor, of important books dealing with evolution will be found on page XXXII of the illustrated section.

Beginning with the October number, THE FORUM will inaugurate a change of policy in this department. That month and thereafter the present policy of publishing a majority of unsolicited reviews will be discontinued. This department will be turned over to a board of twelve distinguished critics from whose pens most of the material in these columns will come. Nevertheless, the Editors will find space for an occasional unsolicited review. We will always be glad to consider reviews by those, who, through the frequent publication of their work in these columns, have become the friends of all FORUM readers. We wish to take this opportunity to thank the contributors of this department for their whole-hearted, generous, and patient assistance in making it an interesting feature of THE FORUM.

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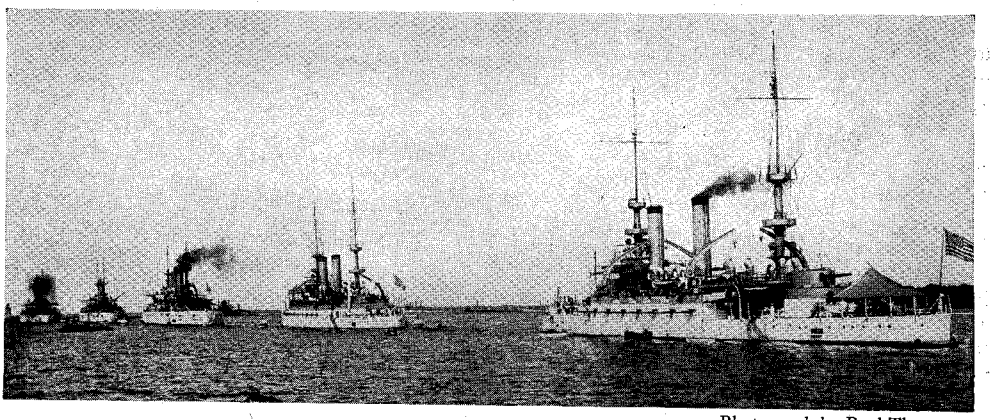

Photograph by Paul Thompson

"The Great White Fleet" in Melbourne Harbor in 1908

The Pillars of Civilization

Some thoughts inspired by the present visit of the American Fleet to Australian and New Zealand waters

Editor of THE FORUM:

Many things have happened since the American Fleet came to Australia for the first time in 1908. America has progressed in wealth beyond the dreams of mortals and has seen the growth of a triumphant Industrial Democracy.

You have given us the Tin Lizzy, you have sent us the Movies, and have taught us to Listen-In. The nation you are welding together out of diverse elements will enrich the world's life as it does our common language. Oscar Wilde once remarked that "America and England were very much alike, except, of course, in language." We seem to develop the brilliant literary crank such as Wilde more frequently than does your great Democracy. How comes it that your writers seldom "go bush" like so many of our own? You might have taken Bernard Shaw and Wells over to balance the exchange, and helped them to get away from their self-made burlesque which they mistake for the real world. We seem likewise to be inflicted with cranks as cable agents who, by their selection of news, present to us an America populated with a race of bootleggers, Teapot-domers, murderers, stock-exchange gamblers, and movie sex-maniacs. They do us both a grave injustice. This pabulum is no breakfast relish for us. And as for yourselves, well, I myself found a handful amongst your one hundred and twenty millions with quite other ideals!

We really want to have news of the progress of your Industrial Democracy. You have been showing us how to work, and how to play. We understand your population has some real joy in work, and that there is a leveling up instead of down in skill. By teaching us to play I don't mean that you have taught us, or the world, to play games. That has been Britain's job. Cricket, tennis, football, golf, have been some of her splendid gifts to the world. If our Empire had done nothing else it would have justified its existence. I refer rather to the filling of our leisure time with the gramophone, the wireless set, and the picture film. But, writing strictly between ourselves, why don't you exercise some supervision over those intangible things of the spirit? They can carry germs more destructive to life than your food products. Besides, you would save us the heavy expenditure on the Censorship.

You have taught democracy how to build homes, factories, and offices. Your modern commercial and domestic architecture constitutes a new phase in the development of sheltered civilization.

Your defects according to your Americanized Edward Bok, to whom you gave

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magnificent opportunities which he has magnificently repaid, make us imagine we are looking in our own mirrors.

We sometimes thought that you were slow off the mark in 1914–1918; we sometimes think that you let us down badly over the League of Nations proposition. But we understand better now and appreciate your difficulties. We ourselves still keep one eye on the League of Nations and the other on you. We are not likely to do anything at Geneva that will either jeopardize our relationship or make it more difficult for you to link up with that organization some day.

You are a peace-loving people. We dare to hope that you will become more and more conscious that the British Empire stands for what you believe in, and is prepared to stake its existence for what you hope for, and work for. We see no reason why the spirit of amity and concord between us should not grow from more to more, and, — each pursuing his own way, — help the whole world to a higher plane of civilization. It is absolutely inconceivable that we should ever be found on opposite sides of the trenches, or in opposing naval clashes.

I dare to think that during the last three years there were manifested several of the most significant expressions of the ever-increasing spirit of understanding and amity between the two great modern Empires "that speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals hold that Milton held," that abide by the same juridic system, and stand fast in their faith in Parliamentary institutions.

First and most obvious must be mentioned the Washington Peace Conference where it was agreed that the two greatest Navies of the world should be placed on a basis of equality in regard to capital ships. Thuswise was shelved the struggle for supremacy between the two richest nations, whose objectives are practically identical.

Next in order of time I would place the unveiling of the tablet in memory of Walter Hines Page in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey by Viscount Grey of Fallodon. This unique tribute is a permanent record of his great service to both Empires, and places him in close association with his illustrious predecessor, James Russell Lowell, who sometimes spoke of himself as "an Englishman of New England". It is surely more than a coincidence that outside this "venerable pile, so full of our history as well as yours," as Bishop Phillips Brooks claimed when he preached in the Abbey on the Fourth of July, 1880, there stands St Gaudens's *Abraham Lincoln*, visible across that crowded artery of traffic from Oliver Cromwell's pedestal beneath the shadow of Westminster Hall. Third, and alternately on your side, a stone carving from the ancient and ornate Chapel of Henry VII forming the Eastern Apse of this same Westminster Abbey was presented by the Dean and Chapter and inserted in the wall of the Chapel of the Sewanee University with appropriate ceremonies in February, 1924. And now away down upon the Sewanee River, and underneath the stone these words of the Dean of Westminster are inserted: —

"Expressing the hope that this stone may for all generations be a witness of kinship in blood, and a pledge of unity in affection." Assuredly this is a stone of Shechem.

Last, and not the least in my list, that majestic scene at the welcome to the American Bar Association in Westminster Hall. At that gathering unique in world history the Lord Chancellor said: "This reception is given to you in the Hall of William Rufus, and it is most natural that it should be so, for the Hall belongs to you in the United States just as much as it belongs to us. . . . It is the home of our ancestors who founded the common law, and set the constitutional tradition which has always guided the English-Speaking peoples."

The fundamental truth of this assertion Charles E. Hughes, your former Secretary of State, acknowledged when he replied: "Here we sit together at the fireside of the old homestead."

The mass in America is beginning to understand the Empire and the burden the Mother-land has borne for so long unassisted; is beginning to realize that the Empire's job is their country's job also; that the Mother-land has granted to her Dominions a freedom like unto their own, and has guarded them in their adolescence from harm, and has assured them a protection that has enabled them to expand till they were big enough and strong enough to help her carry the load.

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We on our part are learning many things about the Spirit of America that ought to have been clearer to us before, had we been informed, and had we had the wider vision.

No nation within the annals of recorded history ever hailed with such delight the coöperation of another in the evolution of civilization as our Empire does your Republic. This is not fiction, it is an ineradicable and unchallengeable fact. Treaties, Alliances, Ententes are after all mere scraps of paper. Ours are those invincible and ineffable bonds of the spirit.

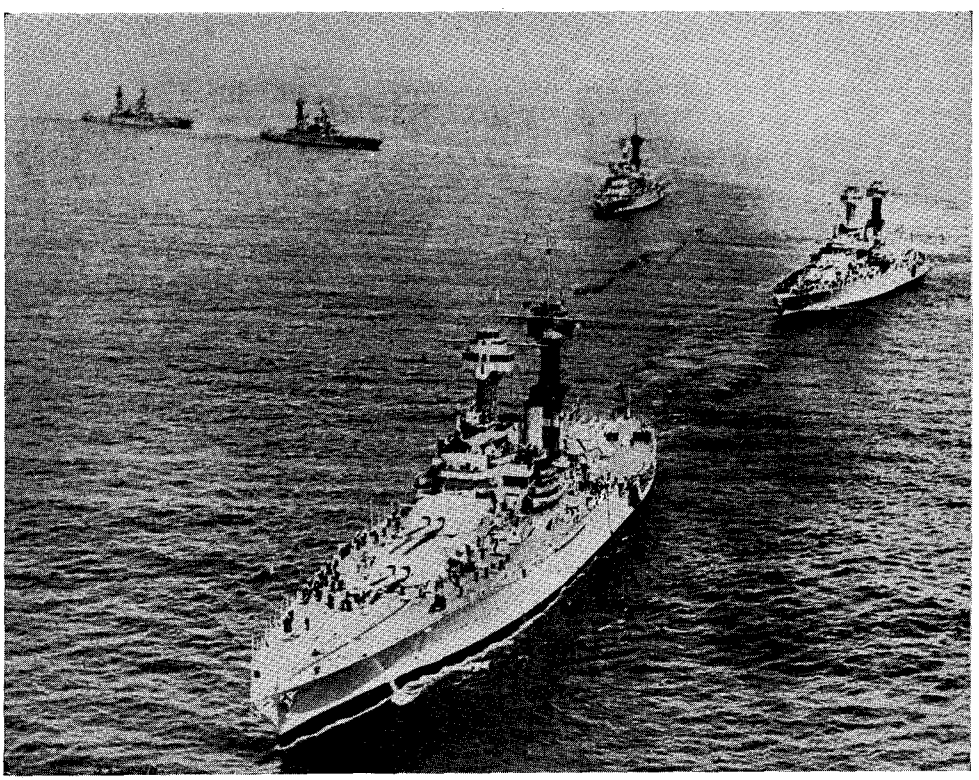
We know you Americans respect and love the Anzacs. We know their voluntary and instant response when the bugles of the Motherland were blown around the world has endeared the Dominions to your heart. We know that the present visit of your Fleet is the majestic gesture of your nation-wide appreciation, and your underlying assurance that in the words of the resolution at that historic gathering in England of the American Bar Association:

"Should civilization and the basic principles of free institutions of, by, and for the people be again threatened as they were in the Great War, if either of these nations should go down, the other cannot survive; and that in such a crisis, whether there be treaties or not, inexorable fate will from the very nature of the conditions bind us indissolubly in a common cause of self-defense."

America will be there.

"The dogs bark but the Caravan moves on," so runs the old Persian proverb, true to-day as ever.

HERBERT BROOKES.
Melbourne, Australia.



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

The United States Battle Fleet off for Australia, 1925

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Science Notes

E. E. Free

The Neglected Sense

The human nose is a convenient chimney for tobacco smoke and it has been known to be ornamental. But so far as its real business of smelling is concerned it might as well have been left behind in those prehistoric days when our ancestors were discarding tails and claws and the custom of using trees to live in. Nearly any modern man will recognize, by sight, literally millions of objects. He can identify thousands of distinct sounds. But how many things can he recognize by smell? Probably not over a dozen, even these with much uncertainty.

We have been making some experiments recently among our friends. We have a small medicine case with a dozen bottles in it. All the bottles look exactly alike. Each contains a different well-known odor: lemon, coffee, violet, rancid butter, others equally familiar. Whenever we find a willing victim we take out these bottles and let the victim smell each of them in turn. He is supposed to tell us what each bottle contains.

Up to date no one has made a perfect score. Some people identify the lemon bottle as olives, others as mustard or vinegar or something still wider of the truth. One man said that this bottle was "something that I smelt in California, I can't remember just what." Flower odors are usually identified with remembered scenes or persons in the past, very seldom with the flowers themselves. Violet is often identified, rightly enough of course, with soap or candy.

Out of these very simple tests there have come, already, two conclusions, neither of which, however, is especially new. The first is that people differ vastly in the sensitiveness of their smell sense. One of our small bottles contains a very faint smell of sour milk. Some persons smell this readily although they do not always identify it correctly. Other persons cannot smell it at all. To them that bottle is absolutely odorless. Their noses are not sensitive enough.

The second conclusion is that the smell sense leads only indirectly to identification of the odor or to any conscious idea about it. Most of the smell reactions are either completely unconscious or on the border between the conscious and the unconscious. Smells work by association, as in the example of the man who thought that lemons smelt like California, although no doubt he had been smelling ordinary lemons in his home almost every day. His long-ago California association must have been especially vivid. It stayed in the unconscious mind, to be called up long afterward by the unidentified smell message from the little bottle.

Smell and Sight

Smokers are well aware that the full savor of a cigar is missed unless one can see the smoke. Much the same thing seems to be true of all smells. We are accustomed to identify objects by their appearance; their smells are secondary. Give a woman a bunch of violets, and she will bury her nose in them with delight. She has not the slightest doubt of what they are or of what they smell like. Give the the same woman the little bottle containing the self-same odor, and she will sniff uncertainly. More than half the time she will guess altogether wrongly. One woman that we tested said that the violet bottle smelled like her box at the opera; which was probably true enough, but certainly a far less direct association than with the familiar bunch of flowers. No real flower, seen as well as smelled, would ever be identified as an opera box.

Another interesting experiment is this. Take a flower, such as a violet, and remove the odor from it. Certain chemicals will do this. Then scent the deodorized flower with some other odor, for example, with that of lilacs. Most people who smell this trick flower will identify its odor as violet, which is what it looks as though it ought to be. They judge by sight, not smell. But many of them will sense, obscurely, that something is wrong. They say that it smells "funny". Some of them suggest

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that the flower is old and stale. The unconscious part of our smell-receiver in the mind is still on the job and is not entirely fooled. It realizes that this particular smell message is somehow very wrong. But our consciousness, being eye-minded, prevails.

The fact that these mental reactions to smells are so largely unconscious does not make them negligible. Indeed, it makes them still more important. It is reasonably certain, for example, that many of the causeless depressions and irritations which nearly everyone experiences in certain places and with certain people are really due to smells. Our mind receives and notes these smells unconsciously. It does not like them. But they are not identified consciously. We merely acquire a sort of vague discomfort which is never traced to its source.

It is quite the same, probably, with pleasurable smells. Incense in church is not only good ritual, it is good psychology. It is no mere accident that the feminine toilet takes account of perfumes. The Puritan reticence of Victorianism banished smells from respectability. Is it not time that we began to get them back? Why not make an effort to recover the pleasures of the sense of smell before disuse reduces the human nose to a mere element of our architecture? There are probably vast realms of aesthetic enjoyment in smells just as there are in the graphic arts and in music. A symphony in smells is by no means unthinkable.

Anyway, we are making many more experiments with our little medicine case of bottled odors. As time goes on we shall be telling you more about the results.

The Cancer Germ

The recent British discoveries about the germ of cancer are important but not quite so superlatively important as some of the newspaper optimists would have us think. No cure is immediately in sight. It is not even entirely certain that the germ which has been discovered is really the criminal for whom we have been searching.

The facts about the discovery are really quite simple. For several years a large percentage of the cancer experts have been coming to the conclusion that cancer is really a germ disease. It was known that the germ, if it existed at all, must be extremely elusive; either too small to be seen in our microscopes or too transparent to be visible. What Dr. Gye and Mr. Barnard have done in London is to make this germ visible. They used a special microscope and a special kind of light rays. These light rays are not visible to the human eye but they do affect a photographic plate. With this outfit it proved possible to photograph much smaller objects than can be detected by the usual technique. The outfit was applied to cancer cultures. There was the germ, just as expected. It had escaped detection before because it is so very tiny.

Now medicine must go ahead with many laborious experiments. A germ has been found in cancerous tissue. It must be shown, beyond chance of doubt, that this germ is really the thing that causes the cancer. After that there is the problem of how to control the germ. It is a long road and not too certain. Maybe it will lead to a practical conquest of this dreaded scourge; maybe it will not. Hope is justified, but there is no probability of an immediate cure.

Meanwhile, the best recourse of the cancer sufferer is still to radium (where this is applicable) or to the surgeon's knife. Most important of all is the matter of early diagnosis. If all cancers were discovered and treated in their first stages there would be many fewer deaths from this disease. And finally, it cannot be too often repeated that no patented remedy, magical nostrum, or electrical treatment has ever been found to be of the slightest value.

Poison in Gasoline

There is still some newspaper discussion of the project to use tetra-ethyl-lead in gasoline. Presently there will be more. A committee appointed by the Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service is now studying the whole question.

Tetra-ethyl-lead is a chemical compound containing metallic lead combined with some of the elements of ethyl alcohol, which is ordinary grain alcohol. The compound is soluble in gasoline. It was discovered some years ago by Mr. Thomas Midgely that a small percentage of this

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lead compound in automobile gasoline caused a substantial betterment of the combustion of the gasoline in the cylinders of the engine and made possible, therefore, a considerable increase of efficiency. A corporation, with which are associated the General Motors Company, the Standard Oil Company, and the Dupont interests, has been manufacturing the tetra-ethyl-lead, adding it to gasoline, and marketing the product under the name of ethyl gasoline.

The use of this material has been attacked on the ground of danger in the handling and manufacture of the tetra-ethyl-lead and of the treated gasoline, and also on the ground that the metallic lead in the gasoline will be discharged as dust from the exhaust and may prove dangerous on the streets. All these charges are true. The materials are dangerous to handle. Most of the lead is discharged as dust. Whether this is really dangerous to public health depends solely on the amount accumulated in the dust of the streets.

On the other hand, it is claimed for the ethyl gas that the processes of manufacture can be adequately safeguarded, that the dust discharged on the streets is too small in amount to constitute any real danger and, more affirmatively, that ethyl gasoline will increase engine efficiency so much that an important fraction of our gasoline consumption will be saved. This last claim is undoubtedly true, as is also the claim that the use of ethyl gasoline will decrease the production of that other deadly gas, carbon monoxide, now given off by automobile engines.

Essentially, the matter is one of conflicting arguments. Some public interests will be furthered by the use of ethyl gasoline. Others will be endangered, whether too severely or not is still a question. The public should suspend judgment until the Surgeon General's committee of experts has reported.

A Catechism on Evolution

Some prevalent questions, answered as a biologist would answer them

What is evolution?

Evolution is an explanation of why there are so many different kinds of living creatures, plants and animals, on earth. If the earth were peopled by only one kind of creature, for example, by men, there would be no need of the evolutionary idea.

Is there any other explanation for the existence of so many different kinds of creatures?

Only one other has ever been suggested, namely the theory of special creation. This assumes that God created individually each one of the millions of kinds of creatures, — plants, insects, bacteria, fish, reptiles, higher animals, and man.

How does evolution explain the origin of different kinds of creatures?

By the fact that the progeny of any creature usually differ slightly from each other and from their parents. In the course of many generations these differences are increased. Finally, different kinds of creatures are produced. Consider, for example, ten wheat seeds from the same plant. Sow all of them. The ten plants that grow may differ slightly. Some will be tall, others short. Some will have hard grains, others soft. These differences may persist in the next generation. After thousands of generations you may have developed two or more kinds of plants so different that they seem to be entirely unlike.

What is the cause of evolution?

Paraphrasing the last answer we might say that evolution is due to the persistence and widening of variations in offspring. This means little. It is mere words. Why do variations occur? Why do some of the variations persist? No one knows. The plain truth is that the cause (or, as the scientist would say, the mechanism) of evolution is unknown.

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A CATECHISM ON EVOLUTION

How has evolution been proved?

Evolution cannot be established by logical proof, as one would prove a theorem in mathematics. Very few things can be proved in this way. Evolution has been established in exactly the same way in which most things are proved in court, by the preponderance of evidence. Many thousands of facts, laboriously collected by the scientists, fit perfectly into the evolutionary interpretation of nature. So far no fact has been found which will not fit into this interpretation.

What are the evidences of evolution?

To state the evidences in full would require a library. In summary, they are the following: Fossils in the rocks of the earth show the gradual development and divergence of the different forms of life. The classification of all creatures now living on earth fits perfectly into the evolutionary idea. In a few instances changes similar to the changes assumed by evolution have been produced experimentally and under the eye of man. The structures of the bodies of animals (including man) display many features, such as vestigial organs, explainable only on the evolutionary idea. The distribution of different kinds of creatures over the earth is in accord with the idea of gradual evolution during dispersal. There are other evidences also.

Why is evolution believed to apply to man?

Man is an animal, like other animals. The similarities between man and other animals are much greater than the differences. Such differences as exist are in degree, not in kind. Even in intelligence, the higher animals are strikingly like ourselves. Evolution is believed to apply to all animals, therefore to man as well. There are direct evidences, also. For example, the development of man can be traced by several fossil forms. Man's similarity with the apes is evident in many bodily and mental features as well as in the chemical character of the blood.

Is man descended from monkeys?

Not from any living variety of ape or monkey. The living apes are cousins of man, not ancestors. Their ancestors and ours branched off from each other millions of years ago. However, the ancient creature who was our last joint ancestor looked and probably acted a good deal like a monkey. If one of those creatures were still alive we would call it a monkey. In one sense, therefore, man has descended from a monkey-like creature.

Is the "missing link" now known?

There never was any single, definite missing link in man's ancestry. Millions of forms, each slightly different from its predecessors and from its descendants, separate man from his monkey-like ancestors. Some of these forms are known as fossils. Enough of them are known to make clear the general line of evolution which has led to man. Not every link is necessary to reconstruct the chain. The idea of a chain is not a good simile anyway. A rope is a better one. The rope has thousands of fibres, all interwoven. If you find enough of these fibres you can reconstruct the rope. That is what has been done with the evolution of man.

What is "sexual selection"?

This is one suggestion concerning the cause of evolution. Among ten members of one generation, two or three are selected by some natural factor for survival. For example, women may prefer large, strong men as husbands. Such men will be more likely to marry and have families, thus passing on their qualities of size and strength to the next generation. Gradually the whole race becomes larger and stronger.

What is the "survival of the fittest"?

This is another principle suggested as among the causes of evolution. Suppose that among one litter of puppies two or three could run faster than the others. This greater speed would enable them to find more food and to escape more easily from enemies. The speedy dogs would survive and would have offspring. The less speedy ones would die. The most fitted, — that is, the speediest, — survive. Thus, in time, the whole race of dogs might become speedier.

Are sexual selection and the survival of the fittest essentials of evolution?

Not at all. They are merely two suggestions as to the possible *cause* of evolution. What evolution says is that somehow the divergence of creatures into different kinds has occured. Thus life has developed from very simple creatures into

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more complex ones. Whether this has occured by natural selection (as Darwin imagined) or in some other way we do not know.

Does evolution apply to the soul of man?

No one knows. The soul has not yet been brought within the realm of biology. There are scientists who believe that it can be, that some day we will be able to weigh and measure and understand the soul. Other scientists believe not. As yet, the idea of evolution and the problems of the soul do not touch.

Does evolution destroy the dignity of man?

Most scientists think not. There is as much grandeur and inspiration, they believe, in the idea of man as the result and crown of millions of years of evolution, as in any idea of human origins ever formulated. Anyway, say the scientists, dignity should not be allowed to interfere with facts. If evolution is true we must accept it, even if it should damage our dignity or pride.

Is evolution contrary to the Bible?

Unquestionably it is contrary to the literal interpretation of the Bible. Many of the statements in the first chapters of Genesis can be reconciled with what we know of evolution only by assuming that the text need not be interpreted literally. The origin of Eve from Adam's rib, for example, is totally inconsistent with what we know of biology.

Does evolution conflict with religion?

By no means. Many evolutionists are sincerely religious men. Evolution says nothing about God except that God does not interfere arbitrarily with nature. It says, merely, that the origin of living creatures, man included, came about by bodily change and increased diversity from one generation to another.

Is evolution still going on?

Most scientists believe that it is. Plants and lower animals are probably changing all the time into new and different forms. The changes are extremely slow, too slow for us to observe them in a single human lifetime. Man, too, is probably evolving. We do not know into what, or even in what direction this evolution is going. There are some guesses; for example, the guess that human society is evolving into a rigid caste system like that developed by higher insects such as the ants. This may be true or it may not be. Nobody knows.

Do any scientists deny evolution?

Diligent search has failed to disclose even one scientist of recognized standing and competence who has any doubt whatsoever of the fact that evolution has occurred and that man is a part of it. Statements have been made recently to the effect that this or that scientist was an anti-evolutionist. All such that have come to our attention have been investigated. All have proved false. Either the "scientist" was no scientist or he did not disbelieve in evolution. Many scientists doubt that we have complete knowledge of the *cause* of evolution. That fact has been mis-stated as indicating a doubt in the *fact* of evolution. Of course, it indicates nothing of the sort. We know many things that are true without knowing *why* they are true.

How to Learn More About Evolution

You cannot expect to learn all about evolution by reading a couple of magazine articles, any more than you can master the meaning of the Bible by a single reading of the Book of Genesis. To understand anything worth while, from the shoe business to the art of pitching baseball, needs study.

A good way to study the facts about evolution is to spend a month or two in the collections of any good museum of natural history. But this needs more time than most busy people can afford to give,—therefore the advantage of good books that set down the facts and that can be read and studied at leisure.

Fortunately, two such books have just come off the press. The best one for beginners is *Evolution for John Doe*, written by Mr. Henshaw Ward and published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. Mr. Ward is not a professional scientist. It appears, instead, that he is a business man and writer who became interested in evolution, dug into the subject, and thought that someone ought to write an evolutionary book which the layman would find interesting and would understand. He has done it. The book has been

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discussed with, and criticized by, the experts of Yale University, than whom there are none better in America. The reader may feel sure, therefore, that what Mr. Ward says is strictly in accord with the best information of science.

One thing that he says is of especial interest, even to professional scientists. It strikes him, Mr. Ward remarks, that one of the very best proofs of evolution is the prevalent habit of scientists to fight so much among themselves about what is true. Scientists are in a continual attitude of friendly but severe criticism of each other's work and ideas. Of course, this is salutary, even necessary. Through such a furnace of criticism only the most probable truths can come unscathed. The theory of evolution has survived this fire. Accordingly, says Mr. Ward, the layman is entitled to a considerable assurance that it is true. This is a new argument, but it sounds very much like a good one.

The other book that the student of evolution ought to read comes also from the atmosphere of Yale University. It is *The Ways of Life*, by Dr. Richard Swann Lull, Professor of Paleontology at Yale. It is published by Harper and Brothers, New York City. Professor Lull is probably the greatest living expert on the story told by fossils and on the applications of this story to biological theory. His well-known work, *Organic Evolution* (Macmillan), is a textbook in numerous professional schools and universities. No one in the world can speak with greater authority than he.

In his new book he has essayed a non-technical presentation of the story of evolution. Considering the extreme difficulty which all specialists find in writing simply about their own subjects, Professor Lull has achieved a real success. His book is fascinating to the expert. It will be equally so to anyone who has a little preliminary knowledge of the terms and basic ideas of biology.

It is no disparagement of Professor Lull's accomplishment when the present reviewer confesses that he believes Mr. Ward's book is a better one to begin on. Mr. Ward has a little more definitely the layman's point of view. He explains *all* the hard parts; Professor Lull evidently considers some of them not hard enough to be worth many details. On the other hand, Professor Lull gives a much more complete story of the ancient history of life on earth. The clever and predacious trilobite, the inventive mud-fish who first learned how to live in air, the giant dinosaurs and the tiny first mammals scurrying away from greater and more powerful creatures; these are the personages of a drama which he handles with consummate skill.

The only proper recommendation to the inquirer is the advice to read both Ward and Lull; for the beginner Ward should come first.

A third recent book on evolution seems to this reviewer extremely disappointing. Professor J. Arthur Thompson, the distinguished British naturalist and writer on evolution, came to the United States in 1924 to deliver a course of lectures at Yale University. These lectures are now published in a book, *Concerning Evolution*, by the Yale University Press, New Haven, Connecticut. The lectures were intended, says Dr. Thompson's preface, "to show how evolutionary science may illumine the religious outlook."

Perhaps it is that the religious outlook needs no illumination from evolution, or possibly evolution is not just the right illuminant. Or, more probably still, any kind of propaganda may be poor material for the making of a good expository book. In any event the effort seems not quite to have come off. Professor Thompson's *Science and Religion*, a recent publication by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City, comes much nearer what is evidently his mark of a synthesis of the religious and scientific viewpoints. Even this is none too convincing. It will prove, we believe, too vaguely religious for the theologian, especially of fundamentalist persuasion. And (to us at least) it fails to face with full frankness some of the questions which materialistic science is hurling at the religious citadel. One example is the question whether God ever interferes, or can interfere, with the exactness and invariability of the rules of nature.

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Downtown

DONALD REA HANSON
Financial Editor Boston Evening Transcript

When to Buy Bonds

"The time we buy bonds," remarked an official of a life insurance company, not long ago, "Is whenever we have the money to buy bonds."

The statement may seem superfluous. Many will remark that that is self-evident. None of us can buy bonds unless we have the money or the credit. In this case, however, a question was put seriously and answered seriously. The bond market, like the stock market, the grain market, the cotton market, or the market for any kind of merchandise, is subject to fluctuation. If investment of funds is deferred when lower bond prices are anticipated, and do so result, some saving in the cost of the investment is effected and the interest return on the money invested is increased. If investors, anticipating a rise in bond prices, obtain a line of credit at their bank with which to buy bonds, this credit being in anticipation of funds which will later be available for investment; and if the rise in bonds materializes, according to expectations, then definite savings on the cost of the investment result and the interest return is so much the larger.

Obviously this anticipation of future prices and guessing as to the trend is speculation, pure and simple. There is no intention here for discountenancing speculation. It serves a decidedly useful function. It is our purpose rather to scan certain phases of the investor's problem, with respect to the investment of money in bonds, in order to form some sort of opinion as to whether this speculation as to the future of bond prices is necessary or advisable.

Except as to the scale of investment of funds the problem of the life insurance company is not greatly different from that of the individual investor. Most of the capital that is amassed to-day represents savings from current income of the individual; in the case of the life insurance company its investment funds represent mainly its savings from premium income, less deductions for expenses and maturity of policies at death. This company, — and it is very likely that most companies have adopted a similar policy, — found that it could not pick the bottom and top of the swings of prices in the security market, and accordingly adopted the plan of investing whenever funds were available, selecting at that time the best of the opportunities presented in the bond market. This policy makes for a fair average of prices for securities and a fair average yield which, in the long run probably produces more satisfactory results than would accrue by attempting to speculate on the future of prices. It is a policy that commends itself to investors.

To a certain extent the available funds for investment in the bond market do represent the re-investment of capital. Bonds are maturing all the time, or are being called. Some investors well versed in financial affairs make a practise of buying long term bonds after a decline in the bond market, and after a substantial advance in prices in general or in the price of some

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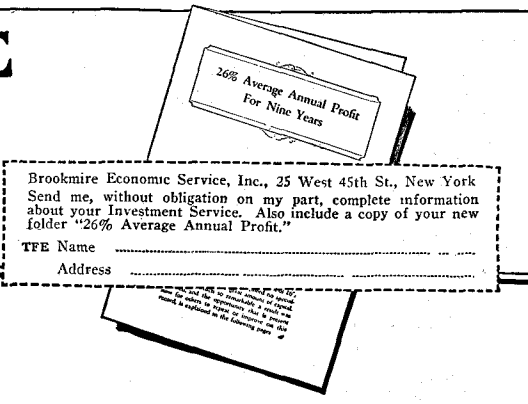
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particular issue shift their holdings into short term issues. The reason for this is obvious. Short termed issues of good quality usually sell close to par; long termed issues are ordinarily subject to much wider variations in prices and the longer the term of the issue the wider these fluctuations are likely to be. Accordingly investment in short termed issues when bond prices are high, even though it means some temporary sacrifice in yield, or interest return, usually offers an opportunity for replacement of the long termed issues at lower prices, when, as and if, the lower prices materialize. Two years ago Wall Street was filled with people who were seeking only short termed notes. The bond market had risen sharply from the lows reached in the post-war depression, when even Liberty bonds sold at prices that would yield 6 per cent, and they felt that long termed bonds sold then could be bought back later at a discount from the prices then prevailing. It is a matter of record that prices have advanced since then, instead of falling, and it is worth noting that many sound judges of investment conditions rather incline to the view that bond prices in general are more likely to advance from current levels rather than to decline.

Loss in Bonds Is a Myth

Doubtless the confidence of many investors in the advisability of investing in bonds has been shaken considerably by studies which have been made lately which have shown that when the purchasing power of money is taken into consideration bondholders, instead of gaining any advantage in the decade or two from 1900 to 1920, really lost. The theory is this: An investor who bought $100,000 of sound 5 per cent bonds in 1900 at par received $5000 a year in interest. Assuming he held the same lot of bonds in 1920 and received $5000 a year in interest, his income would buy, say, only half as much in commodities as it would in 1900. In other words, due to the rise in the cost of living meanwhile, the value of his income in purchasing power had shrunk in half and his living standards presumably were correspondingly lowered.

On the basis of these figures alone the argument is unanswerable. Even worse than that, the chances are that the market value of his bonds probably shrank from $100,000 in 1900 to $75,000 or $80,000 in 1920, due to the fall in bond prices which was particularly severe after the war, but which did not necessarily mean that the bonds were any the less secure. All this is true. Nevertheless, it is a contention which does not seem to be strictly correct. The great majority of individual bondholders in this country have only been bond buyers since 1917. Prior to the issuance of the first Liberty loan it was estimated that there were fewer than 250,000 investors in bonds in this country. Since then the number has greatly increased, especially since 1920. Estimates have been made that as many as ten million people in this country now own bonds, a statement that probably is under the mark. In other words, the great majority of bond buyers in this country have only become bond buyers since 1920. How have they fared, as to purchasing power of their income and market value of their investment? Speaking only of the average investor and the average bond, let us consider briefly two important indexes in this connection. Broadly speaking, commodity prices, which measure very accurately the cost of living, have declined since 1920, roughly about 30 per cent on the average. Moreover, bond prices, since 1920 have advanced very materially, probably about 30 per cent on the average. The investor who bought a good 4½ per cent bond at 70 in 1920, receiving $4500 a year on a $75,000 investment, to-day holds bonds worth $90,000. Now it is a self-evident fact that $4500 to-day will go much further in defraying ordinary living expenses than it would in 1920. It is probably no exaggeration to say that $4500 to-day will purchase as much as $5500 or $6000 would in 1920.

So far as the great majority of present bondholders are concerned, therefore, it seems a fair assumption that their interest, dollar for dollar, will purchase far more than it would when they first invested in bonds, and that their bonds are worth much more on the average than when they first bought them. For the relatively few old-time bondholders doubtless purchasing power and principal have both shrunk somewhat, but those who have continued to set aside something from income to purchase bonds each year have

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doubtless averaged up very well. Many bonds that were outstanding in 1900 have been called or matured meanwhile at par or better. Funds received from such maturities have doubtless been reinvested in bonds. The purchasing power has doubtless been leveled up. The principal of good investments has not been scaled down. And where many 3½, 4, and 5 per cent bonds were marketed in 1900 they have been replaced with 6 and 7 per cent coupon bonds as they matured. On the whole, therefore, this myth about losses on investments in bonds appears to have been very greatly exaggerated.

Bond Prices Likely to Advance

Mention has been made previously of the opinion of many judges of investment conditions to the effect that bond prices are more likely to advance than decline. With most of the reasons for this point of view readers of The Forum are doubtless familiar. The redemption of the national debt is rapidly releasing funds for investment in other securities. With the heavy war-time drain on the capital market removed interest rates, which advanced greatly because of this demand for capital, have begun to decline. Nation-wide prosperity and the growth of thrift have resulted in millions of bond buyers where once there were only thousands. All of these factors have tended to stimulate the demand for capital for investment with the result that interest rates are declining, which means, in other words, that prices of long termed securities are advancing. Investors, then, who follow the practise of buying bonds whenever they have money available for investment are likely to be favored under such conditions. There is another factor, however, about which relatively little has been said.

Before the war the Federal income tax was unknown. In the early days of the war it applied only to the large incomes, but as soon as the financial burden of the war began to press upon the resources of the United States Treasury taxes were increased and eventually only the very smallest incomes were exempted from taxation. On large incomes taxes at one time exceeded 70 per cent. They have since been reduced so that the maximum surtax is now only 40 per cent. The attitude of the present administration in Washington is clearly understood to be in favor of a reduction of the surtaxes and, from the public utterances of some of the leaders of the minority party in Congress, it appears that they have sensed the popular demand for a reduction in surtaxes and are very likely to out-Mellon Mellon.

Now it is unlikely that the individuals of great wealth make up the bulk of our bond buyers under present conditions. The investments of the great middle class and the class known as the "well-to-do" with incomes of $10,000 to $50,000 a year make up the bulk of the bond buyers. Conditions affecting them are likely to have as much or more effect on the bond market than conditions affecting those of great wealth. At present the maximum surtax on an income of $25,000 is about 12½ per cent, that is to say an eighth of the last thousand dollars of income. Such an investor, in seeking a bond for investment will figure that one eighth of the income return from that bond must be paid in taxes. If he invests in a bond yielding 4½ per cent he can figure the net return to him at about 3.94 per cent. This is about the same return an investment would return at the peak of the bond market in 1900 or 1902. If we assume that bond prices move in a great cycle of about twenty-five years, and many do assume this, then bonds eventually ought to rise to a price where they would closely approximate the levels of twenty-five years ago. The effect of a reduction in taxes, therefore, would be to increase the return available on bonds. Eventually the net return, free of tax, on bonds, ought sooner or later to reach the level already attained at least once before in the country's history. An historical analogy is not a bad precedent and one that might profitably be kept in mind. Measured by the averages of representative bond prices the present level of quotations is about where it was in 1917, which was the lowest point in many years up to that time. All things considered therefore bond prices do not appear unduly high at this time.

Under the circumstances the policy of investing in bonds whenever the investor has the money available would still seem to be the wisest.

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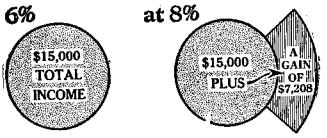

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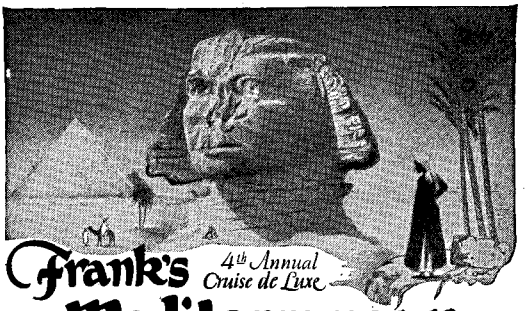

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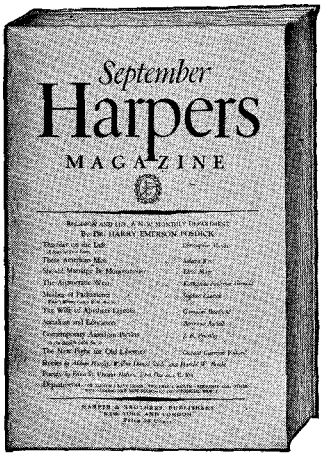

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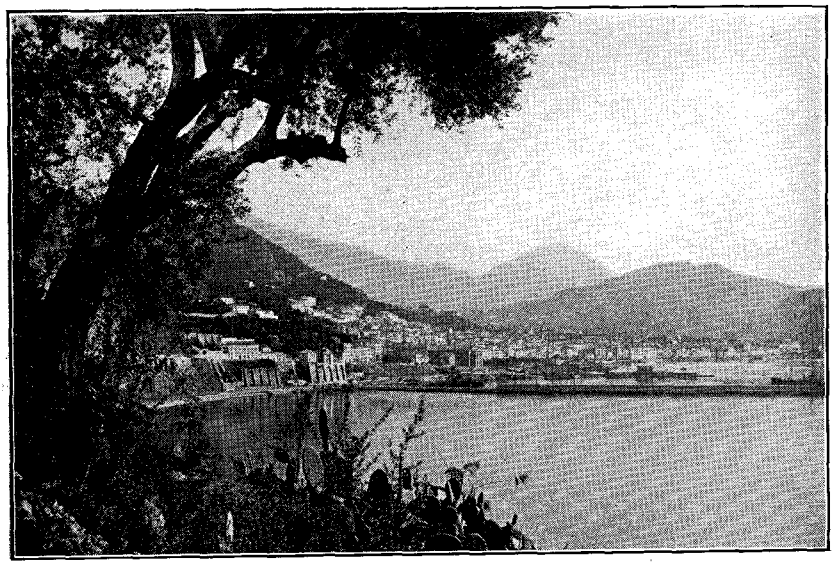

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